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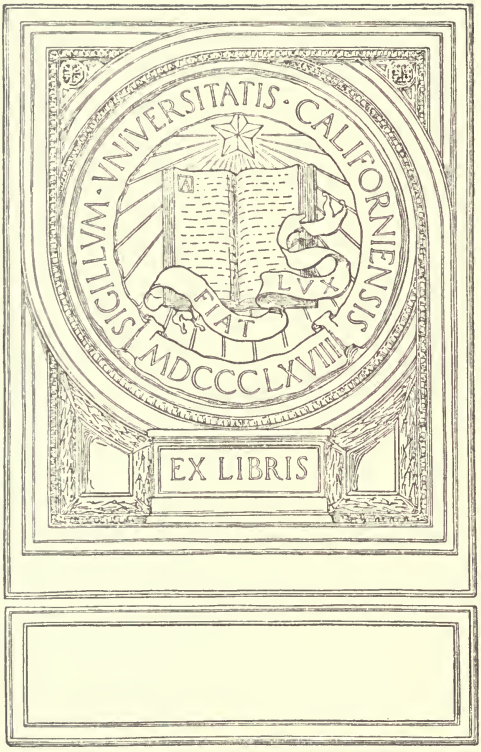
CHRONICLES

OF THE

21ST REGIMENT

N. Y. INF. VOL.

BUFFALO'S FIRST REG'T.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CHRONICLES

OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT

NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS,

Embracing a Full History of the Regiment,

FROM THE ENROLLING OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER IN BUFFALO, APRIL 15, 1861, TO THE FINAL MUSTERING OUT, MAY 18, 1863.

INCLUDING A COPY OF MUSTER OUT ROLLS OF FIELD AND STAFF, AND EACH COMPANY.

BY J. HARRISON MILLS,

A DISABLED SOLDIER OF THE REGIMENT.

BUFFALO:

RE-PUBLISHED BY THE 21ST REG'T VETERAN ASSOCIATION OF BUFFALO, BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

1887.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863,

BY J. HARRISON MILLS.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.

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CHRONICLES

OF THE

Twenty-First Regiment

NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS.

PREFACE.

AN edition of "The Chronicles of the Twenty-first Regiment, New York State Volunteers," was published by the author during the year 1864. The edition was issued in numbers, and comparatively few of the complete work are now extant.

A quarter of a century has passed since the great drama for national existence was acted before an astonished world, in which the combatants on each side numbered millions, making it the most wonderful contest that has taken place between civilized peoples.

As these events fade from memory with the lapse of time, and the incidents of the strife become matters of history, the part taken by organizations rise in importance to their members, descendants and friends.

The history of this regiment is a part of the history of our city, and while its campaigns have been well described by local historians, it is of paramount importance

that the part taken in the war of the rebellion by those organizations which went out from our midst should be preserved with all the interesting details which accompanied the march, the bivouac and the battle.

The Buffalo Twenty-first Regiment Veteran Association therefore determined to print a second edition of "The Chronicles." The permission of the author was promptly and gracefully granted. Though printed in different and less expensive form, the matter has not in any essential degree been changed.

CHRONICLES

OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT

N. Y. S. VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

News of the fall of Sumter, and how it was received.—War meeting at the Old Court House.—The volunteer rolls opened.—Organization and departure of the first four Companies.—The 74th Regiment prepare for the field.—Their efforts, trials, and final disappointment, in having their marching orders countermanded.—Six volunteer Companies are formed from their ranks, and ordered to Elmira.—Their departure from Buffalo.

On the same page of our morning papers with the report of the surrender of Sumter, on that portentous 13th of April, and heading the first column, appeared the following call:

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!!

A public meeting will be held at the old Court House this (Monday) evening, at 7½ o'clock, for the purpose of instituting movements for the organization of a force of minute men, who will hold themselves in readiness to proceed to serve in defence of the State or National Government forthwith.

BUFFALO, April 15th, 1861.

Not until another generation shall have risen: not until another long interval of peace and prosperity shall have made war a legend of the past,—the theme of frosty veterans, who, by the winter fire-side, will prate to eager listeners of the bloody days of the great Rebellion,—can any aggression or any wrong to our nationality cause the hot tide of the nation's blood to rise, with such an impulse as that which swelled every vein at the news of Sumter's downfall.

Not that we were totally unprepared for the blow, for the news from the South had, like the menacing murmurs of a coming storm, prepared us for the worst. Yet all hoped that it still might be averted; and even when at last the foul plot reached its culminating point in that dastardly attack, we were loth to credit the woful tidings. But as conviction forced itself even upon the most incredulous, how many hearts that never felt before how they loved that flag, beat high with martial ardor. Old men thought bitterly of their rusted blades and palsied limbs. Those who were fit for the field unconsciously assumed a martial bearing, drew stern lines in their faces, and talked of naught but preparations for the coming struggle. Mothers looked tearfully upon their eager boys, and sadly blessed and bade them go if needed, and fair girls, with smiles such as urged knights of old, called chivalry to the aid of patriotism. Every-day avocations were neglected. The hammer no longer clinked upon the anvil, the smith was studying the last extra, and the baker was allowing his last batch to burn, while he held forth to a group of excited friends at the corner of the street. The printers alone were busy, and edition after edition was eagerly bought up by the crowds besieging the newspaper offices, while screaming newsboys, like heralds, proclaimed the latest tidings through the streets.

Early on that Monday evening an excited crowd began to collect, and long before the hour appointed for the meeting the old Court House was filled to overflowing. Says the *Express:* "The turnout was tremendous in numbers, exceeding every expectation, and actually embarassing the movement for which it was summoned, by the unmanageability of the multitude." Finally the meeting was called to order, and the Hon. Eli Cook unanimously chosen as Chairman. Taking his place, he made a short address, declaring that "the time for *discussion* has passed, that it no longer becomes any citizen to question who is responsible for the dangers that threaten the Union, or what policy would have served best to avert the calamity of civil war." He said that an actual rebellion was to be met and suppressed. A Government defied by traitors, the Union menaced, our insulted flag, all demand forgetfulness of party differences, and a common rising of the people to the support of the Union and its Government. He begged that by-gones might be by-gones, and that every one in whose heart glowed a single spark of patriotism, would stand forth for the defence of the con-

stitutional authorities, vindicate the Government, suppress the rebellion, overthrow and punish treason, whatever the cost, and however tremendous the exertion required might be.

After an interval of stormy applause, the roll was called for, but so great was the pressure of the crowd that it was clear nothing could be done without effecting an adjournment to some more commodious place. Accordingly it was announced that the roll would be opened at Kremlin Hall, where all who desired to volunteer were requested to assemble. That place proving to be alike incapable of accommodating the rush of eager patriots, no alternative was left but to meet in the open air. Accordingly the crowd were directed to gather in front of the American Hotel. There, from the balcony, the assembled thousands were addressed by a number of speakers. Gen. Scroggs being called upon, explained the conditions under which those who should enroll themselves would enter the service of the Government. "The term for enlistment would not exceed three months, all would enter the ranks upon an equal footing, as the organization of companies and regiments would be perfected by *electing* the officers, each volunteer receiving the same pay and rations as if in the regular service."

Dr. Hunt, who had been elected Secretary of the meeting, was next called upon, and after a stirring and effective speech, was followed by Mr. Cook, in response to a call, F. J. Fithian, Lyman B. Smith, John E. McMahon, and C. S. Macomber, who each spoke briefly and to the same stirring effect, declaring that "in the present exigency of the Government, party lines must be covered, and the loyal people of the Union rally as a unit to the support of its authorities."

Dr. Hunt then announced that the roll prepared for the occasion had been sent to the old Court House, where all who desired to enter their names were requested to proceed, and the meeting was declared adjourned.

Almost the entire mass rushed to the Court House, which was instantly full, thousands waiting outside, and so great was the pressure that but few even of those who gained an entrance could reach the table, consequently only about one hundred names were taken down, and those with the utmost difficulty. The following is a copy of the preamble, with the names enrolled on that occasion:

Whereas, The standard of Rebellion has been raised, and war waged against the Government of the United States:

And Whereas, The President, by his proclamation, has called upon the loyal and true men of the country to rally in defence of the Government, and for the enforcement of the laws, therefore, we, the undersigned, residents of the City of Buffalo, County of Erie, and State of New York, do hereby severally enroll ourselves as volunteers, to serve as a military force in defence of the integrity of our State and National Government, and of the honor of our glorious flag.

We will hold ourselves in readiness to march whenever required. We will serve for the term of three months, unless sooner discharged in consequence of peace being restored to the country.

As such volunteers, we pledge ourselves to abide by the laws and regulations for the government of the military force of the State of New York; and, until a formal organization is attained, according to law, temporary commanding officers shall be chosen, as necessity may require.

John Norris,	Wm. Laverack,	G. A. Scroggs,
Aug. Schuester,	F. J. Fithian,	J. H. Blake,
A. Kollins,	Chas. Herrold,	R. P. Gardner,
Chas. R. Peterson,	Wm. Tole,	C. H. Willis,
Chas. Wadsworth,	David Hepkin,	Ph. Koil,
John Nicholson,	H. W. Henderson,	Jas. Hanson,
John L. Curtenius,	John B. Sewell,	E. E. Hazard,
Henry McKann, Jr.,	C. Harland,	Warren B. Gibbs,
E. S. Nash,	Wm. Bishop,	H. G. Thomas,
Joseph V. Tuttle,	E. L. Hayward,	D. L. Aberdein,
Geo. W. Foote,	L. Hoffman,	John Weiglis,
G. Gielsdorf,	John Geo. Temipfel,	Chas. W. Holden,
A. McGacliant,	Jas. Hamilton,	Chas. Reese,
W. H. Fargo,	Sanford B. Hunt,	Henry Klein,
Geo. B. Channing,	Joseph F. Negus,	John Harrison,
Joseph Richardson,	Wm. McKay,	Peter Speis,
Wm. H. Field,	Wm. R. Dudehue,	Jacob Schinck,
Frank Sweigle,	Adam Bergman,	Samuel Bunting,
Henry Romaine,	R. H. Maynard,	James Stewart,
J. Cunningham,	John H. Mills,	Julius Bovinkle,
John Carrigan,	Samuel B. Hard,	I. P. DeCabellero,
Jas. Kennedy,	John Dean,	Chas. Hayhold,
J. Admond,	Herman Bull,	H. M. Johnson,
John H. Stokes,	W. H. Drew,	John Howcutt,
Wm. M. Sloan,	Wm. Dorsheimer,	W. H. Williamson,
Edward Donahue,	John Druson,	Wm. Grandison,
Fred. Hanes,	H. D. Perry,	Watkins Williams,
Henry Flanagan,	Egbert Shepherd,	W. G. Maxee,

E. Norris,	John Lloyd,	S. G. Sullivan,
James Simon,	Charles M. Bennett,	Archibald Johnson,
Charles Benzino,	J. E. Ransom,	Levi Vallier,
Charles Ewers,	John Lemmon,	Fred. Somers,
James Ash,	Julius Wirth,	John M. Layton,
Erhardt Schleecher,	F. F. Lotridge,	Philip Blich,

During the forenoon of the 16th, the following names were added ·

H. C. Blanchard,	Augustus N. Gillett,	John N. Peabody,
Wm. O. Brown, Jr.,	Frank A. Lotridge,	Conrad Wagner,
John Langinhardir,	Chas. E. Clark,	Marlborough Wells,
Wm. T. Henry,	J. M. Estabrook,	Fred. R. Minery, Jr.,
Peter Scaus,	G. W. Hawkins,	Justin Bamat,
Henry Hoefer,	James Dove,	Henry Zink,
Emil Westphall,	P. M. Ostis,	John Ginther,
L. H. Briggs,	E. Van Sicklen,	C. E. Lockwood,
Fred. Smith,	Henry Knoedel,	Harding Newcomb,
John Bower,	Rheinhardt Geiler,	Joseph Water, M. D.

On the evening of the 16th a second meeting of those who had volunteered, was held in the chambers of the Court House. We subjoin the report of the *Express :*

"In the absence of the President, Dr. Hunt, Secretary of the meeting of Monday night, presided.

"After an explanation, by Gen. Scroggs, of the extremely liberal terms of the new military act, the roll was called, the list corrected, and a number of new names added.

"After debate, in which Capt. Rogers, F. J. Fithian, Mr. Drew, and others, participated, it was resolved to embody one hundred of those already enlisted, into the first company of the proposed regiment, and Gen. G. A. Scroggs was unanimously chosen temporary Commandant, to drill the company.

"Gen. Scroggs returned thanks and accepted the duty. He announced that meetings for drills would be immediately appointed.

"Pursuant to motion, the Chair appointed Messrs. Fithian, Dorsheimer, Hayward, Vallier and Scroggs, as a Board of Managers to establish drill rooms and attend to necessary details.

"The meeting, though largely drawn upon by the great public demonstration at the Theatre, was full, earnest, and enthusiastic."

On the 18th, Gen. Scroggs called a meeting of the volunteers, to be held at the recruiting rooms in the Arcade Block, for the purpose of organizing the first company.

About one hundred and forty of those enrolled answered to their names; and after the roll had been properly arranged, they proceeded to choose their officers. The following were unanimously elected:

WM. H. DREW—Captain.
R. P. GARDNER—1st Lieutenant.
E. R. P. SHURLEY—2d Lieutenant.
LEVI VALLIER—Orderly Sergeant.

The result of each ballot was greeted with hearty cheers, responded to by the officers in words of acknowledgement, and pledges of their best efforts to promote the good cause in which they had embarked.

The company thus formed (afterwards known as "A") immediately began to prepare for service, drilling every day in the Court Street Market, under Lieut. Gardner,—a veteran who had seen service in Nicaraugua,—and the rapidity with which they acquired the rudiments of a soldier's education, was a subject of admiring remark.

Meantime, recruiting at the Arcade office (327 Main street) went on cheeringly. Neither were the old military organizations idle. Expecting to be called among the three months' troops, the 74th and 65th Regiments of State Militia opened recruiting offices for the purpose of filling up their ranks for the field.

On the 19th, Gen. Randall, of the Eighth Division,—of which these regiments formed a part,—received the following message:

ALBANY, April 19th, 1861.

Major-General RANDALL, Eighth Division:

What force could you furnish from your Division on forty-eight hours' notice?

J. M. REID, JR.,
Adjutant-General.

Gen. Randall at once telegraphed to all the regiments in his Division. Col. Forbes, of the 68th, (Fredonia,) replied: "I can furnish two hundred and fifty men. Send on your orders." Col. Abbott, of the 67th, was in town, and also reported two hundred and fifty men ready for duty. The 74th and 65th could each muster from two hundred to three hundred men. Col. Lansing, Division Inspector, went to Albany on the same night to report to the Governor, and obtain a few days' further time in which to prepare.

At noon of the next day, Gen. Randall received from Albany the following dispatch :

ALBANY, April 20th, 1861.

General RANDALL :

I have said to the Adjutant-General, that Cols. Fox and Forbes would furnish two hundred and fifty men each; Col. Krettner two hundred men; Col. Abbott one hundred and fifty, on three days' notice, under old organization. The plan of the Government is to employ the existing militia first and use the volunteers to relieve them. The United States Government has telegraphed the Governor not to send them any more troops at present. The Colonels mentioned herein should make every effort to fill up their regiments. They will all be wanted.

H. L. LANSING.

On Saturday, the 20th day of April, Capt. Adrian R. Root opened the recruiting office of the 74th in Dudley Hall, the proprietor kindly offering the premises for the purpose. Lieuts. Sternberg and Doyle were authorized to raise recruits for Co. "A." "B," Capt. Gaylord ; "C," Capt. Rogers ; "D," Capt. Bidwell, and "F," Capt. Clinton, were already full, and "E" was fast attaining its needed number. At the same time the 65th began recruiting in the Vollmer Block. Nearly every company drilled in the forenoon and evening, and everything seemed favorable to the speedy availability, and departure for the field, of the two regiments.

Knowing that many of those who wished to volunteer must leave families dependent upon their pay alone for a living, the citizens of Buffalo had already devised a plan for their relief, and for several days a subscription had been circulating among those who were better able to serve their country in that way, indirectly, than to fight. Up to Monday this fund, for the benefit of the families of volunteers, had reached twelve thousand dollars ; and on Monday, the 22d of April, the Common Council followed up the generous gift with an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the same purpose, to be consolidated with the subscription fund, under the control of a joint committee, and to be known as *the Fund for the Defence of the Federal Union.* At the same time the caption of the old subscription list was altered to read as follows :

"The undersigned severally agree to pay the sums set opposite our names, to the Joint Committee of the Common Council and citizens of Buffalo, to constitute a fund for the support of the families of members of volunteer and other military companies of Buffalo, during their term of service respectively, and for such similar purposes as may be approved by such committee, or by a vote of a

quorum thereof; it being intended that such committee shall give aid to such volunteers and others from the date of enrollment until mustered into service, in such form and to such extent as they shall deem proper and expedient."

Up to May 9th, the sum of twenty-seven thousand five hundred and seventy-five dollars had been subscribed to the fund by our free-hearted citizens.

The roll at the volunteer recruiting office in the Arcade having been increased by the addition of a sufficient number, the officers in charge proceeded on the 22d of April to organize three additional companies. The officers were elected by ballot, as follows:

2d Co.—JOHN M. LAYTON—Captain.
AUGUSTUS N. GILLETT—1st Lieutenant.
JOHN NICHOLSON—2d Lieutenant.

3d Co.—E. L. HAYWARD—Captain.
SAMUEL WILKESON—1st Lieutenant.
HUGH JOHNSON—2d Lieutenant.

4th Co.—HORACE G. THOMAS—Captain.
ABBOT C. CALKINS—1st Lieutenant.
WM. O. BROWN, JR.—2d Lieutenant.

On the 30th, (April,) Capt. Drew's Co. was accepted by the Governor. All other companies were to be accepted as soon as their muster-rolls were full, and they had been inspected.

Accordingly, Capts. Layton, Hayward and Thomas, completed their rolls on the same day, and forwarded them to Albany. As the date of their organization was the same, the question of seniority was afterwards decided by lot in favor of Capt. Thomas, Capt. Hayward being next.

These companies were quartered at the Niagara Market while awaiting their orders, Capt. Drew, as senior officer, having charge of the station. A fifth company, under Capt. Strong, not yet full, occupied the cotton factory, otherwise known as the Heywood Armory.

The first four companies, having been inspected by Gen. Scroggs, and accepted by the Governor, were ordered to leave Buffalo for Elmira on Friday, May 3d. The subjoined report of their departure is from the *Morning Express* of the 4th:

"The departure of the volunteers yesterday afternoon was a scene worth witnessing. Co. 'E,' Capt. Strong, was mustered at

the 'Heywood Armory,' and acted as military police on the line of march, and at the depot. This company is made up of stalwart men, is already accepted, and will be off in a day or two. It is officered by gentlemen of high character.

"The Union Continentals, Ex-President Fillmore in command, turned out as escort. Their appearance was magnificent. Made up of the tall men of the older race, their appearance dignified and honored the scene. Mr. Fillmore was made for a field marshal. We heard dozens of men say that their hearts never so warmed to him as yesterday, when he led the Union Continentals down Main street.

"The line of march was formed on Court street, at the Armory. It passed up Court to Niagara street, thence by Court to Main, down Main to Scott, along Scott street to Michigan, and thence to the Buffalo, N. Y. & Erie depot, entering on Exchange street. All along the route an immense multitude was gathered, and flags flaunted from the buildings. The stores of Hamlin & Mendsen, Sherman & Barnes, and Howard & Whitcomb, were conspicuously dressed out in the Red, White and Blue.

INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH.

"The line was formed with the Union Cornet Band in advance, the Union Continentals as escort, the Volunteers, and citizens. At Niagara Square an immense concourse was gathered opposite a platform near the Central School, where the Regimental Flag was to be presented. The Continentals passed and halted on Court street, while the Volunteers formed by companies in front of the stand.

"On the stand were thirty-four young ladies of the Central School, dressed in Red, White and Blue, the Principal, Mr. Arey, the School Superintendent, Gen. Scroggs, and Capt. Drew.

"On the part of the School, the address of presentation was delivered by one of the pupils, Miss Julia Paddock, in the following admirably conceived and expressed

ORATION.

"The hour we have so long expected has at last arrived. Our country calls for brave men, true men, men who will stand by their principles — men who will defend the right — to come forward and vindicate her cause. We feel proud that Buffalo has responded so

nobly to the call. The ranks of volunteers before us prove that the 'Queen of the Lakes' is not devoid of that patriotism which strengthens the heart and arm to deeds worthy of the spirit of '76. We, the scholars of the Central School, present this flag to you as a testimonial of our love of country, and admiration of all acting patriots. We feel assured that you will stand by the glorious old flag of our forefathers; that you will defend the stars and stripes, though it cost you your heart's blood. In the thickest of the fray, look up to this banner and think of the many hopes that centre in your action—of the many prayers hourly offered up for your cause —*then do your duty* as men and patriots, and may God speed ye and the right."

"Her elocution was remarkably good and was fully appreciated and loudly cheered by the rough soldiers before her.

"Capt. Drew, Co. 'A,' accepted the flag, and the speech of acknowledgement was made by Gen. G. A. Scroggs, in an address of eloquent patriotism, graceful and appropriate to the stirring occasion. Dr. Hunt also spoke briefly, and the 'Star Spangled Banner' was splendidly sung by the thirty-four young lady representatives of the school, led by Mr. Vining. The concluding chorus was sung by the crowd with terrific energy. During all the speeches the order of the occasion was only interrupted by the irrepressible cheers of the volunteers and crowd.

"The flag is the offering of the Central School to the volunteers. It is an army regulation flag, strict in its proportions, made of the richest silk, and the staff elegantly surmounted by a golden eagle, supporting bullion cords and tassels.

'The column down Main street was increased by the accession of Eagle Hose 2, and Taylor Hose 1, to the procession, which was, as stated above, led by Mr. Fillmore. Flags and handkerchiefs waved, cheerful 'good-bye's' were exchanged, and the whole scene was one of the most exciting ever witnessed in our streets.

"Arrived at the depot, the procession opened ranks, and the Volunteers passed through, taking their places in the cars in an orderly and systematic manner. There were many leave-takings, many 'God bless you's,' many tears and many cheers; but through all, the prevading feeling was one of hearty and cheerful enthusiasm. The hose companies singled out their members, and we saw Capts. Thomas and Hayward, and Lieuts. Gillett and Gardner, treated to a tossing in the air as a fireman's farewell greeting.

"So went off the Volunteers, leaving sad hearts behind them, as all partings do; but destined, we hope and believe, to honor and sanctify the families they represent and the city whose children they are, by courage on the field, endurance in the camp, and patriotism everywhere. God bring them back to us with honor unstained, and heroism vindicated! If otherwise, let them never come at all!"

At this time the members of the 74th were in a terribly used up condition of disappointment and chagrin, although efforts were being made to recover the ground lost while waiting for the three month's call, by re-organizing upon the same footing with the Volunteers. To explain the necessity of this movement, we will turn back to what followed Inspector Lansing's report, per telegragh, to Gen. Randall, from Albany.

Every effort was immediately made to place the command upon a war footing, and on April 23d, Gen. Randall, accompanied by Hon. E. G. Spaulding, went to Albany, with the object of obtaining, if possible, an order for the Regiment to move *without* re-organizing in conformity with the new law, which made the term of service two years instead of three months, except in cases where regiments equipped and armed themselves.

On the evening of the 24th, the following dispatch was received by Col. Fox:

ALBANY, April 24th, 1861.

Col. FOX:

Your Regiment is ordered to leave Buffalo for Elmira one week from to-day. Col. Krettner is expected to be wanted soon after.

NELSON RANDALL.

We were drilling in the Arsenal when the above was received. Lieut. Alberger, of "D," bolted in with the news, and when the boys heard it they went half crazy with delight. The hall shook with their cheers, and every cap went up to the roof. After the tantalizing delays and harassing rumors of the past two weeks, the news seemed too good to be believed. *And so it was.*

The great difficulty now was the procuring of uniforms, only a part of the regiment having uniforms, and those only intended for parade, and unfit for the field. As the command must, to come under the Congressional provision for three months' men, uniform

and equip itself, the Common Council came generously to the rescue with an appropriation of thirty-five thousand dollars for that purpose.

On his return, Gen. Randall issued the following order :

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH DIVISION, N. Y. S. M.
April 25th, 1861.

Special Order No. 1.

The Major-General hereby promulgates the following special order from the Commander-in-Chief :

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, April 24th, 1861.

Special Order No. 85.

Major-General Nelson Randall, commanding Eighth Division, N. Y. S. M., is hereby ordered to detail the 74th Regiment, Col. Watson A. Fox, to proceed on Wednesday, the first day of May, 1861, to Elmira.

Col. Fox will report, on his arrival in Elmira, to Brigadier-General R. B. Van Valkenburgh, in charge of the Depot for Volunteers, for further instructions.

Major-General Randall is further directed to provide means for transportation.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

J. MEREDITH REID, JR.,
Adjutant-General.

In pursuance of such special orders, the 74th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Col. Watson A. Fox, commanding, is hereby detatched and detailed for special service, and ordered to proceed to Elmira on Wednesday, the 1st day of May next, and report as directed. Col. Fox will issue the necessary orders for the assembling of his regiment and the full execution of this order.

By order of Major-General Randall.

HENRY L. LANSING,
Division Inspector.

The regiment was now nearly ready for the field. Nearly all of the old members were anxious to go for the three months, and there were many who could not absent themselves, from various reasons, for a longer term, and the balance of the required number had been made up from the best material by enlistments. The uniforms had been ordered, upon the appropriation made for that purpose by the Common Council, and were being manufactured in New York. It was understood that we were to receive them on our arrival at Elmira.

The citizens of Buffalo nobly seconded the efforts being made to comfortably equip the men. In fact, they took the lead,—and

when did the ladies of our city ever miss such an opportunity of demonstrating their devotion to the cause ?

Meetings were called at various places, and the work taken up with a will, and soon, from their fair hands, came such donations of needful articles,— from the complete outfit of underclothing, down to the little keepsake "housewife," — as plainly showed their "Dorcas-like" determination to "do what they could." And then their smiles and kind words — God bless them — went straight to a fellow's heart, and did more good than scores of patriotic speeches from men, who, too often, like the trumpeter of Æsopian fame, were fond of setting others on, but did not care about going themselves.

The Rev. Dr. Heacock — a noble exception to the last mentioned class — volunteered and was commissioned as chaplain of the 74th. The *Express*, in announcing his appointment, says: "In him all the fire of zeal is tempered with the gentle, loving spirit of the Christian, and for once we have the right man in the right place."

On Monday, April 20th, Col. Fox, in pursuance of orders already published, issued the necessary orders for the assembling of the regiment on the first day of May, to proceed to Elmira. On the same day, Co. "A" was mustered into the service, under the following officers :

ADRIAN R. ROOT—Captain.
C. W. STERNBERG—1st Lieutenant.
PETER C. DOYLE—2d Lieutenant.

But in the midst of the general rejoicing and jubilant preparations for departure, came like a thunder-clap the disheartening news that our orders were countermanded: Gov. Morgan having received orders from the Secretary of War to send no more troops at present. The following is the order of countermand, received on the morning before our expected departure :

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH DIVISION, N. Y. S. M.
April 30th, 1861.

Special Order No. 4.

I. The Major-General has received and promulgates the following special orders of the Commander-in-Chief :

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, April 28th, 1861.

Special Order No. 105.

Information having been received from the President of the United States that no further requisition for troops from this State will be made at present, Special

Orders No. 85, directing the 74th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., to proceed to Elmira, are hereby countermanded.

Major-General Nelson Randall is charged with the duty of promulgating this order.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

J. MEREDITH REID, Jr.,
Adjutant-General.

II. In pursuance of these orders of the Commander-in-Chief, Special Order No. 1, directing the 74th Regiment to proceed to Elmira on Wednesday, May 1st, 1861, is hereby countermanded, and Col. Watson A. Fox is hereby charged with the duty of promulgating this order.

By order of Major-General Randall.

HENRY L. LANSING,
Division Inspector.

Headquarters 74th Regiment, N. Y. S. M.
Buffalo, April 30th, 1861.

Order No. 2.

In pursuance of Special Order No. 4, from Division Headquarters, Order No. 1, directing the departure of the Regiment for Elmira on the 1st of May, is hereby countermanded, in consequence of the Secretary of War directing the Commander-in-Chief to send forward no more troops from this State at present.

The Colonel promulgates this order with deep mortification. He is aware of the many sacrifices which the patriotic men who compose his command have made for the purpose of entering the service of their country to put down the formidable rebellion against the Government, but he expresses the hope that the day is not far distant when their services may be required, and exhorts them to bear with patience the disappointment, and show themselves to be true soldiers, by still further exertions to render the 74th in the future, as in the past, ready to take the field when the order to march is received, and which he daily expects will be issued.

The officers and men will assemble at the State Arsenal on Wednesday, the 1st day of May, at 3 o'clock, P. M., precisely. Companies A, B, C and D will appear on parade with muskets.

By order of

W. A. FOX, *Colonel.*

G. W. Johnson, *Adjutant.*

In countermanding their orders, the Governor directed the Regiment to complete its uniform and equipments, and hold itself in readiness for further orders, with the assurance that on the first further call the 74th should be put into active service. But that assurance was but a trifling mitigation of the disappointment, especially as it was becoming evident to all that the policy of the Government was to strengthen and render more effective its regular army, and increase it by volunteers enlisted for a prolonged term of service.

The last day of April was a sad one for the balked and befooled 74th. Loud and deep were the maledictions vented upon whatever could be imagined responsible for the delay, and upon "red tape" in particular. Frightfully woe-begone and elongated were the faces of the groups to be seen holding councils of war at the street corners; and if by chance one caught a word of the conference, it was likely to be anything but favorable to an opinion of the speaker's piety. Some, their feelings too deep for utterance, retired to their homes, to avoid the queries or banter of troublesome friends, and confide to sympathizing mothers and sisters the burden of their woes. One, a private in Co. D, as brave a boy as ever drew steel,* went home, sat down, and burst into tears, and his only and sufficient reply to the tender inquiries of his sisters as to the cause of his emotion, was, "*We ain't going.*" Almost while I write come tidings of his bravery on a late and desperately fought field, where he led his regiment to the charge in the face of fearful odds. But "Old Comfort" (his familiar *cognomen* among "the boys") will never forget the difficulties he experienced in getting into actual service.

Still, earnest and determined, and not to be thwarted, a large proportion of officers and men, despairing of an opportunity to serve in the way they had chosen, determined to leave the old organization, and offer themselves for the longer term. The movement was begun at once. The same afternoon Co. "F," under Capt. George DeWitt Clinton, was formally inspected, and the oath administered by the Captain.

The taking of the oath was an occasion of much solemnity. After it had been administered, the Captain stated the circumstances under which the 74th had been recruited, ordered and countermanded, and saying that with himself it was a question of duty, he had determined to telegraph to Governor Morgan that the company would enlist for the term of their natural lives, or for the war. He asked those willing to join him in that determination to raise their hands Of the eighty-five men present, all but three responded affirmatively in an instant. The three remaining hesitated, but decided finally for the unconditional enlistment.

Capt. Clinton immediately made out a new muster roll, and his company signed it, to a man, and Lieut. T. B. Wright immediately left with it for Albany, with a request to be accepted as two year's

* Geo. M. Love, now Colonel of the 116th.

volunteers. Gov. Morgan immediately acceded, issued an order for inspection, and encouraged the other companies to do likewise.

On the evening of May 1st, a committee, consisting of Gen. Randall, Col. Fox, Major Fithian, Mr. Spaulding, Judge Hall and Mr. Prosser, left for Albany, to complete arrangements for the arming and uniforming of the 74th, in compliance with the following dispatch, received during the afternoon :

ALBANY, April 20th, 1861.

MAJOR F. J. FITHIAN—Sir: The 74th will be the first regiment of the present uniformed force mustered into the service of the United States Government; but none must go until they have been organized, armed, equipped and provided with camp equipage.

Your obedient servant,

J. MEREDITH REID, JR.,
Adjutant-General.

The mission of these gentlemen was undertaken with the expectation of procuring arms and equipments, and preparing the command in every requisite for final orders, which the above led them to expect soon.

At noon of the next day a dispatch was received, reporting "no progress," and later, one from Col. Fox, directing the Regiment to assemble at the Arsenal at 2 P. M. on the 3d, (Friday.)

At the appointed hour the men assembled in the great drill room, but Col. Fox could only announce the failure of the committee to accomplish anything, although the Governor had recommended that the organization be maintained in readiness for a future call. This evidently was the choice of a majority of the officers, and a proposed re-organization upon the new system did not meet with full approbation; although one entire company—joined in the demonstration by large majorities of the others—agreed to the proposal with loud acclamations. The general choice seemed in favor of immediate action, and all were impatient of further delay. Rightly judging that the movement only required a start in the proper direction by recognized authority, to induce the wavering to follow, Major Fithian came out in a handbill, calling upon the men to meet at Dudley Hall on the morning of the 4th, and *volunteer*.

Accordingly, on Saturday morning, Capts. Alberger, Gaylord and Sternberg, and Lieut. Doyle opened their rolls at the Hall. Capt. Clinton established his quarters there on the same day, his men sleeping there and taking their meals at the Western Hotel. Mr.

Dudley furnished sleeping room, Mr. Charles G. Irish provided mattresses, and the City, through the fund for that purpose, provided blankets and rations.

During the day Capts. Rogers and Gaylord filled up their companies. Capt. Alberger's roll was completed on Sunday, and that evening Capt. Gaylord and Lieuts. Wheeler and Canfield went to Albany with the rolls. Capt. Lee's company, "G," recruited at the Arcade station, being also full, sent their roll at the same time, and on Monday, May 6th, were inspected by Gen. Scroggs, and mustered into the service. Capt. Sternberg having dissolved his company in order to fill up the others, immediately opened a new roll.

On Tuesday, May 7th, Company "C," Capt. Rogers; "E," Capt. Strong, and "F," Capt. Clinton, were mustered in. Capt. Strong's had been organized as a cavalry company, but could not be accepted as such.

On Wednesday, May 8th, Company "B," Capt. Gaylord, and "D," Capt. Alberger, were inspected and mustered into service, and the same evening Mayor Alberger went to Albany, with the purpose of obtaining, if possible, immediate marching orders for the six companies to proceed to the rendezvous at Elmira: and also to urge upon the State military authorities the purchase from the Joint Committee of the uniforms and other equipments originally intended for the 74th, and their assignment to the use of the Buffalo Volunteer Regiment.

On Thursday, dispatches received from the Mayor, at Albany, and from Major Fithian, at Elmira, resulted in orders from Gen. Scroggs to march on Saturday. Major Fithian telegraphed, by request of Gen. Van Valkenburgh, that the Buffalo companies must not arrive until Sunday morning at Elmira, it being impossible to provide quarters for them before that time.

The following is from the *Express*:

"The demonstration Saturday afternoon, upon the departure for Elmira of the six final companies of the Buffalo Regiment of Volunteers, was in some respects the grandest and most thrilling ever witnessed in our city. The whole population seemed to unite in such a testimonial of pride and grateful affection, as could not fail to gladden the otherwise heavy hearts of the noble and gallant fellows who bade adieu to their homes and friends, and went forth to become the soldiers of their country, the defenders of the Stars

and Stripes, the upholders and guarantors of the glorious Union and its Government. All who belong to Buffalo seemed to have come out to swell the triumph of the occasion, and the mighty concourse of people which surrounded and cheered the volunteers in their march through the city, was one which it would be utterly futile to attempt to estimate in numbers.

"Never before have we seen the streets so gay and pageant-like. Flags by the thousand were flung from roofs and windows, while the national tri-colors hung and floated in great festoons of bunting from cornice to cornice along the store fronts of our noble main avenue. But these decorations were nothing compared with the display of fair faces, which clustered in every looking-place along the street, and the gala look of the city was due in greater part to fluttering ribbons than to waving banners. The scene was one to be spoken of proudly and exultingly, but not to be described.

"At 3 o'clock the procession of the departing volunteers and their escort was formed on Niagara Square, in the presence of an immense assemblage of spectators. The volunteer companies were formed as follows:

"Captain Strong's Company.
"Captain Clinton's Company.
"Captain Roger's Company.
"Captain Lee's Company.
"Captain Alberger's Company.
"Captain Gaylord's Company.

"The ranks of the six companies were full, and their force amounted to nearly five hundred men. The escort was composed of the Union Continentals, under Ex-President Fillmore; the Citizens' Reserve Corps, E. Drew, Commandant; the Tigers, J. F. Ernst, Commandant; the 74th Regiment, Col. W. A. Fox; Eagle Hose Company, Neptune Hose Company, and Excelsior Hose Company.

"The volunteers were ununiformed, with the exception of Capt. Clinton's Company, which wore red shirts and glazed caps, looking very finely. The general appearance of the companies was admirable. The material of which several of them are composed, is the very best American society can furnish for war purposes, including, as they do, the high spirited, educated, and intelligent young men of every class,— from the professions, from the merchant's desk, the

mechanic's shop, and the household of the farm. Mingled with these better orders, are some of ruder and rougher character; but even of such will the discipline of the camp and the stern tutoring of war make gallant soldiers and noble men.

RAISING THE FLAG AT THE FIRST CHURCH.

"A little before 4 o'clock the line was set in motion, and the procession moved through Court and Main streets to the First Presbyterian Church, where it halted to witness the ceremony of raising a flag upon a staff erected above the cupola of the church. A platform had been raised near the street, in front of the church, which was occupied by the Glee Club, several clergymen, and the Hon. E. G. Spaulding. The church square, and all the broad streets surrounding, were filled with a multidude of people beyond computation, while the house-tops and windows swarmed with lookers-on. The spectacle which the living mass presented at this time was inconceivably grand.

"With little delay, the flag was raised from the ground to its lofty peak by Gen. Scroggs, and as it reached the summit and was unfurled, at least twenty thousand people joined in three wild cheers, deafening and almost terrific in their mighty volume. At the same instant another flag was hoisted from the roof of John C. Jewett's store, on the opposite side of Main street, and another round of cheers was given to this. The chimes of St. Paul's rang out the national air, and the clamor of bells and voices was for several moments bewildering.

"When the clamor had somewhat subsided, Mr. Vining and the Glee Club sang the 'Star Spangled Banner,' after which Hon. E. G. Spaulding introduced the Rev. Dr. Clarke, who addressed the assemblage and the Volunteers as follows:

"'The flag of our fathers! The flag of freedom! The flag of the Union! Long may it wave! Over all our churches, and masts, and dock-yards, and navies: over our armies, as they go forth to righteous battle, or return shouting their peans of victory: over all the States of the loyal and happy North: over all the sections of the misguided and seditious South, recovered quickly to reason, or if that be impossible, subjected speedily to the stern rule of law: over all the States and Territories of this great country may the flag of the Union continue to wave, and be hailed in coming centuries as we hail it to-day, the badge of brotherhood, the emblem of peace!

"'I have been requested, fellow citizens, to say a few words at this time, in connection with the ceremony we have just seen performed,—the ceremony of raising the flag of our country on the spire of this ancient and honored church.

"'We raise this signal, that we may give expression to a sentiment that palpitates in every patriotic heart. This flag, with its stripes and stars, is the symbol of certain great ideas which the circumstances of our times commands us to re-affirm with every possible note of emphasis and approbation. What these ideas are I shall indicate in a few words.

"'Previous to the declaration of American independence, there had been two, and practically no more than two, radical theories of government. In one it was held that the State might administer law in a way to suppress and annihilate liberty. In the other it was maintained that the rulers should so encourage liberty as to displace and extinguish law. But it is clear that a government which administers law in a way to stifle liberty must soon end in despotism. On the other hand, a nation that so favors liberty as to set aside the force of law, takes the road to certain anarchy and speedy dissolution. For six thousand years the nations have been vibrating back and forth between these two extremes, swinging now into despotism through the excess of law, and now into anarchy through an abuse and an over allowance of freedom.

"'Our fathers had the wisdom to avoid the mistake of the ancients, and to frame the two conflicting ideas into a harmonious Union—constructing thus a new form of government, the fruit of all the centuries past, the model of all the ages to come. They set up a Constitution in which, for the first time in the history of the world, it was made the express object of Law to regulate Liberty, and the one object of Liberty to conform to Law. Law constraining and conserving Liberty — Liberty inhabitating and obeying Law — the State the sanctuary of freedom, because it is also the citadel of Law. This is the fundamental idea of our American Government. And it is this idea inscribed upon our national flag, which makes it an ensign of hope to all the nations.

"'Look at that floating signal as its folds embrace and kiss the spire of the sanctuary. They are *stars* that stud that azure space —stars, not meteors, nor fire-works, nor comets with their burning trail. Stars have their common centre round which they all revolve, to which they together cling, from which no single sphere breaks

loose, except to plunge into the eternal darkness, and be lost in the everlasting abyss. There is not a seceder among all the myriad stars that stud the heavens. According to the Constitution of the American Government, the States are stars, keeping their orbits and clinging to their centre. Had our forefathers thought otherwise, they would have decked their flag with different emblems.

"'For more than half a century, American Law has been the safeguard of American Liberty, so that wherever the Stars and Stripes have gone, whether to China or Japan, or the islands of the sea, or the continents of the frozen zone, the flag of our country has been hailed as a symbol of gladness and an omen of good.

"'But the seceding States, infected with the barbarism which they enslave and foster, have madly disowned the Constitution and divorced American Liberty from American Law. And that is the reason that we lift up, upon the spires of our churches and the roofs of our dwellings, and along our thoroughfares, and on the masts of our ships, this symbol of law embracing liberty, and liberty obeying law—an honored American flag. We desire to proclaim upon all the winds, and to publish to all beholders, our solemn conviction that Law must regulate Liberty, and when Liberty refuses or revolts, Law must enforce her demands and reclaim the offender.

"'Soldiers, citizens, brethren mustered in these ranks, and about to go forth to do battle for your country, this is the cause which we commit to you to defend. The American Government has been disowned, and liberty snatched from the embrace of law. You go forth in the name of law to uphold order and suppress rebellion. That is a noble mission. Be worthy of the cause for which you so willingly do service. Be yourselves law-abiding, law-loving men. Yield to no temptation, practice no iniquity, remember that the cause in which you have enlisted is too sacred to permit any thing that dishonors a man. Go to your high duties, bearing the spirit of heroes, fall like Christians. And may God Almighty, Father, Son, and Sanctifier, bless you, and bring you to His eternal abode, in the Great Day.'

"A. M. Clapp, Esq., was then introduced to the multitude, and addressed it briefly. He said it was fitting that the departure of the Volunteers should be signalized by the interesting ceremony of raising the flag of our country over the first Christian church established in our city. It was appropriate and interesting to see the

spires of the temples where God is worshiped, adorned by the Stars and Stripes—it told of a living patriotism which inspired to action, and would secure great results to the cause of the country in the hour of its peril. The prayers of those who worshiped beneath the ensign of the Union would follow those who went forth in its defence, and that God who is just, and who hears and answers prayer, would follow those brave volunteers with His blessing, proving to them, as to His children of old when in peril, a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, to guide them through their trials in safety. He then referred to the sudden awakening of the patriotic devotion of the people of the Free, and of a portion of the Slave States, which marks this crisis in our national affairs, and said it could be ascribed alone to a deep sense of the wrong and insult which had been heaped by treason upon the cause of the Government, and the honor of its flag. That spirit of our fathers, which inspired them to deeds of valor at Bunker Hill and Lexington, was now arousing the people of the free North and North-West, to an action so determined, in behalf of a cause so just, that omnipotence alone can defeat its success, and prevent an ultimate triumph.

"He then addressed the volunteers briefly, and spoke in commendation of their patriotic devotion to the country when its dignity and honor are assailed. He implored them to stand by their flag, and, if fall they must, let them do so with their faces to the foe. He said he had no doubt of their valor or of their loyalty, and with such defenders, the cause of Republic freedom must prevail. He said, though they would soon be far removed from home and the associations of families and friends, they must recollect—and let that recollection buoy them up in the hour of their severest trials—that they are embalmed in the affections of those who are left behind. The hearts of this multitude would follow them, and the prayers of wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, would follow them and the cause they now go forth to defend. The parting adieu was not without its pangs, but the glory that awaits our noble army will promptly apply its solace, and bring joy where sadness now exists. This display in honor of the departure of these noble men, was as merited as it was magnificent, and must bring to the sad heart of the patriot who turns his back upon home and kindred ties, a ray of joy that will cheer and nerve him in the hour of his departure.

THE MARCH.

"At the conclusion of the speaking, three tremendous cheers were given for the departing volunteers, and the procession moved onward. The march down Main street was an ovation, and a sight to be remembered. The cortege itself was almost swallowed up in the tide that moved with it, filling the street with a compact mass of people, extending nearly as far as could be seen. Cheers and shouts mingled in a continuous roar with the music of the bands accompanying the escort. Handkerchiefs were waved from the windows by thousands of fair hands, and bouquets were numerously thrown to the volunteers. Altogether, the scene was perhaps the most impressive and memorable that Buffalo has ever witnessed.

"Nothing in the spectacle was so moving—nothing so vividly realized to our minds the nature of the occasion, as the sight of women marching by the side of the ranks, clinging to the arms of their husbands and brothers and sons. It told the whole story. Any stranger might have known from it the meaning of the event, and understood that soldiers were going forth to war.

THE PARTING AT THÈ DEPOT.

"We can not bear to undertake any description of the scene that we witnessed at the depot, during the few moments that elapsed between the arrival of the volunteers there and the starting of the cars that bore them away. Let us be spared the recital of what made every heart ache among those present at the sorrowful parting. There were more tears than women shed,—more than had fallen from the hundreds of reddened eyes that strained after the departing train. Many a brave fellow, whose heart will grow strong in the face of danger, felt choaked by the uprising emotion, and *looked* the 'good-by's' he could not speak, through tear-dimmed eyes.

"And so they went away, God bless them! and may every one come back to us laureled with valiant deeds and crowned with victory!"

> "Go, watch the foremost rank, in danger's dark career,
> Be sure the hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear."

"All aboard! Stand clear!" A creak, a sudden jerk, and then, amid "good-by's" and "God-bless-you's," drowned in the roar

of the music and the artillery and the cheering crowd, amid lingeringly clasped hands and last looks at dim faces we might never see again, the train began to withdraw from the crowd. Slowly, as if loth to bear away its burden of farewells; as if conscious that every heart among the departing felt the first agonizing strain of those ties, never separated by distance or dangers, but only the stronger for both.

We leave the multitude behind. The cheers grow fainter. Every one endeavors to hide the emotion which no one sees, and all are very busy in replying to the cheers of the little knots gathered in the outskirts of the town. At last there are no more of these; we are in the open country.

Back there, in the glow of the setting sun, the focus of many a lingering gaze, and rapidly becoming indistinct in the hazy distance, until we see only its spires pointing heavenward, with the sheen of the sunset like a glory upon them, often to be dreamed of as we see her in this last moment, lies the Queen City.

Farewell, dear, happy homes! May we return as proudly as we leave you sorrowful! But, for many who now gaze as for the last time, those spires are an omen. As we rush on into the twilight they point to another world.

CHAPTER II.

Organization of the Regiment, and election of Field and Staff Officers—The Companies move from their temporary quarters to Barracks No 4.—Description of the Camp, and some account of our fare and usage generally.—How Volunteers should be treated.—Routine of a day in Camp.—A midnight alarm.—Our first hard march.—Good-bye to Elmira, and hurrah for Dixie.

ON the 13th day of May, 1861, the officers of the Buffalo volunteer companies at Elmira proceeded to organize a regiment, and to elect their field officers. The result was as follows:

WILLIAM F. ROGERS—Colonel.
ADRIAN R. ROOT—Lieut. Colonel.
WILLIAM H. DREW—Major.

Col. Rogers made a few very appropriate remarks, on the announcement that he had been elected Colonel by a unanimous vote. He said he would strive to do his whole duty; and should the Regiment be called to active service upon the field of battle, he would endeavor to prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him by his brother officers.

Capt. William C. Alberger, of "D" Co., was elected Major, but would not accept the position until he had consulted his men. Going to their quarters, he called the company to attention, and said: "Boys, they want me to be the Major of this Regiment. I leave you to decide for me. Shall I take the position, or remain with you?"

At the close of the Captain's announcement, the anxious faces that were pulled at its commencement, were shortened considerably, and of course the boys were selfish enough to shout with one accord, "Stay! stay!" And when the Captain bowed and smiled his assent, such a cheer as burst from them, might fitly have acknowledged the receipt of a major's commission for every man of them; and they could not have seemed much happier had that indeed been the case.

The Colonel made the following selections as his staff officers, which met the hearty approval of the entire regiment, and tested as they have been in camp and field, we have found that approval to have been well placed:

CHESTER W. STERNBERG—Adjutant.
HENRY P. CLINTON—Quartermaster.
CHARLES H. WILCOX—Surgeon.
JOSEPH A. PETERS—Surgeon's Mate.
GEORGE M. LOVE—Sergeant Major.
PETER C. DOYLE—Quartermaster Sergeant.

At this time the companies were quartered temporarily in town. They were rather promiscuously distributed as follows: "C" Company occupied the Episcopal Church. Pews were turned into bunks, and even the pulpit did duty as a dormitory, being occupied by the sergeants. In honor of their old captain, who had been taken from them to fill the highest position in the regiment, they called their quarters "Camp Rogers." "B" Company, Capt. Gaylord, had a loft over a store on Water street. "F," Capt. Clinton, had another over the Mansion House; while "D," Capt. Alberger, garrisoned still another over Ely's Hall, and the Hall itself contained five more companies.

On the evening of the 14th of May, Gen. Van Valkenburgh having completed the preparation of barracks, we marched out and took possession of ours. The following letter, which appeared in the *Morning Express* for May 17th, dated the 15th, and signed "H," will give a good idea of the locality in which we passed our initiatory month.

"Last night six companies were marched out to the new barracks near the race grounds; a place which, for its natural beauty and adaptation to the purposes of a camp, deserves description. Take it as I saw it this morning. A walk of a mile and a half out the pleasant Water street, brought me to the camp. A broad and level meadow stretched along the road. At its rear was a range of twenty company barracks. Beyond was the river, fringed with elms and willows, and sparkling in the sunshine of the lovely morning, and still beyond rose precipitously the bold hills, clad in evergreens. As if in contrast with its warlike purposes, the whole out-look of the place was one of peace. It was the spot of all others to lounge upon a grassy bank in reverie, lulled by the flowing river and fanned by the soft air of the mellow morning. It was a place for pastoral

associations, lazy meditation, the low of kine and the bleat of flocks, or, most of all, for a lover's walk by moonlight.

"Crossing the ample parade ground we reached the barracks, where Capt. Thomas, and late Lieutenant, but now Captain, Bob. Gardner, made us welcome. Each company has a separate building, sixteen feet by ninety, and twelve feet high, with a ventilator all along the roof. On either side are the bunks, fitted with a straw bed and blankets. The floor is cleanly swept, the beds made up, a stove at the front furnishes sufficient warmth, and there is air, room, comfort and cleanliness enough to keep the men in health. In the rear are two excellent wells just completed, and by Friday the mess-house and kitchen will be finished. All about this camp shows that Gen. Van Valkenburg intends it for a permanent institution. It is no mere make-shift for the present.

"In rear of the barracks, the dry and level plateau on which they stand, falls down with an easy slope to the water. At the time of my visit it was the idle hour after breakfast. Perhaps a hundred men lay sunning on the grass, or engagad in pitching quoits, or jumping. On the water's edge were some thirty fishermen, after chubs, with pin-hooks and twine. The capture of a minnow was an achievement received with rounds of applause. On the water was a raft, two boys navigating it with great energy from shore to shore. Across the water, which is a set-back from the main stream, is a peninsula, reached by a good road, on which is a race track a mile in length, inclosing a green and beautiful meadow, level as a house floor, and admirably adapted for a drill ground. Beyond this is the main river, and still beyond, the glorious hills.

"Aside from its almost peerless beauty of scenery, the camp where our Buffalo boys are awaiting orders has peculiar merits. It is level, a dry soil, well drained, has pure and abundant water, ample opportunities for river bathing, and has parade ground enough for ten thousand men. I felt grateful to Gen. Van Valkenburg for the good taste and military skill he has displayed in all its arrangements. Let Buffalonians rest assured that their volunteers are well cared for, and with that assurance I end this long epistle"

Gen. Van Valkenburg did indeed deserve credit for the care he took of the boys, and long afterward,—when the "tack" were unusually hard, the bacon rusty, or in the course of our duty we were obliged to forego even the barest of comforts common to the poorest at home,—would we remember the good wholesome "grub" and

the dry, sheltered sleeping places we so little appreciated in Elmira. And now began the hard work of a soldier's life. Hitherto we had seen only the pleasanter experiences and tinsel outer show of such a life. Now we were to know the difference between a street parade,—before crowds of admiring friends who were contented to take our *will* to do well for the *deed*,—and the long hard drills in the heat and dust, necessary to our efficiency as soldiers. This was not the work of a day, but as the officers took it up with a will, we soon began to show the result of well directed discipline. Many of our officers and men were members of old companies in the 74th, and of course the degree of proficiency they had acquired during their experience in those "crack" organizations was not without its effect, apparent as it soon became in the superior manner in which our boys went through their exercises.

But not in those alone consisted the full measure of our probationary trials.

We found that "discipline" meant not only attention to and obedience of orders while on drill or duty, but that its requirements extended to every moment of our lives as soldiers; that its bounds and limits were everywhere placed by the best consideration of our interests as a command, and that they must not be overstepped.

Here was a difficulty with men who, in the whole course of their lives, perhaps, had never before been subjected to such supervision. But I am bound to say that upon the whole they submitted with a good grace, when they understood the bearing of these restrictions on the well being—moral and "sanitary"—of the regiment.

Still it was hard, especially for the wilder spirits, to yield at once, and that, too, while in the midst of friends, and while they might have so little time to enjoy such surroundings as were ours in that happy valley of the Chemung. Who can blame them then for uncorking rather recklessly, when opportunity favored that operation. Hence the occasional stampedes, when guard lines were no longer respected, and the sentinel, if vigilant, found his authority set at defiance by some old crony whom—with all his exaggerated and *recruitish* notions of his duty—he could not make up his mind to shoot, although he might, for conscience sake, discharge his piece (carefully) into the air.

On these occasions our embryo heroes among the line officers often gave chase, generally with an armed squad at their heels, and

with prodigious valor beat the vicinity in search of the fugitives. Many were the hair-breadth escapes narrated by the latter to their admiring comrades upon their return to camp.

Ten of the twenty barrack buildings at No. 4 were occupied by the 24th (Oswego) Regiment, and the mutual friendly feeling entertained by the two regiments has never diminished. It was the fashion to comment jokingly upon our fare in general, and compare notes as to the respective treatment of the two regiments. For instance, a Buffalo boy would approach the guard line between the two camps and kindly inquire of some "Oswego" as to "what he had for dinner that day." He would probably receive a strictly confidential reply—at the top of "Oswego's" voice—to the effect that the dinner wasn't very good, for divers reasons, which he would proceed to enumerate, and which being neither very delicate nor *very* funny, we won't repeat, excepting the standing joke which referred to "rats in the soup," a piece of diabolical invention, well calculated to spoil one's appetite, or at least his relish for *soup*; and which only deserves mention here as furnishing the watchword by which the two regiments always hailed each other when they met in "Dixie."

Many were the alternatives resorted to for the relief of the tedium of life in garrison, a life which the soldier would at any time gladly exchange for the excitement of a campaign, dreading the toils and perils of service in the field much less than the hum-drum round of daily duties, spiced with no variety or adventure, which is the portion of the soldier in barracks. Our days were passed in much the same routine, and when the first charm of novelty had worn away, and we began to wonder *when* we were to be led to the field, then it was that the first murmurs were heard among the more impatient spirits of the command. They had enlisted, they said, "to fight," and not that they might be penned in, hundreds of miles away from the sphere of actual warfare, and subject to the strictest discipline, "more like convicts than soldiers."

But all this was pardonable. Your volunteer soldier is apt to be something of a grumbler. It is his only liberty, the liberty of his tongue, and even that restricted. He grumbles at a host of real or fancied grievances, and eases his mind harmlessly, for if you know him you know that he means no tithe of what he says. How many confirmed grumblers prove in the hour of trial to be the most patient and daring of men.

And how often has the charge of "demoralization" been cast upon a command, with no better foundation than a few hot and hasty words heard from the ranks in a moment of dissatisfaction. And even when such words are followed by deeds of a like nature, and insubordination on the part of a *portion*, why condemn the *whole?* Often there are palliating circumstances, hard, perhaps, to be understood by the uninitiated, and often suppressed or misrepresented by those whose interest or prejudices prompt them to do so.

Another word for the volunteer. Do not try to break his spirit, and bind him forever a slave to discipline. He is a soldier only for the time of need, and the free and generous impulses that prompted him to seek a place in the ranks of the nation's vindicators, demand for him the usage of an ally, not that of a bondman. Why should the line that defines rank be so strictly drawn? Are there not thousands of men in the ranks who are, in mental endowments and social position, the equals—in many cases the *superiors*—of those whose fortune it is to wear the shoulder-strap? Where, then, is the justice of giving to these last a power almost unlimited over the fortunes, the very *lives*, of those? Where the justice or humanity of giving power so unbounded that the most degrading punishments, from which there is no appeal, often follow the most trivial offences, aye, follow often where there is no offence, except to the pride of some petty despot, whose term of brief authority may be forever marked by the crushed spirits and ruined hopes of abused, degraded manhood.

We believe that this state of things is destined to change for the better, that they are now changing, and never will again obtain as in the first year of our war experience. Fighting, Fatigue and Famine are great levelers. In the constant front of Death men remember that they are but men, all alike to that great inexorable. Bullets are great moralists, they are republican, they teach humility, they respect no man, they tear a coat of blue broad-cloth as ruthlessly as the blouse of blue woolen that covers the private's breast.

Pardon this digression, dear reader, and let us return to "the thread of our narrative." We were saying that our days were passed in monotonous routine. Let us see what it was like.

At six o'clock in the morning the reveille was beaten on the parade ground, and every one turned out of his bunk; if any were lazy, their comrades soon worried them out. Then each company fell in line in its own barrack, and the roll was called by the first

sergeant, in the presence of a commissioned officer of the company. Then the mattresses and blankets were put out to air, a detail for police duty from each company swept and cleaned the barracks, and the grounds around them were put in order.

At half-past six the surgeon's call was beaten, and a sergeant reported to the surgeon with the sick of each company. Some were sent to the hospital on stretchers, and those only unfit for duty were excused for the day.

At seven the breakfast call, "peas upon a trencher," was sounded and beaten, and the boys "fell in for grub," as they said, and were marched down in two files to the mess-house; the files opened, one taking each side of one of the long tables. Right-and-left, *Face*, *Uncover*, and *Fall to*, were the words of command, and they were promptly executed, especially the *fall to*. Coffee, with milk and sugar, bread, with butter, and cold meat, generally beef, comprised the bill of fare. After breakfast the muskets were cleaned, belts blacked, and all equipments put in order; then,

At half-past eight, the "troop" was beaten to assemble the guard for inspection, on the parade ground. Guard mounting took place at nine, and immediately after every company fell in for drill. Only those were excused who were unwell and reported unfit by the surgeon, and the guard of the previous day. The drill lasted until noon.

At twelve, "Roast Beef," the signal for dinner, gladdened the ears of all the hungry fellows who had been drilling in the hot sun, and they were marched to the tables as in the morning. For dinner the bill was: *Soup*—nondescript; generally supposed to be beef, although various opinions prevailed. *Fish*—cod; sometimes, *generally*, not any. *Roast*—invisible. *Boiled*—beef, ham, pork, eggs. *Vegetables*—potatoes "au naturel," which please translate "in their jackets." Add to this good bread, and sometimes a pudding of the same, and you have as good a dinner as a soldier cares for. After dinner was a roll call, and then, at 1:30 P. M., another drill, which lasted until 4:30, after which we were allowed to rest or amuse ourselves in camp for half an hour.

At five the supper call was beaten. Coffee, bread and butter, and a stew of dried apples: sometimes milk, with bread, or corn *mush*, furnished forth the meal. And did we grumble? Sometimes. But verily we saw not as yet the days of "hard-tack" and "salt horse" looming in the future.

Then all prepared for "dress parade." Uniforms, arms and accoutrements were made to look as neat and bright as possible; boots and belts were blacked, and at six was beaten the "Retreat," the regiment formed in line of battle, with the guard on the left.

Our evening parade was generally witnessed by a crowd of civilians, of which the ladies formed the largest and most interesting part, and it would be hard to say which were the most admired by the others, the girls or the "sojer laddies." Many a gentle heart was led "captyve" by the silver gray jacket with the brass buttons,—your pardon, ladies,—we mean by some good looking fellow inside of it, and many a "Son of Mars" yielded to the same power that alone could control that puissant old divinity, and which has ever since shared the homage of his votaries.

After parade, which generally lasted about an hour, the camp was alive with fun and frolic, in which the visitors generally shared, taking, however, a more quiet part than the boisterous fellows who were thus making up for the restraints of the hours of duty. Then it was that the "Rogers"* formed their whimsical line, and executed their ludicrous manœuvres, to the infinite peril of buttons and waist-bands among the laugh-tortured spectators. Or leap-frog, double-duck, foot and base ball, or sparring, wrestling and racing, shared their attention, and all was mirth and jollity until the twilight

* The diabolical wags of the Twenty-First are never idle. They have organized a regiment within the Twenty-First, and elected the following officers: Seymour Colton, Colonel; Albert F. Ransom, Lieutenant-Colonel; Geoge M. Love, Major; Byron Schermerhorn, Captain; Cleveland Houghton, Lieutenant; Henry Beebe, Ensign; D. L. Aberdein, Orderly Sergeant.

The drill of this regiment is remarkably peculiar, the tactics being entirely different from Scott's or Hardee's. They have a name for theirs, which just now I don't remember. It is a singular one, however. No person is allowed in the ranks unless he talks all the time, keeps his hands in his pockets, and turns in all his toes. He must keep silence violently in a loud voice, or otherwise he is hung up by the heels till his nose bleeds. The name of the regiment is the "Rogers Regiment," or in the vulgate, the "Rogers Rangers." The word of command is also peculiar. For instance, when the Captain wishes to have them mark time, he exclaims as the caution, "*Rogers, mark time——git!*"

The company immediately "git" as ordered, as a matter of course. Other orders are as follows: (oxen terms are most popular) '*gee flank——git!*" and they consequently "git," "*haw flank——git!*" and they "git." The command "*rest——git!*" is carried out by every man embracing the man in front of him, and then all sitting down on each others laps, all talking loudly to keep perfect silence all the time. The word "*mark time——git!*" is executed by each man getting back to back with his neighbor, locking arms, and then alternately throwing each other in the air, their feet marking time as they come down on the ground. On dress parade, the command "*Rest——git!*" is followed by all the men getting around the Colonel in a circle, and sitting in each others laps. Of all ridiculous paraphrases or travesties on realities, this beats them all. It is the most absurd of absurdities, and the funniest of funny performances. No pen can describe the drill, and no one can possibly comprehend the waggery of it without seeing it. There is a great deal more genius in it than in any other drill, and more sarcasm than can be expressed in writing.—*Courier.*

gathered them in groups around the quarters. Then our Glee Club carrolled the songs of home, while all listened, and many an eye unused to tears, dimmed in the gloaming, when no one could see its tribute to past hours and dear absent ones,—hours gone forever, dear ones we might meet no more on earth.

Those evenings were pleasant ones, they are pleasant to look back upon, and many a soldier remembers them as among his happiest. It was like the renewing of one's school days, and no schoolboys just let loose from their tasks ever were happier, or gave themselves up with less reserve to unlimited fun, than did we. Still when we recall those times, sad thoughts mingle with our recollections: Of those who sported with us there, how few are left? Of those whose strains lightened many a sad hour then,—many a weary one after,—how many will ever lift their voices on earth again?* Poor Charley Dutton died at Fredericksburgh; brave Al. Swartz sleeps in a soldier's grave at Bull Run, and the same field was fatal to his noble cousin, Charles. There, too, fell that best of comrades, Billy Rice, mourned and avenged by a host of friends, who can never forget the manly qualities that endeared him.

The following letter, by one of our visitors, was written after

A DAY IN THE CAMP OF THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

One great cause of debasement in camp life grows out of the spare time which is usually at the disposal of the soldier and officer. There is always a temptation to listlessness, when off duty, which is hard to resist, and unless some cause exists that will stimulate mental energy, bad habits are liable to be engendered. The intelligence, therefore, of a body of men gathered together as these are, in a regiment in camp, is pretty accurately indicated by their amusements while off duty. The officers who truly conserve the best interests of their men, will encourage those kinds of out-door exercises and sports which will furnish amusement, and keep the mind active as well as the body. I was not surprised, therefore, to see how extensively the amusements which had been practiced in their leisure hours in the city, were continued in camp. Boxing with the gloves, ball-playing, running and jumping, were among these. The ball clubs are well represented here, and the exercise of their favorite game is carried on spiritedly by the Buffalo boys. To those who have heard the performances of the Glee Club at home, I need not say that finer singing is rarely heard than was listened to last evening, after the close of the evening parade, closing with "Home, Sweet Home." I detected many a moistened eye at the thoughts thus awakened.

* The Club comprised the following singers: Charles A. Swartz, tenor and alto; W. J. Gibson, air; H. H. Oberist, alto; H. Wells, tenor and alto; William Rice, basso; Charles P. Dutton, air and tenor; Albert Swartz, tenor; R. B. Buck, air.

I was pleased at the marked absence of vulgarity, either in words or actions, both among officers and men. The sanitary condition of the regiment is best shown in the Surgeon's daily reports. Though there are from fifteen to twenty-five reported on the sick list, probably there is no day that the average of those who could not bear arms would exceed twelve out of all in the list.

The mistakes of the sentinels often furnish amusement, and help to many a hearty laugh. For instance, the other night the corporal of the guard gave as the countersign to his men the word "University" when the real word given by the proper officer to him was "Buena Vista." Another gave "Saragossa" for "Cerro Gordo," and one of the sentinels was passed by giving "Rhine-wine" for "Brandywine." The sentry was from the "Faderland" of course. Another passed on "Yorkshire," when the real word was "Yorktown."

In closing this letter, if I could be permitted to make a few suggestions, and could be sure that they would be taken in the same spirit of kindness as intended, I should say that the present high position of the regiment can be not only maintained, but increased, and I trust will be, by a careful attention to the morals of the men. Profanity is no part of a soldier's duty, nor a qualification for fighting a good battle. The biggest bullies I have ever known were always profane, and generally in proportion to their cowardice. An officer cannot expect either the respect or ready obedience of his men, who uses profane language to them or in their presence. Major Anderson is a prayerful man, and he is a brave man. Col. Havelock, in India, was a prayerful man, and who will soon forget him? The officer has a double responsibility upon him, for his example will have great influence upon his men.

I am aware that I am trespassing upon the chaplain's prerogative, but anxiety that Buffalo should always occupy and maintain the high position it now holds in the estimation of the public, is my excuse. The city may well be proud of its regiment, and the men all feel gratified and grateful for the many favors which have been bestowed upon them; and this has done much to get up the fine spirit that now prevails in it. But do not stop now. Stationery is much needed. It costs not less than twenty-five dollars a week to pay for the postage and stationery used by the officers and men in their family correspondence. By the appointment of a postmaster, the way for relieving this heavy item of expense has been opened, and the city should see that the proper means are supplied. At least fifty dollars worth of stamps or stamped envelopes, and the same amount of stationery, should be forwarded at once to the Colonel, for the postmaster to keep in reserve, to distribute when needed. Remember that when a man is writing a letter he is sure to be well employed. It has been a heavy task upon the officers to find these little items for their men. It should not be.

Soldiering has its pains: but I must say I leave the camp with regret. I have so well enjoyed myself with the officers and men, have had so much pleasure in their company, that were it in my power I should follow the regiment, if only for the continuation of the enjoyment. They are now ready to move, and I hope they will soon be at the seat of war. Wherever they go, may God's best blessings go with them all.

P.

On the 20th day of May we were mustered into the service of the United States, for the term of three months. At

the same time the companies were limited to seventy-eight men each; a general weeding out of the least efficient men took place, and the surplus number of good men in some of the companies transferred to others that lacked their complement of such.

On the 21st of May the regiment received the handsome uniform originally intended for the 74th Regiment, N. Y. N. G. It consisted of cap, jacket and pants of gray cloth, trimmed with black, and an overcoat of a bluish black, lined with red. Others of the volunteer regiments at Elmira were uniformed at about the same time, but with a vastly inferior quality of cloth, for which "shoddy" was a most appropriate name. Contracts had been given to the lowest bidders, and the result was that in their haste to uniform the troops, the authorities were obliged to accept such clothing as contractors chose to furnish. The under-clothing dealt out at the same time was excellent, the best we received while in the service. This uniform was also in many cases a cause of disaster to our State troops, from its similarity of color to that worn by the rebels. Witness the first battle at Bull Run, where regiments of supposed Federal troops were allowed to gain important positions, and only discovered to be enemies when too late to be successfully opposed. In more than one instance a galling fire from flank or rear would be the first intimation of their presence.

The following announcement appeared in the *Express* of May 17th: "The announcement that Dr. Charles H. Wilcox has been appointed Surgeon, and Dr. J. A. Peters, Surgeon's Mate, of the Buffalo Regiment, is a cause for congratulation. Dr. Wilcox has had a long experience in both medical and surgical practice. Aside from a large family business for twenty years in this city, he has been U. S. Surgeon to the Marine Hospital, and has held important places on the staff of both the Sisters of Charity and the General Hospitals. In temper he is kind-hearted and genial, and will win the confidence of the men.

"Dr. Peters is a young man of fine talents and high character. He has seen service as a resident physician at the Alms-House. He is a son of Hon. T. C. Peters, of Darien, the celebrated agriculturist."

On the 22d day of May, Dr. Wilcox arrived with his commission as Surgeon. All who knew him were delighted at our good fortune in securing his invaluable skill and experience for ourselves, and those who saw him for the first time were inspired with con-

fidence in his ability and worthiness for the responsible position he had been solicted to assume. That his presence was at once a benefit to the regiment the following letter testifies:

ELMIRA, May 28th, 1861.

In our regiment everything is working as neatly as a well oiled steam engine, the engineer who built it "running the machine." The boys have already got down to their work, and drilling and confinement have become matters of course with them. A day or so ago, they complained about the food furnished them, upon which Dr. Wilcox, the Surgeon of the regiment, took a walk through the mess-house in the afternoon, which so startled the contractors that that night the boys fairly reveled in sweet new milk, the most arabesque of mush, superlatively golden grass butter, and preternaturally excellent apple sauce. The visit of the Doctor was not without permanent effect; for since then the companies,—who have publicly stated that the steaks for their use were cut from every part of the animal but the horns and hoofs,—feel perfectly satisfied, and wreak not their vengeance on spectral contractors, by making daily hail-storms of vile and insufficient beef.

There was a batallion drill at our camp this afternoon, under the command of our worthy colonel. A great many spectators were present, all of whom were highly pleased with the fine martial appearance of the regiment. The drill was excellent, and exhibited the fact that all hands,—officers and men,—are paying the closest attention to discipline, and that in a short time, in the matter of soldierly appearance and drill, no volunteer command in the State can exceed them. Their officers are picked men, and the material of rank and file is far superior to the average of volunteers.

I notice that George B. Dudley, of your city, is here and has obtained the appointment of Assistant Commissary of this military department, under the direction of Capt, Tidball, U. S. A. He is a go-ahead individual, as the people of Buffalo know, and has already obtained much praise for the manner in which he carries out the duties of his new position.

The Rochester regiment, Col. Quinby, and the Syracuse regiment, Col. Walrath, are announced to move to-morrow for Washington. Unless there is an immense slip betwixt the cup and the lip, they will be off on the cars early in the morning. There is but little stirring here, especially money.

H. W. FAXON.

The same gentleman thus reports the departure of the two regiments mentioned:

ELMIRA, May 29th, 1861.

EDITORS COURIER:—At last the troops begin to move, and this military department is decreased to-day by the absence of fifteen hundred men. The Rochester regiment, Col. Quinby, and the Syracuse regiment, Col. Walrath, left this noon on freight trains for Washington, via Williamsport and Philadelphia. The Buffalo regiment, Col. Rogers, turned out in full strength to escort them, and looked and marched nobly. The procession, consisting of the Utica, Cayuga, and Buffalo regiments, marched through the streets to the barracks of the Rochester and Syracuse

regiments, and from thence marched again through the city, halting in front of the Brainard House, where they gave three rousing cheers for Gen. Van Valkenburg, whose office is in that building.

The muzzles of nearly all the muskets of the departing troops were ornamented with evergreens and flowers, and many had evergreens in their belts and hats, in token that the memory of the friends they have left behind would remain ever fresh in their bosoms. After marching through the town they proceeded to the depot. The Buffalo regiment was drawn up in two ranks on one side of the road, and the Utica regiment on the other,—the departing regiments marching between them to the cars, receiving the military salutation as they passed.

A large crowd had assembled at the depot to witness their departure, among whom were a large number of ladies, friends and relatives of the soldiers. There were young girls crying on the platforms; mothers were sobbing in the streets; women weeping on the balconies; and sisters mourning on the galleries; strong men were breaking away from loving white arms, and with quivering lips and large lumps in their throats, vainly endeavored to look and feel unconcerned. White handkerchiefs were saturated with real tears, and wrung and re-wrung out; and though drums were beating and the air was filled with music, with flying banners, and cheers and sunshine, all present felt sad indeed, as they pressed a parting "good bye" on hand or lip, and experienced the regret that is always connected with the thought of possible disaster.

Both departing regiments looked and marched well, but the Buffalo regiment was pronounced by all to be the best in Elmira, and decidedly superior to all in point of drill and uniform. All were lavish in their encomiums, of which Col Rogers and his regiment may well feel proud. The clothing and shoes of the Rochester and Syracuse regiments, I am informed by Col. Walker, came to-day, but too late for distribution. These important articles will be at once sent after them.

The Buffalo boys are steadily to their work, drilling almost constantly, and are daily improving in discipline. But very few leave the camp for the town, and cases of neglect of duty, disobedience of orders, or drunkenness, are rare. Col. Rogers and his excellent staff intend to turn out the very best drilled and most efficient regiment in the State, before they leave here, and from present appearances there is little chance of failure.

Ex-Governor King arrived here this morning, and has been engaged all day in examining the different barracks and inspecting the regiments, probably for his own personal satisfaction.

FRIDAY, May 31.

The departure of fifteen hundred troops has made a considerable vacancy in the business of the town, and hotel keepers and furnishers of supplies feel it sensibly. Sixty commissioned officers gone from one dinner table produces a paucity of bebugled caps, striped pants, &c., and a violent lack of three-ply gilt buttons. Their places, however will soon be filled, and butchers and contractors will again rejoice, and hotel proprietors and clerks grow jubilant.

The camp to-day was visited by many hundreds of people, mostly ladies. Among the gentlemen were Gen. Van Valkenburg and Col. Walker. Yesterday Ex-Governor King paid the Buffalonians the compliment of visiting their camp, and

inspecting the soldiers and their quarters. He expressed himself highly gratified at the appearance of everything and everybody, and at the order and system that reigned in every department. At the battallion drill he was especially pleased, and acknowledged he had not seen a finer or better uniformed regiment.

On Tuesday Col. Rogers received a letter from Dr. John S. Trowbridge, your city treasurer, stating that ten liberal gentlemen of Buffalo had made up a purse for the purpose of purchasing seven water-proof capes for the sentries from each company,—seventy in all. No names were mentioned. A large box came to-day to the camp, containing the capes, each one marked with the letter of its company, and all in excellent order. They were manufactured by Tweedy & Smith, and are of the best material. The boys are exceedingly grateful for this attention to their wants, and as the Colonel is in doubt as to who are the liberal donors, the boys express their thankfulness through this medium. The donation is a most appropriate one, and is commensurately appreciated.

The discipline of the camp has the effect of leveling all previous social positions to one of entire equality. It is very *instructive* to go into the kitchen and mess-houses and see here a lawyer washing dishes; a physician scouring knives; a book-keeper scrubbing floors; and others of other professions peeling potatoes, or cutting up beef. A number of men are detailed from each company daily to do the regenerating process, and each and all must take their turns.

The officers' quarters are almost ready for occupation. They are built in the rear, a short distance from the quarters of the men, and will be ready by to-morrow night. The first room on the right is occupied by the Colonel, Major and Lieut.-Colonel. Next comes the Quartermaster's department, with its desks, shelves and stores; and adjoining that, the quarters for captains, lieutenants and ensigns.

I went around with the Quartermaster, H. P. Clinton, to-day, to the kitchens, mess-houses, &c., and examined the supplies, &c. Mr. Clinton has started out to make the regiment satisfied, and if labor night and day, by himself and his assistant, P. C. Doyle, will do it, the matter will be *un fait accompli.*

This afternoon Capt. S. L. Potter, soon to be Lieut.-Colonel of the Jefferson County regiment, on the invitation of Col. Rogers, came down to camp for the purpose of drilling a company as an example for the regiment, in Scott's Light Infantry Tactics. The regiment was formed in line at the extreme front of the parade ground, under the command of the Colonel, who, after getting them in order, addressed the regiment, stating the fact and reason of Capt. Potter's attendence. Co. "B," Capt. Henry Gaylord, received the honor of being the company selected to drill on the occasion, and well they proved the justice of Col. Rogers' choice. Unfamiliar with the difference between Scott's tactics and Hardee's, I am unable to institute a comparison between them; but to the entire regiment, officers and all, a series of more brilliant yet simple and rapid movements were never executed; and these by Co. "B," in twenty minutes after Capt. Potter had taken charge of them. Col. Rogers was so pleased with the movements that he invited Capt. Potter to come again to-morrow, and continue his invaluable instruction.

During Capt. Potter's drill, one of the prettiest incidents imaginable occurred. There was a stir at the gate of the guard house; a sudden influx of people; a division of the crowd, from out of which issued a number of the minutest little soldiers,

beautifully uniformed, led by fife and drum, the oldest of the corps being a charming stalwart fellow of seven years of age, who commanded. They marched directly to Captain Layton's company quarters (this company, "K," is now called the "James Adams Starbuck Rangers," in compliment to our distinguished fellow citizen connected with the tobacco interest), and arriving there, presented to Capt. Layton, in behalf of the ladies of Elmira, a beautiful flag made of bunting. The gigantic little commander made a neat little speech, expressing himself in very choice language, asserting the esteem in which the Buffalo regiment was held by the people of Elmira, and acknowledging the respect which *his* little regiment felt for the Twenty-First. The Orderly Sergeant of "K," at the conclusion of the speech, brought forth a handsome little flag on a turned staff, surmounted by a bayonet, which he presented to the exaggerated commander of the lilliputian regiment, in an excellent speech.

Col. Rogers, then, with the most fatherly, kind and tender remarks, addressed the children in behalf of Capt. Layton, thanking them for the flag; exhorting them to be good children, to obey their fathers and mothers, assuring them that those children who obeyed that divine injunction, "honor thy father and thy mother," would always be good citizens, and that they who did their duty by their parents were the sure resource of their country in time of need and danger. He expected that this incident would be remembered by all of them, and that when they grew up, and he was an old man, he would hear of them doing honorable service in the defence and support of their country's glory and honor. He accepted the flag, and would have it floating over the camp until the regiment was ordered away, when it would be carried with it, and should be returned, though in tatters from shot and the conflict. At the conclusion the boys gave three cheers for Col. Rogers, which was responded to by three cheers from hundreds of hearty throats for the little regiment and its "little corporal." The flag was then hoisted on a new flag staff erected in front of the camp, where it now waves as the gift of the children and ladies of Elmira. A number of Havelocks have arrived. Mr. J. E. Mackey returns his thanks to Mrs. George R. Babcock; Mr. John Stowe to Mrs. O. H. Marshall; and Mr. Stanley Porter to Mrs. Wm. F. Miller, for one of those testimonials of their kind remembrance.

H. W. FAXON.

On Saturday, June 1st, occured the first death in the regiment. Frank Aigne, a member of Capt. Thomas' company, was drowned while bathing in the Chemung.

Amusing himself as others were doing, on a rudely-constructed raft, he went suddenly into deep water, where his pole would not touch ground, and losing his balance, and not knowing how to swim, went to the very bottom of a deep hole. More than an hour afterwards John Stowe, of "D" Co., who, with others, had been making every effort to rescue the unfortunate man, found him there, his hands tightly clinched round a root he had grasped in his death struggles, and which had to be broken before the body could be

brought to the surface. He was lain upon a rude litter, and borne sadly to camp on the shoulders of those who had so recently seen that white, cold, still clod, a being of life, ruddy and active, and joyously vieing with them in feats of strength and activity. Next day, with the solemn strains of the dead march, and the mournful beat of muffled drums, they bore him to the cemetery, and his comrades fired a parting volley over the last resting place of him whose fate it was to die before ever meeting the foes of his adopted country. He was a German, a stranger to all when he enlisted, and no one knew where was his home.

Thus did Death claim his first tithe from our ranks, the pioneer of a long list of names that are heard no more at roll-call, and that will never be answered to until that great day when it shall be said to ALL the martyrs, "Come, good and faithful servants."

On June 5th the Elmira correspondent of the N. Y. *World* writes as follows: "The Cayuga, Buffalo and Hillhouse regiments are the only ones that have received their arms, and, indeed, the only ones that are uniformed. The Bufialo men were uniformed by their fellow citizens, and present a fine appearance. Their cloth is precisely the same as that worn by the Seventh Regiment National Guard, and this, added to their superior soldierly bearing, makes one look upon them as a twin of the heroic guard."

In Mr. Faxon's correspondence with the *Courier*, we find the following:

ELMIRA, June 8th, 1861.

Yesterday and to-day were given almost entirely to the benefit of the preventive service. Small-pox having been announced as one of the warlike weapons in use by our rebellious friends in Virginia, to scatter among our troops as a soldier would throw hand grenades, our Surgeon, Dr. Wilcox, with Dr. Peters, Assistant, announced his intention of erecting an inseparable barricade of prevention, by introducing into the entire human economy of the regiment a little vaccine matter. Accordingly, yesterday after dinner, they commenced. First, a company was drawn up in line in front of the Surgeon's quarters, with their coats off, and each advanced into the dispensary, where sat in serious state the sanitary elements of the camp, armed with lancets and matter for reflection. The Surgeon would bare the arm, ask the soldier when he had been vaccinated; whether he had the small-pox or not; and before the patient had finished answering he was a vaccinnated man, and his entire vaccine history was recorded by Dr. Peters in a book furnished for the purpose. The men were not aware of what was going forward at first, and their minds wavered in many cases between anticipations of doses of aloes and jalap, and having their legs sawed off. But all of them came out laughing as though they had enjoyed a new sensation, and were exulting over it. The rapidity with which these opera-

tions were performed was remarkable—one hundred and fifty-four men having been vaccinated in less than two hours. The health of the regiment is excellent, and with the exception of a few light cases of measles, the condition of the regiment could not be bettered.

The Rev. Mr. Robie has become at once a general favorite. He has donned the theological uniform, which is a straight, rather long, single-breasted coat, with the regular eruption of brass buttons in front, and looks as though he was ready, at an instant's warning, to engage the rebels of the South or the foe of all mankind. He eats at the same table with the men, and his continual contact with them, and example, exert a wholesome restraint upon the boys, the effect of which is immediate. To-morrow he will preach on the parade ground, unless we have rain, and the choir, consisting of twenty members, whose names I have previously given you, led by Lieut.-Col. Root, who will play the camp organ, will make sacredly vocal the barracks, in praise of the Lord of Hosts.

Our muskets, received June 10th, were of the old smooth-bore pattern, made at Springfield in 1840–42. They had once been flint-locks, but had been altered to use caps, and, although a serviceable arm, were not what the boys expected. We had seen other regiments armed with rifles, and imagining those arms to be vastly superior to ours, we were naturally dissatisfied at not receiving them too. We had yet to learn that the old "buck and ball"* cartridges were far more effective at ordinary range than the minie. However, we were consoled with the idea that this was only a temporary arrangement, until better arms could be procured for us.

Our carnal weapons supplied, and having chosen temporal leaders, it was now expedient to select a *spiritual* commander; one to lead us in "the good fight," and accordingly, on the 1st day of June, Rev. John E. Robie, formerly editor of the Buffalo *Christian Advocate*, was commissioned as Chaplain, and soon after entered upon his duties. Here is an extract from a letter written by one of the officers, June 10th:

"Yesterday being Sunday, we all assembled on the parade ground at 10½ A. M., to hear Rev. John E. Robie for the first time. He read the Episcopal service, and delivered an excellent sermon. Although it was scorching hot, the boys listened to him with great interest. He has at once become a great favorite with both officers and men.

"To-day we received our knapsacks, &c. Everything is here, and we will be fully equipped to-morrow. The boys all look well, are in the best of spirits, and all anxious to get farther South. We

* A cartridge with the old round ounce ball and three buckshot.

have no idea when we will leave. It may be in a few days. Some seem to think that we will go into camp, and there remain until next fall.

"This I hope is not so. We started in to do our country some service, and are all anxious to get at it soon. Our regiment is better prepared at the present moment to go into the field than any regiment that has left Western New York. We have not seen the paymaster around yet, but live in hopes. The boys are all well."

The citizens of Buffalo did not cease to take an active interest in our welfare after we were in a measure out of the sphere of their immediate influence. The old axiom "out of sight, out of mind," did not hold good in our case.

Parties of ladies were constantly visiting our camp with their donations for the comfort of the men.

At one time they supplied the entire regiment with neatly-made Havelocks, and the variety of other articles from the same generous source was too numerous to mention. We will give a place here to some of the acknowledgments published at the time.

Says a member of the regiment in a letter to the Buffalo *Courier:* "I consider it the duty of some one to tender our grateful acknowledgments to the ladies for the interest manifested by them in our welfare. Ladies of Buffalo, we will bear you in everlasting remembrance, and try to do our duty as soldiers,—to the killing of Jeff. Davis, if possible.

The following acknowledgment was signed by the entire company:

ELMIRA, May 13th, 1861.

The officers and members of Company "G," of the Buffalo Regiment of Volunteers, would tender their sincere thanks to all of the ladies and gentlemen of Buffalo who so kindly assisted them in organizing an efficient company, by donating to them articles of clothing much needed by the men; to Mr. Eldridge, the generous proprietor of the Franklin House, for the large box of eatables gratuitously furnished by him, and which we can assure him were more than welcome; to Mr. J. S. Wilcox for the abundant supply of provisions furnished us by him on the cars, and to compliment him and his assistant, Mr. Wayland, on the very able manner in which they discharged their duty as far as concerned our company. To the friends of the members at home, we are happy to say that the men are well and in good spirits.

E. L. LEE, *Captain.*

DAN. MYERS, Jr., *1st Lieut.*

And the next was signed by the officers of the meeting:

ELMIRA, May 20th, 1861.

A delegation of three members from each company of the regiment assembled this evening at the quarters of Co. "F," for the purpose of drafting resolutions

expressing the deep and heartfelt gratitude of its members to Alderman James Adams, of the City of Buffalo, for his untiring exertions in their behalf, and for his timely liberality.

On motion of Sergeant J. S. Bidwell, seconded by Corporal C. C. McCready, Sergeant Byron Schermerhorn, of Co. "D," was unanimously elected to the chair.

The following committee of five was then appointed to draft said resolutions, and report immediately after dinner next: Sergeant McMurray, Co. "F," Sergeant J. S. Bidwell, Co. "G," Sergeant D. F. Handert, Co. "C," Corporal C. C. McCready, Co. "E," William Collis, Co. "F."

The committee reported as follows:

Resolved, That the thanks of every man in this regiment are due, and hereby tendered to Alderman James Adams, of the City of Buffalo, for his attentive exertions in our behalf, not only while we were in Buffalo, but also while traveling and since we have been here; for his instrumentality in procuring so fine a location for our barracks, and for hastening on the erection of the same for our reception.

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of every member of this regiment are *especially* due and hereby tendered to Alderman James Adams, for the timely and very liberal donation of smoking and chewing tobacco to each and every man of this regiment.

Resolved, That whereas Alderman James Adams is a member of the Committee for the distribution of the fund appropriated for the relief of the families of the men of this regiment, said men express their confidence in being fairly dealt with while having so active and noble-hearted a man to look to their welfare.

The foregoing resolutions being unanimously adopted, it was further resolved that the same be forwarded to the papers of Buffalo for publication.

The following correspondence speaks for itself:

BUFFALO, May 31st, 1861.

To Col. WM. F. ROGERS, LIEUT. COL. A. R. ROOT, MAJOR WM. H. DREW.

GENTLEMEN:—I send in charge of the bearer, Mr. Ellsworth, three horses that I have selected from my stock, as being the most suitable for military purposes, which you will please accept from your friend,

ISAAC HOLLOWAY.

P. S.—I hope they will carry you all victoriously through every battle you may be engaged in.

I. H.

HEADQUARTERS 21st REGT. N. Y. S. V.
ELMIRA, June 7th, 1861.

ISAAC HOLLOWAY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—Your esteemed favor of the 31st ult., was duly received, accompanied by your munificent donation of three horses for the field officers of our regiment. We hardly know how to express our sense of your liberality and patriotism, as evinced in this characteristic act, and can only say in reply, that we accept your gift, and thank you for it from the bottom of our hearts. We trust that

your expressed hope that the horses may carry us victoriously through every battle in which we may be engaged, will be realized, and that in due time they may carry us back to our homes, to thank you in person for your kindness.

We remain, with esteem and respect,

Your obed't servants,

WM. F. ROGERS, *Colonel.*
ADRIAN R. ROOT, *Lieut.-Col.*
WM. H. DREW, *Major.*

And so does this:

BUFFALO, June 6th, 1861.

COL. WM. F. ROGERS, TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

DEAR SIR:—The undersigned beg leave to request your acceptance of the horse and equipments which have been forwarded to you at Elmira. We trust you will find him a serviceable animal, and that he will bear you safely through all the fatigues and dangers of the campaign upon which you are entering. Rest assured that the kind wishes of many friends attend you in your responsible position, and that the citizens of Buffalo have the fullest confidence in you, both as a man and a soldier.

Respectfully, your obed't servants,

DEAN RICHMOND,
D. D. BIDWELL,
EDWARD S. WARREN,
WILLIAM G. FARGO,
JULIUS MOVIUS,
R. H. COLBURN,
GIBSON T. WILLIAMS,
JAS. M. HUMPHREY,
JOHN T. HUDSON,
F. J. FITHIAN,
HENRY MARTIN.
HENRY W. ROGERS,
S. G. HAVEN,
PRATT & CO.
JOHN GANSON,
E. G. SPAULDING,
WARREN BRYANT,
A. J. RICH,
WM. WILLIAMS,
J. B. DUBOIS,
JOSEPH WARREN,

HEADQUARTERS 21st REGT. N. Y. S. V.
ELMIRA, June 7th, 1861.

MESSRS. DEAN RICHMOND, D. D. BIDWELL, EDW'D S. WARREN, WM. G. FARGO, AND OTHERS.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 6th instant, requesting my acceptance of the horse and equipments forwarded to this place. I accept them with favor and gratitude, and am glad to find the horse promises to be a most serviceable animal, and is quite at home in the exciting scenes of the camp. For the very flattering terms in which you have been pleased to speak of me personally, accept my heartfelt thanks. The position in which I have been unexpectedly placed, is certainly one of great responsibility; and he knowledge that my fellow citizens will watch the progress of the regiment in the

campaign we are about to enter, will, I hope, enable me to fully appreciate it. That your liberality and attachment are not misplaced, is my sincere wish, and shall be the object of my endeavors.

With sentiments of the highest esteem,
I remain, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
WM. F. ROGERS,
Col. 21st N. Y. S. Vol.

One night,—it was the 10th of June,—just after receiving our arms and equipments, the officers took it into their heads to give us an alarm, just to try our quickness in getting into line,—a *sham* alarm of course, but a very good test, as such a thing was totally unexpected. Of course we were all aware that no enemy could be nearer than a few thousand miles; but waking from a sound sleep at midnight, to hear the warning roll of drums, men around you struggling into their clothes, lines forming, the flashing and clanging of arms, the quick sharp commands, and all glare, hubbub, and excitement, where but a moment before was darkness, calm and slumber, are apt to induce any quantity of excited conjecture, and any belief, no matter how improbable, is impressed upon the bewildered brain with all the vivid distinctness of startling reality.

Our drill that day had been unusually severe, and all had turned in early. We expected soon to leave for the fighting ground of Virginia—perhaps in a day or two,—and knew not how short might be our time for rest. The amount of cat-calling, cawing, crowing, and ventriloqual practice generally, after taps that night, had been unusually small, and now, at one o'clock, all were wrapped in their blankets and "sweet forgetfulness," and only a sturdy snore here and there attested the supremacy of the drowsy god; but

"Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night."

There was the sharp crack of two or three muskets, and then, on the stillness of the night, rattled out the warning cadence of the "long roll." Reader did you ever stir up a hornet's nest, and see the indignant garrison rally with angry hum to investigate the intrusion? Just so the startled *Buffaloes* swarmed out of their barracks. The Adjutant was already on the parade ground, and so were the rest of the field and staff; and in ten minutes our line was formed, not a man missing, everything ready, and all agape for the

next movement. Wide and various were the surmises and conjectures whispered along the ranks as to the probable cause of the alarm Some thought there must be a mutiny in some other barracks; others that our marching orders had come, and in five minutes more we should be on our way to "Dixie;" and more didn't know what to think, but were ready for anything. But in a moment the clear ringing voice of our Colonel called us to "attention." He said that he was much pleased with our alacrity in forming, that he hoped we would always be as ready for a *real* alarm, and that we might now return to our quarters.

So we went back, some fierce and sleepy, and others well satisfied that it was nothing more. All were jolly enough however, when the lanterns in the barracks revealed the queer mistakes some had made in their haste to fall in.

"You've got my pants," says a little fellow in his drawers to a six-footer. "That's so," is the astonished reply, as the latter looks down at about eighteen inches of exposed "calf." "I *thought* my legs were mighty cold."

Another had his haversack instead of his cartridge box, and turned it off by declaring that he'd rather eat than fight any time, and was voted "sensible." Others had reversed things generally in "getting into harness," or had left half their clothes behind in their haste, and one fellow wore as his only article of outer apparel, a pair of immense boots.

On Saturday, June 15th, we had our first hard march. Since receiving their knapsacks, the boys had been learning to pack them properly, but many were ambitious of carrying more than they ought. A recruit, leaving home for perhaps the first time, usually has a small trunk full of keepsakes and notions, which he can't be persuaded to leave behind, and which nothing short of a half day's trial will convince him he cannot carry. About mid-day on his first march you will see him "going through" his knapsack, and cutting down his burden to the last dispensable half ounce.

He will even look hard at the Bible his mother, perhaps, gave him, and "wish it was a testament, and the big pearl-handled sheath-knife he was so proud of the day before, is thrown aside with his toilet case and portable writing desk.

I have seen men by the road side tearing up their treasured letters; reserving perhaps a few of the last to read once more, and burning the rest to lighten their load; and I have seen them pull off the brass plates that decorate their belts, for the same reason.

A knapsack, to contain everything the soldier must carry there, need not weigh over eighteen pounds, and if properly packed and slung, can be carried very comfortably. Experience teaches him to get the weight as high as possible on his shoulders, and then, by leaning slightly forward, to bring it directly over the centre of gravity, he avoids that backward strain on the shoulders and chest, which is so terribly fatiguing. To do this, he packs it snugly and squarely as possible, and passes the shoulder-straps through those which hold the overcoat, drawing the latter forward upon the neck.

All this we had yet to learn, forgetting that we had better begin with as light a load as possible until accustomed to the thing. We had not only packed our blankets, overcoats, under-clothing, &c., but nearly all had stuffed in an assortment of books, writing material, mending apparatus, such as skeins of different threads, boxes of buttons, papers of pins and needles, and all the fierce array of knives, pistols, &c., which the raw soldier so delights in displaying, so that few of our "packs" weighed less than twenty-five pounds. added to these were the belts, cartridge box, canteen, haversack, bayonet, and musket, the latter weighing thirteen pounds.

Thus equipped we fell in at two o'clock, and were marched about four and a half miles, at quick time, through the streets of Elmira. The day was very warm, and the roads intolerably dusty, so that at times one could hardly see the second man in front. Every corpulent knapsack dragged persistently back, giving one unpleasant ideas of overlapping shoulder-blades and incipient spine disease, and, together with the dust, giving each an uncomfortable choking look as he tugged along, the cords in his neck painfully apparent, and his eyes straining from their sockets.

When we got back to camp we were about as hard looking a set of fellows as one often sees. The dust had settled so thickly on us that we were of a color from head to foot, except when the sweat had dropped from our faces upon our belts and jackets. As far as our powers of endurance were concerned, the test must have been satisfactory, for a few old soldiers who were in the ranks declared they had never experienced so much fatigue in so short a time. Only one man fell out, and he was immediately taken care of by the Surgeon.

That was about the last of our *pack-horse* experiments, and every man who had to carry a knapsack immediately reduced it to the least possible weight.

On Friday, the 14th day of June, Gen. Van Valkenburg received the following order from Albany:

Direct Col. Rogers, 21st Regiment, to be mustered into the U. S. service for two years, and that he then proceed with his command immediately to Washington, *via* Harrisburg, reporting at the latter place to Gen. Patterson. This by order of Secretary of War.

J. W. REID, Jr.,
Adjutant General.

This order, being rather unexpected, was none the less welcome, and immediately the camp stirred with new life, and the croakers who had prognosticated a long summer and winter in camp at home, incontinently "dried up," and made themselves busy with the rest. First, every man set about putting his arms in complete order, that they might be in trim when wanted. A snapping of percussion caps and ringing of rammers, always a note of preparation for duty, resounded through the camp, and everywhere might be seen busy fellows scouring away at barrels and bayonets, putting on a polish that would make them look as formidable as possible.

When this was done, and the knapsack had been overhauled to make sure that his outfit was in good order, and everything fixed up to the last degree of neatness and usefulness, each one took to his bunk or some secure and shady spot outside, and with portfolio on his knee, proceeded to inform a large circle of anxious friends that the Twenty-First Regiment had been ordered to the seat of war.

About this time the barrack fronts broke out into such eruptions as the following:

"To Let.—Rent payable after July 1st, at the Headquarters of the 21st Regiment, Montgomery, Alabama, or Charleston, S. C. For further particulars, inquire of Capt. H. G. Thomas, Co. I, 21st Regiment N. Y. S. V."

"Notice.—In view of the fact that the 21st Regiment is ordered South, the reward of $5,000 for the head of Jeff. Davis is reduced to one cent."

Says a correspondent, writing from Elmira: "Those were not the only evidences of approaching departure. A general gayety among the men; an immense proclivity to letter writing, and anxious inquiries at the post-office for letters with small-hand superscriptions; the gathering at Elmira of many Buffalonians, and a constant bustle about the headquarters of the regiment, gave proof that the gallant Twenty-First was on the wing."

Next day (Sunday) it rained, and our devotional exercises were held in the mess-house. We knew it was our last Sabbath in Elmira, the last many of us would pass with the friends who had come from home to be with us until our departure. On this day we dispensed with the usual parade for services, and the boys and their friends sat together where they pleased. A gloom seemed to weigh upon the spirits of all, and each face wore an expression of subdued sadness, a premonition of the possible future, in unison with the dim lowering sky, the misty horizon, the soft monotonous patter of the rain — drops of which came through the roof and fell like tears upon us — broken only by the deep solemn voice of the Chaplain, while over us the evergreen decorations drooped like funereal plumes.

But under all this, in each soul was a depth of fervid devotion unfelt before; a deep, calm reliance upon the justice of the cause which now called us from all we held dear; a trust that should this indeed be the last time on earth for us to join these friends in Christian worship, the sacrifice we were thus making would add to the joy and glory of a re-union where wars are no more.

And when our choir sang that grand old anthem of the free, in which we all joined, while Cramer's band pealed its richest from the temporary organ loft, though no grained roof above us gathered and re-echoed in increased volume the the soul-stirring strain, there was no want of grandeur in the emotions thus inspired—

Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

The next day our visitors were increased by numerous arrivals from Buffalo. Among them we welcomed Hose 2, in full gala rig, with their Carriage, come down to see us off. Nearly every boy in camp greeted some old friend who was to gladden his remaining hours and receive the last farewell.

For some time past only three men from each company were allowed to leave camp on any one day, but on Monday the rule was relaxed, and the gray jackets of the Buffalo boys were everywhere on the streets. Hundreds of them had made so many acquaintances in the town, that it seemed like home to them; while on the part of the Elmira people, there had been such uniform kindness

and courtesy, and so much of genuine hospitality, that the departure on Tuesday was rendered a most painful separation.

The ladies of the village, especially, "gave signs of woe," and there were manifestations of respect which did credit to both parties. Our Buffalo boys have been orderly, gentlemanly and cordial toward the citizens, and the latter have reciprocated in every possible way. That Monday night was decidedly a jolly night in the camp. The Rogers Rangers were out in full force, with entirely new evolutions, commanded by Col. Colton, on crutches. His staff consisted of all the cripples in the regiment, and the shortest haired ones had the preference in the ranks. Gen. Van Valkenburg was present, as were also a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who were in ecstacies of fun at the ridiculous travesties of this comic troupe of first-class artists.

The departure on Tuesday is thus reported by Mr. Faxon:

Notwithstanding the numerous tickets of leave, there was no difficulty in getting the men together on Tuesday morning. The companies turned out with full ranks and no stragglers. And this is as good a place as any to say that all stories about dissatisfaction in the regiment as to their term of service, are mere humbug. One hears nothing at all of them at Elmira. Col. Rogers will protect the interests of the regiment, and the men throw all the care on him. Where he leads they will follow; and the farther South he goes, the better pleased will they be.

The camp on Tuesday morning presented a busy scene. The boys had breakfast early, and had stripped the dining room of the floral decorations which the contractor had placed there in honor of their last meal. Festoons of evergreens, intermingled with bouquets, had been hung about, and the boys transferred the bouquets to the muzzles of their muskets. Besides these, many of the men had bouquets from the ladies of Elmira, and when the line was formed, it looked like a long flower bed.

There was not much hurrying. The men had ample time to "get a good ready," and for conversation and last words with their friends from Buffalo. And here was the hard part of it. It was sorrowful enough to see the wives, daughters and sisters of the officers and men, trying to be cheerful, and bestowing on their loved ones some last little gift,—a miniature, a bouquet, or some little article of use. And then, too, mere friendship among stout-hearted men, had its pangs. There was many a hearty "God bless you," many a long shake of the hand, with wet eyes looking on, and many a pocket-book was emptied, by way of a last kind act. The men had not been paid off, and the visiting Buffalonians lent and gave all the money they had to spare. All had some friend, to whom a present of a dollar or two was most acceptable, and, to the credit of both parties be it said, there was no begging. The visitors volunteered their aid, and said they couldn't help it.

One of the most active among the officers was Dr. Wilcox. As Surgeon of the regiment, he watches carefully everything that affects the health of the men, and is

untiring in his efforts. The many duties thrown on Quartermaster Clinton were divided with Dr. Wilcox, and the latter was able to say when the line was formed, that every man had his rations in his haversack. At the cars, the Doctor was equally efficient. Acting as conductor, he would not let the train leave until every man was provided with a seat, and it followed that instead of being packed in freight cars, like herrings, as was the case with other regiments, Buffalo went off comfortably in good passenger cars, of which eighteen were provided.

The camp was broken up at 9 A. M. Everything was packed, knapsacks slung, the roll called, and one by one the ten companies took their places in the long line, and were inspected by Col. Rogers. At this time the parade ground was crowded with people, among whom were a number of the officers of other regiments, and a very large proportion of ladies. The regiment never looked better, and all were loud in their praises of their appearance and soldierly bearing. At a few minutes after 10, the regiment formed in hollow square, and while in this position received "three times three" from the Oswego regiment, who occupied the camp adjoining, and who were drawn up in line to witness the departure of the Buffalo boys. The Buffaloes returned the compliment by giving three cheers for them, and continued the ovation by giving three cheers for the Mayor of Buffalo, three cheers for their friends in Elmira, and concluded by three monster yells and cheers for the ladies of Elmira.

Eagle Hose Co., No. 2, H. H. Clapp, foreman, then passed in front to the right of the line, where they had the post of honor. It was much to be regretted that this escort, elegant and appropriate as it was, could not have been swelled by other organizations from this city. Probably two hundred Buffalonians, ladies and gentlemen, were there, but Eagle Hose was the only formed escort. Yet it was remarked in Elmira, that Buffalo exhibited more care and affection for its regiment than any other city.

The Union Cornet Band was on hand, having volunteered its services gratuitously. Its familiar music was a great accession to the parade, and all felt under obligations to the Band for this generous act of courtesy.

Immediately after, the regiment marched by the flank out at the central gate, and after getting into the road, formed in column by companies, the procession being in the following order:

The Union Cornet Band led the van, followed by the Drum Corps of the regiment.

Next came Eagle Hose 2's Carriage, elegantly adorned with beautiful silk flags, wreathed with evergreens and flowers intermixed, bouquets of flowers, and portraits of all the members of the Company, who had joined the Twenty-First. The following were in uniform and drew the Hose Carriage: H. H. Clapp, Foreman; Oscar T. Flint, Assistant Foreman; Edw'd Henderson, Treasurer; John C. Maloney, R. H. Kuper, Chas. F. Gardner, P. J. Watts, Rufus Wheeler, Jr., P. J. Hannour, W. Kinnear, S. J. Kuhn, John E. Lasher, Wm. Beyer, D. J. Lockwood, Ed. Page, Everett L. Baker, A. McLeish, M. Wagner.

Col. Rogers at the head of the Regiment, on foot; Lieut.-Col. Root, Major Drew, Surgeon Wilcox, Assistant Surgeon Peters.

Capt. Layton—Company "K"—77 men.
Capt. Lee—Company "G"—77 men.
Capt. Strong—Company "E"—75 men.
Capt. Gardner—Company "A"—77 men.
Capt. Thomas—Company "I"—76 men.
Capt. Gaylord—Company "B"—76 men.
Capt. Clinton—Company "F"—78 men.
Capt. Washburn—Company "C"—77 men.
Capt. Alberger—Company "D"—77 men.
Capt. Hayward—Company "H"—78 men.

After the regiment had accomplished half the distance between the camp and the town, they received an unexpected salute from the Union Regiment, which was drawn up on both sides of the road for that purpose. The salute was returned, and the regiment passed on, and down to the depot, where thousands of people had assembled to witness their departure.

Eighteen cars—first-class passenger cars, with one stable car, for horses, two baggage cars, and two locomotives — were in line for their reception. There were hundreds and hundreds of ladies crowding the streets, the sidewalks and the balconies, swarming on the platforms, hiving in the doors and windows of the hotels. Men were everywhere, and there was an apparent sadness on every face, at the anticipated parting soon to take place.

Wives, with their arms around their husbands' necks, sobbed farewells, went off, and then returned to sob and weep anew. Mothers bade their sons many tearful adieus, with that sorrowful sinking of the heart which accompanies the anticipations of real dangers; sisters wept sorely, and hung fondly on the necks of their brave brothers, who were going to fight for the flag, and if necessary, die in the defence of its integrity and purity, and many strong men who had not relatives in the regiment, stood with tears in their eyes, and great unswallowable globoses in their throats, sympathizing with all.

In the midst of this scene, so full of life, love, hopes, fears and anxiety, the Union Cornet Band, led by Cramer, was playing its brilliantest! Walter Gibson, Oberist and others, were singing musical adieus; guns were firing, and flags waving from every possible or impossible altitude, men were cheering, handkerchiefs were waving, drums were sounding, and all was apparent confusion. But out of the nettle disorder, they plucked the rose of order. All were got aboard the cars — the officers taking the forward car — and precisely at half-past eleven the train started.

It bore off a regiment, renowned for its military misfortunes, but which had been taught by delays upon delays, to realize at last that there was still "balm in Gilead," and which believed more in *active* gun-shot, sabre or bayonet wounds, than in the torpid life of camp — so listless and apparently objectless.

As they passed up the railroad, all the way to the bridge, the Union Cornet Band played its liveliest and best, the streets were black with people, and cheer upon cheer broke from their lips as the cars passed, and answered by the "boys" with such a fervor as showed that they appreciated the compliment, and were grateful for it.

And so they went, followed by the prayers and blessings of thousands, who will watch for their return with anxious hearts and aching bosoms. May they glorify Buffalo and themselves by their good conduct in the fight, and all live to come back to their homes crowned with well earned laurels.

A large number of Buffalo people are here. Among them I notice Judge Houghton and wife, who have an only son in the regiment; Dr. S. B. Hunt, Ed. L. Ferris, Asaph Bemis, A. M. Clapp, Mayor Alberger, Milton Randall, Alonzo Tanner, Chas. Rosseel, Dr. J. S. Trowbridge, Major Cook, John Wilkeson, H. T. Gillett and wife, and many others, all here for the purpose of seeing the boys off, and sharing in the regret at their departure.

The camp is a desolation now—no song, no music, no enjoyment—all solemnly still, and painfully quiet. The McSwattigans have departed, and the Zouaves no more make merry the quarters; the Smiggy McGlurals are gone, and the camp no more echoes to their epidemic waggery; the Rogers Rangers have fled, and the new drill has disappeared, and will be unpublished forever. Red tape has failed at last, and our regiment will have an opportunity of distinguishing itself. So mote it be. H. W. FAXON.

P. S.—I had almost forgotten to mention that the Fire Department of Elmira paid Hose 2's boys all the honors; received them at the depot, escorted them to camp, and housed their splendid Carriage. To-day they invited them to dinner at the Brainard House, where they had a glorious time. The Elmira boys concluded their attentions by escorting our boys to the depot, and saluted them as they departed with three cheers, ending with a violently affectionate "tiger." H. W. F.

Thus ends our probation. Speeding on over hill, valley and stream, in the bright summer morning, the capital, our destination, only a day ahead, and with a prospect of speedy service and plenty of it, why should we not think our disappointments ended at last? Were the future not a sealed book, how few would enjoy the present!

ORIGINAL COMPANY ROLLS.

The following rolls are copied from those upon which we received our first pay, and include the names of all those mustered into the State service:

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant-Major—George M. Love; Quartermaster Sergeant—P. C. Doyle; Hospital Steward—Wm. C. Gould; Commissary Sergeant—Clark Dodge; Drum Major—David Scott; Fife Major—Joseph H. Zrenner.

COMPANY "K."

Captain—JOHN M. LAYTON.
1st Lieutenant—AUGUSTUS N. GILLETT.
2d Lieutenant—JOHN NICHOLSON.

1st Sergeant—James Falls; 2d Sergeant—Joseph Negus: 3d Sergeant—Joseph Remick; 4th Sergeant—James R. Wilson. 1st Corporal—James Blood;

2d Corporal—Joseph Reed; 3d Corporal—James A. Mills; 4th Corporal—William Hamilton. Musicians—John O. Nelson and Andrew L. Whipple. Privates—Elisha R. Ames, Conrad Albis, Joseph Alexander, Peter Bowhart, John Bell, Robert Buerger, Bartley Bettinger, Royal Colby, Cornelius Cunningham, Alfred B. Darling, John Dow, Alfred Dowling, August Du Press, Frederick Diehl, James Duyer, John Eisenberger, Thomas Ellis, Ignatus Gauloff, Witgam Hyer, George Hurley, John Howard, Frank Henry, William Hayden, John Helfinger, James Harrison, James Hurley, Winslow Heniger, Frank Jenkins, Henry Johnson, Fred. King, Patrick Kelly, Charles Kouhn, Christopher King, William Lessick, Joseph Lee, Patrick J. McLaughlin, Luke Mitchell, Patrick Mahony, Joseph Miller, John H. Mathews, Philip Mallion, Edward Mone, Alfred May, James P. McKane, John Munro, Charles Morian, Ethelbert Norris, Louis J. Ottenot, Nelson Porter, John C. Pratt, William Powell, David C. Powell, Charles E. Shaeffer, Finley Sparier, Philip Shermann, Austin Salsbury, Christian Stemwagle, David A. Strong, John Sherman, Adam Schamberger, Jas. A. Thompson, James Taylor, Jabez Valentine, Jas. Williams, William H. Watson, Adam Watz, Rudolph Wasmer.

Of these, Joseph Reed, Corporal, was sick and left behind at Elmira. C. Cunningham transferred to Capt. Faxon's Company, 36th Regiment. John Howard deserted. John Sherman, John H. Mathews and Alfred Dowling, were mustered out, the last being "over age." John J. Brush joined when the company was mustered into the U. S. Service, and had not been sworn into that of the State.

The letter of this company was originally "B." Companies "I" and "H" were originally "D" and "C," but also gave up their letters to the companies made up from those known by the same letters in the Seventy-Fourth.

COMPANY "G."

Captain—Edward L. Lee.
1st Lieutenant—Daniel Myers, Jr.
2d Lieutenant—J. E. Bergtold.

1st Sergeant—Martin R. Clark; 2d Sergeant—John D. Manny; 3d Sergeant—Walter M. Foy; 4th Sergeant—John Williamson. 1st Corporal—John Bump; 2d Corporal—Edward Daggett; 3d Corporal—John Taylor; 4th Corporal—Job Bump. Privates—John Bidwell, Daniel Barrows, James H. Blake, John Bruner, Joseph Backeridge, Elias Bader, Herman Biesolt, John Beard, James Beaton, Andrew Bercher, Mathew Carson, William Crapo, Thomas A. Curran, Orlando F. Day, James Diamond, Jacob Eberly, Paul Evarts, William Fitzpatrick, John H. Fritcher, Henry Fick, Stafford J. Godfrey, Nicholas Geiger, Valentine Gies, John W. Huges, Chas. Hirt, Christian Haines, William Hassinger, William H. Harris, David H. King, Philip Keppler, John Layh, Henry Lueg, George Kurtz, John Knoul, Jacob Lenard, Thomas J. Landon, Leonard McLeur, William Miller, Charles Marvel, William Mathews, Charles Naevel, William Pohlman, George Partridge, Augustus Porter, Martin F. Ryan, Frederick Roberts, Caspar Reinhart, Robert Ried, Wm. H. Sherman, Julius Sheffel, Peter Smith, Newell Spaulding, Thomas H. Shuler, Charles Schroeder, Herman Sanders, John Stangel, John Shoemaker, Nelson W. Wade, George Wiedrich, John H. Wolff, Justus Weisgerber, Peter Wirt, Frederick Wright,

Michael Zurbrick, Charles Zindell, John Clodis, George Yorkston, James Parker, John Platt, Bernhart Shifterling, Robert Cooperisch, Joseph Clouse, Frederick Wessel, Ahart Siebel, John O'Connor, Alexander Johnston, Theodore Billbrick, John Cook, Frederick Schucat, Christian Boderman, John Spahn, Christopher Fenzle, Louis Schafer, John Vanneter, Charles Rendell, George F. Rickert, Peter Snider.

Of twenty-two of these last, beginning with John Clodis, nineteen were transferred to other companies, only three out of the number being rejected.

COMPANY "E."

Captain—JAMES C. STRONG.
1st Lieutenant—CHARLES E. EFNER.
2d Lieutenant—THOMAS SLOAN.

1st Sergeant—William L. Whitney; 2d Sergeant—Peter Leggett; 3d Sergeant—Adam Rehm; 4th Sergeant—H. H. Bridges. 1st Corporal—Caleb C. McCready; 2d Corporal—John W. Cook; 3d Corporal—Charles W. Stiles; 4th Corporal—Henry W. Linman. Musician—Charles W. Ferris. Privates—John Andrews, Francis Anderson, Harvey Beebee, Victor B. Butler, John Burke, Charles Ball, Daniel S. Conover, Alfred Crawford, William Craw, William Chambers, Cornelius Calverly, William J. Cook, Charles W. Chase, Henry Clock, William H. Craig, John Dormer, Richard Eagle, Albert Filmore, Robert George, John Gray, Frank Goodwin, Henry Green, Richard Hicks, Myron W. Herbert, Jacob Kirsch, George Kirth, George Kaberlein, Patrick Kene, Charles Leonard, John La Fever, William Lewis, Nathaniel Lindley, Jacob Moskopf, James Milham, John McCarthy, George Mosier, Edward Manning, William Murray, Henry Miller, Michael Morgan, William Stender, Lewis Strait, Samuel Benjamin, Robert Sherry, Thomas Sweeney, Joseph Shoemaker, Richard Sturm, John F. Valleare, George Venables, Charles Vetter, Edward Vanderburgh, Anthony Van Hatten, Alfred Warner, William Wisser, Frederick Wilk, Delavan M. Yeamans, Christian Ziehm, Silas Benson, Edward Cook, George L. Cook, Henry H. Davis, Thomas Gordon, Charles R. Hallenbeck, John O'Brian, George Peterson, Thomas Dailey, Gilbert Tompkins. Making 67 in all.

Of these, Charles W. Stiles refused to swear into the U. S. Service, and was left behind; and Kirth, Kene, McCarty, Murray, Benjamin, Vanderburgh, Wilk, Benson and Dailey were rejected.

COMPANY "A."

Captain—ROBT. P. GARDNER—(vice DREW.)
1st Lieutenant—LEVI VALLIER.
2d Lieutenant—CHARLES S. MCBEAN.

1st Sergeant—John E. Ransom; 2d Sergeant—Frederick Somers; 3d Sergeant—Patrick Cusack; 4th Sergeant—Francis Myers. 1st Corporal—James Masterson; 2d Corporal—James Dove; 3d Corporal—Henry Klein, Jr. Privates—Arthur W. Adams, Justin Bamat, Alexander Begg, Adam Bingemann, John Bingemann, James H. Blake, Jacob Breitwieser, Ernest Broemel, Wm. Brown, Albert

Buhler, Charles K. Burdick, George B. Canning, Louis Chautems, John Cline, Andrew Coline, James Crudden, George W. Cutter, Stephen Diebold, Edward Donahue, Thomas Donavan, Henry F. Dupont, Charles K. Emery, Joseph Mason Estabrook, John Farley, Myron H. Field, Adolph Fischer, Nicholas Fischi, Robert Fitzgerald, Thaddeus M. Fowler, Emil Gassman, Rinehardt Geisen, Lewis P. Gilbert, John Ginther, Milton A. Gray, Joseph Hamilton, William T. Healy, Constantine E. Hetsch, Patrick Hickey, Thomas Hines, Simeon King, John Lawrence, John Lloyd, Charles E. Lockwood, William Mang, James Masterson, Patrick McCarran, William McKay, William A. McDonald, Archibald McGregor, Henry McLane, Jr., George W. Morgan, Edgar Nason, Harding Newcomb, John Noverre, Hiram Olske, James Parezo, John Pax, Louis Penner, Charles B. Peterson, Robert C. Provoost, Martin Randolph, Jasper F. Richardson, McKinzey Saraw, John Shaffer, Frank Schwegel, Jacob Schick, Joseph Simon, Charles E. Sprague, Peter Spies, Leander Taylor, James Ten Broeck, John Tucker, Nelson H. Van Natter, Marlborough Wells, Wm. H. Williams, Julius Wirth, Henry Zink, Abraham H. Bennett, John Callihan, James F. Colton, Edward A. Hewes, Henry Klein, Jr., Charles McBean, Jr., William H. Sliter, Theodore H. Staedtler, Henry J. Van Natter.

Leroy H. Briggs did not leave Buffalo. James H. Blake was transferred to "G." Chautems, Healy, Hickey, Noverre and Wirth, were transferred to "I." Cutter, Emery, Ginther, Provoost, Bennett, Colton and Hughes, were rejected. Williams and McLane were discharged.

COMPANY "I."

Captain—HORACE G. THOMAS.
1st Lieutenant—ABBOTT C. CALKINS.
2d Lieutenant—WILLIAM O. BROWN, Jr.

1st Sergeant—John W. Comstock; 2d Sergeant—Patrick Hickey; 3d Sergeant—Julius Wirth; 4th Sergeant—Edwin J. Cooper. 1st Corporal—Charles T. Shiels; 2d Corporal—George Siver; 3d Corporal—John E. Ellsworth; 4th Corporal—James Clark. Musicians—John Riegle and David Scott. Privates—Christian Ahler, Frank Aignee, John Aiken, Richard J. Beard, Frederick Bogle, John Brunk, Peter Brummell, Charles Bohm, Louis Chautems, Charles Connelly, Arthur Cook, George Dauhausen, John Deigle, Louis Ernst, Peter J. Falb, Robert Finland, Gustavus Gielsdorf, Charles H. Hagerty, Henry Hilger, Zachariah Hess, Jacob Hodick, Louis Hoffman, Henry S. Holmes, Christian Ihda, John Jepson, William Jones, Jacob Junck, Adam Kill, William Kinsman, Lucas Kirchmier, Albert Kubler, Justin Lasson, Alonzo Lavalla, David Loughrey, John Mane, Duncan McDonald, John W. McKay, Joseph McMahon, John McMillen, Michael Micklen, Peter Miller, John Muirhead, Patrick Murphy, George Quinton, John Schultz, Charles Schwannecke, Charles Singer, John Sloan, Louis Steicke, John Traus, Charles Trauth, George Weimer, Reinhold Will, Augustus Voss.

The following were rejected at Elmira: Charles Beck, Henry J. Brown, Charles Bubb, Henry Freymiller, Paul Gillings, Henry Heintz, Jack Jurgenick, Edward McGowan, John Myer, Delavan Newkirk, Jacob Nick, Eugene Noel and Philip Thomas. Emanuel Vandemuth, deserted.

COMPANY "B."

Captain—Henry M. Gaylord.
1st Lieutenant—Algar M. Wheeler.
2d Lieutenant—James J. McLeish.

1st Sergeant—James S. Mulligan; 2d Sergeant—Charles H. Bidwell; 3d Sergeant—Greig H. Mulligan; 4th Sergeant—John W. Davbck. 1st Corporal—Thomas W. Bishop; 2d Corporal—Gayer Gardner; 3d Corporal—Egbert B. Wallace; 4th Corporal—Henry M. Halsey. Musicians—John A. Bodamer and Francis Schloegl. Privates—Charles M. Andre, Albert Ayre, Adam Anding, David B. Bidwell, Theodore D. Bidwell, William J. Burt, John A. Balcom, Barnard H. Bommell, Lewis P. Brown, Louis P. Beyer, Edgar Brand, Geo. P. Brand, Frank M. Case, Lewis J. Carpenter, John Cole, Charles H. Dyer, William J. Dole, Charles E. Efner, William Ernst, Henry R. Ells, George W. French, Elbridge G. Fenton, Charles W. Fisher, Thomas W. Frink, John A. Gibson, Henry Gross, Newman U. Goodrich, Charles H. Grant, John Alfred Hayward, Arnold G. Harris, John P. Hatch, John H. Howard, Wm. Hengerer, Frederick Hanes, James A. Husted, Franklin Hall, William G. Ingraham, Samuel S. Jordan, Chas. E. Johnson, Hopkins Joslyn, Geo. Krauskopf, Augustus Klein, Garrett B. Lockwood, Warren Lowry, Henry A. Maynard, George W. Mugridge, John Marhover, Charles Millington, John McMillan, Frank Ottenot, George W. Owen, John O'Donnell, Benjamin Parker, Henry Papey, Wm. D. Prince, William S. Robinson, Chauncy C. Robinson, George Reihl, Franklin Rogers, John Savage, Frank G. Stephen, Jacob F. Schoenthal, Chas. A. Swartz, Frank Stacy, Frederick Schoeck, Christopher Sagelhorst, Aden W. Tyler, Benjamin R. Train, John M. Taff, Marshall H. Tryon, Jr., Joshua G. Towne, Robert Taggart, John Vandewater, Elijah Vibbard, John N. Wheeler, Pascal P. Weissgerber, Fayette H. Warriner, George H. Watson, Xavier Zimmerman, Edward Fero.

Ayre, Brown, Carpenter, Frink, Jordon, Klein, McMillan, Reihl, Train, Taff, Vibbard and Fero, were rejected. Mugridge was transferred to "H," and Ottenot to "K." Charles E. Efner was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in "E." Franklin Rogers was discharged.

COMPANY "F."

Captain—George De Witt Clinton.
1st Lieutenant—Thomas B. Wright.
2d Lieutenant—Charles B. Darrow.

1st Sergeant—Samuel McMurray; 2d Sergeant—Albert F. Ransom; 3d Sergeant—Clark Dodge; 4th Sergeant—De Witt C. White. 1st Corporal—Amzi L. Bryant; 2d Corporal—David A. Harper; 3d Corporal—Jasper S. Young; 4th Corporal—Derrick L. Pomeroy. 1st Musician—Erastus Waldron; 2d Musician—Turner K. Williams. Privates—David L. Aberdeen, George Altenberg, John Burke, Jacob Billiar, Joseph Bellanger, James Bergen, Robert B. Buck, William Collis, Lyman E. Cobb, John Coffee, James W. Constantine, William B. Constantine, Herbert S. De Puy, Elwood F. Doty, John Duggan, Anthony Dumoulin, Charles I. Dutton, George Dupont, Francis Englehardt, George W. Foote, Charles H. Fowler, John H. Galligan, Warren Granger, Jr., George Greek, Charles Gross, James H. Glennie, John Hall, Christain Hammer,

Charles Heeb, John Henry, James Heustis, Charles W. Holden, Charles E. Holman, Dorman A. Holt, Charles Hettrick, Joseph Jerke, William B. Jewett, John Johnson, Horace Jones, Archibald Johnson, John Killhoffer, Jacob Krettner, Jr., Frederick K. Lisser, Charles H. Lillibridge, Peter Lippey, William D. Lucas, Frank W. Lucas, Zebina B. McMerrick, Alexander W. McPherson, Edwin L. Marvin, Ernest Mampel, Charles F. Mercer, Fred. Moll, John W. Moores, Nicholas Morris, Laffety Nellis, Frederick C. Parks, Howell Pixley, Josiah Prine, William Rankin, Alexander Reidpath, William F. Robinson, Richard W. Rockwell, Edward Ruth, Langdon Russ, Theron Schell, Peter Scheyer, Frederick Smith, Emanuel Snearly, William H. Sprague, George Sneidwin, Charles L. Stevens, Richard Walsh, John H. Ward, James Weber, Jacob Wiedler, Joseph E. Wilkins, Michael Wheelan, William H. Willard, John Wolk, Louis Shafer, Henry Spicer, and Joseph Bartlett.

Of these, Hall, Hettrick, Snearly and Walsh were rejected on account of excess of numbers. Corporal Jasper S. Youngs and private Granger and Pixley were rejected by Medical Inspector. Englehardt and Shafer were transferred to "H" Company.

Coffee, Archibald Johnson, Lippey, McMerrick, Mampel and Prine, were transferred to "E" Co. Samuel P. Gail was mustered into the U. S. Service on the 20th of May, vice Darrow.

COMPANY "C."

Captain—J. P. Washburn—(vice Rogers.)
1st Lieutenant—Allen M. Adams.
2d Lieutenant—John H. Canfield.

1st Sergeant—George L. Remington; 2d Sergeant—Frederick A. Colson; 3d Sergeant—Harry Wells; 4th Sergeant—George Hurst. 1st Corporal—Robert S. Wilcox; 2d Corporal—Herschell K. Fullerton; 3d Corporal—George T. Cook; 4th Corporal—John Hoy. 1st Musician—Jos. Zrenner; 2d Musician—Charles M. Fisher. Privates—Henry Adams, William Archer, William S. Banta, George M. Bassett, Joseph H. Benzino, William H. Boorman, Oscar O. Bowen, William H. Britton, Franklin S. Carpenter, George W. Carpenter, Jr., John Ceis, Charles H. Colt, Charles H. Dobbins, Henry Dorey, Horace L. Dunlap, Charles W. Edgerton, Edwin Fanning, Henry Fero, Isaac L. Gary, George J. Getsinger, Warren B. Gibbs, Walter J. Gilson, Thompson Guernsey, Charles H. Gundlach, Edward H. Hale, Charles C. Henderson, Samuel E. Hoffman, Ralph P. Howe, William R. Jeudevine, John H. Judson, Edgar A. Langham, Charles Lanigan, Lucius R. Lewis, John M. Locke, John H. Mansfield, Charles C. Marvin, Thomas K. Meech, Walter G. McNally, James McGowan, William M. McKay, George W. Miller, Andrew Miller, James Mills, Henry P. Morse, Theodore M. Nagle, Henry A. Oberist, Edward Palmer, Robert Pomeroy, Giles T. Ransom, Horace M. Rose, Milford S. Salisbury, Fayette G. Seavey, John M. Schwinn, Charles O. Shepard, Jr., John T. Smith, De Forrest Standart, Benjamin F. Steele, Charles B. Stone, Albert R. Swartz, Chas. H. Tallman, John D. Taylor, William J. Thompson, Byron L. Tiffany, Edward H. Van Sicklan, Romulus B. Vaughn, Julius A. Weiss, William E. Widell, Luther G. Woodward, William Wright, Andrew Young, George S. Adams.

Bowen, McGowan and Giles T. Ransom, were rejected. Marvin was transferred to "F," Tiffany to "E," and George S. Adams to "H," Company.

COMPANY "D."

Captain—William C. Alberger.
1st Lieutenant—George M. Baker.
2d Lieutenant—William F. Wheeler.

1st Sergeant—Daniel H. Blatchford; 2d Sergeant—Byron Schermerhorn; 3d Sergeant—Morris H. Alberger; 4th Sergeant—Henry C. Beebee. 1st Corporal—Ogden Campbell; 2d Corporal—Willett H. Fargo; 3d Corporal—Charles L. De Forrest; 4th Corporal—David W. Tuttle. 1st Musician—Napoleon B. Lamier; 2d Musician—Harrison Guild. Privates—Henry C. Allman, Alonzo D. Bailey, Edward S. Barnes, John A. Barney, John M. Brainard, Henry Bronner, Henry W. Brooks, Newell L. Burr, Abner Chase, Henry R. S. Colton, W. K. Cowing, George Duerr, Wm. B. Devening, Orville Dewey, A. Preston Dunlap, Charles Dodsworth, Henry Firman, Lawrence Foster, Charles M. Fox, Tobias Gasser, Charles Gillig, William Glynn, James S. Gowans, John F. Graves, Paul Homelius, Oliver Cleveland Houghton, Pierce Hurley, James Howson, Daniel W. Jenney, Willis S. Kemp, Emerson Kester, James P. Kneeland, John F. Langanhardir, Henry G. Lansing, Fernando C. Lewis, James E. Mackay, Marvin Montague, Felix K. Mayburn, John Harrison Mills, John H. Metcalf George W. Morgan, David Morrison, Cyrus O. Palmer, John M. Peabody, Frank H. Pierce, Stanley Porter, William Porter, David Potts, Edward Prior, John B. Rehm, Charles B. Rice, Daniel H. Sheldon, Ira J. Sheldon, Jacob Shick, Fernando Smith, Charles C. Short, William Shoop, Alfred Spencer, John T. Stow, William E. Thorp, Joseph P. Thompson, Edward Vickery, Cornelius Waldron, William B. Williams, Stewart Ellsworth, James H. Courtney, Henry Freeman, J. Hughes, Selon G. Lewis, Norman Snell, John Shultz, John Tyman, William Venn, Anton Philbert, John Mills, and George M. Love.

Of these, eleven, beginning with Stewart Ellsworth, were rejected. Ellsworth went as Colonel's orderly, and John Mills, Hughes and Snell, joined another company. Selon G. Lewis afterwards enlisted under Capt. Randall, in the 78th New York. George M. Love was Orderly Sergeant of the company until promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Major.

COMPANY "H."

Captain—Elisha L. Hayward.
1st Lieutenant—Samuel Wilkeson.
2d Lieutenant—Hugh Johnson.

1st Sergeant—Frederic Minery; 2d Sergeant—John McCabe; 3d Sergeant—George Adams; 4th Sergeant—Andrew R. Palmer. 1st Corporal—Andrew J. Peck; 2d Corporal—Chas. Streber; 3d Corporal—Thos. Parr; 4th Corporal—Harvey G. Johnson. Fifer—Mathew H. Young. Privates—Byron Allen, Christain Brackenlicker, Jas. Bailey, Moses Beach, John Briggan, Adolphus Bowman, Edward Bowman, Alexander Burwell, John Clark, James B. Cole, Elzeare Couture, Ansel W. Dumphrey, Jas. Edward, Chas. A. Ewers, Thos. Fraser, Henry Francis, Isaac Freeman, Eugene J. French, Thomas Gisborn, John Harlacher, Joseph Hackett, Louis Haas, Edward A. Hewes, John Hedges, Henry W. Henderson, John Heim, Jr., Frank Huber, John

Johnson, Thomas Kneeland, William C. Kirk, Joseph F. Lickel, Philip Lingsweiler, Maxi Manley, Dennis Maroney, Platt Martin, Louis Muller, Martin Muller, John Mills, Chas. Morgan, Chas. Lavant Prescott, Alex. Petrie, Kurt Rinekleben, Jacob Roth, Louis Sand, Henry Seeman, Chas. Stoddard, Albert J. Valentine, John Welch, Andrew B. Wise, Thomas E. Bell, Charles Carpenter, Alexander Cook, James Cunningham, Wm. H. Doyle, William Golland, Moses Lapoint, Mortimer Seely, Franklin Sherman, Jas. Berry, and John E. Wasson.

Of these, James H. Rich, Sergeant, Byron Allen, Alexander Burwell, John Clark, James Edward, Thomas Gibson, Henry W. Henderson, John Johnston, Thomas Kneeland, William C. Kirk, Maxi Manley, Dennis Maroney, Jacob Roth, Henry Seeman, Andrew B. Wise, and Albert J. Valentine, were discharged the State Service. Moses Beach deserted June 15th

CHAPTER III.

From Elmira to Washington.—A glimpse of affairs at the seat of Government.—Go into camp at Kalorama.—The Spring.—Midnight alarm again.—Capture of a Spy.—The Adjutant outflanked.—A viper scotched.—First pay-day.—Life in Camp, and how we take it.—A lesson concerning entrenchments.—Marching orders.—Rumors and anticipations.—We celebrate the Fourth.—Our old arms are exchanged for new.

The last adieus are said, and Elmira, with its crowds of people, weeping friends, and cheering townsmen, has vanished behind us. The train has described a long, steady curve, in avoiding one of those familiar hills, and now, headed straight South, bears on like a race horse, or like our typical Buffalo on his native plains, with lowered head and sturdy front.

Hurrah for Dixie! How the farmers in the fields, and their wives and daughters at the doors, cheer as we pass like the wind! These sturdy fellows at their work, look wistfully after us as they wave their hats, and seem to say "How I'd like to be with you." I wonder how many of them will leave their plows and follow us ere another seeding time. And the pretty country girls, with their rosy cheeks, waving a cheer as we pass, look so pretty and patriotic, that I doubt their will to restrain these wistful fellows, as much as I believe in their power to encourage the transformation of plowshares and reaping hooks into swords and spears.

Our saucy fellows return their hail with a gusto, and each car window is a battery from which whole volleys—perfect salvos—of kisses are discharged at these poor damsels, who sometimes, in the fervor of their loyal little hearts, return them, but oftener hide their suffused faces in their aprons, or behind mamma's shoulder.

Our boys have recovered their spirits—not a trace of the parting remains, and each seems to "lay himself out" to the enjoyment of the journey. Some sit musing with apparent content in their eyes, looking out upon the beautiful panorama of mountain, stream and forest through which we glide. Others are boisterously merry, (I suspect these of having felt the parting most), and seem determined for ever to ignore "dull care," and give all sorrows the cut

direct. *Some* of this hilarity is evidently due to the circulation of certain original packages,—the bottoms of said packages having probably been marked "this end up with care," or at least I judge so from their persistent efforts to keep them in the air. In each car there is at least one impromptu glee club, and sometime the whole car joins in some such chorus as this:

Ow! Ow—w! Ow—w—w!
Don't yer hear me now!
I'm de biggest wid a brush in all creation,
I'm agoin' down to Washington to try to git a job,
For to wash out de black deeds of de nation!

As we approach the State line, the scenery grows wilder and more magnificent. The farm houses nestle farther from each other in the valleys, and the regular patches of cultivated land, with their checkered variety of grain fields, are agreeably relieved by stretches of almost primeval forest, broken by ledges and bluffs inaccessible to cultivation.

We cross the Pennsylvania line. At every little hamlet among the hills we are greeted by the entire population, and the nearer our approach to hostile borders the warmer our welcome. The rumors of wars bring to these homes a possibility of invasion,—a nearer realization of the horrors of war, than those feel who are secure in their distance from those boundaries,—and how gladly they hail deliverance from these prospects. At every stopping place, therefore, they swarm about us, the men to exchange the latest news, the women to tell us of husbands, sons, brothers and *friends* who have gone before us to the front, and how glad they are to see us of the farther North coming to their aid. Nearly every girl has brought an armful of bouquets to distribute among us. If she has but one, she selects THE knight who shall bear her favor, and perhaps before we move on they have exchanged addresses and promised to correspond. Some of these wicked fellows have got numbers of such presents, with accompanying cards or little slips of paper, with specimens of delicate female chirography, which they are very cautious about showing.

At Williamsport we stop for dinner. News of our approach has preceded us, and we find that the ladies of the town have spread a bountiful feast, to which they welcome us, and we fall to in a way that proves our appreciation of the fare. The ladies wait upon us, and we pledge them in bumpers of freshest milk and cups of fragrant

coffee, and at last tear ourselves away, the richer by large additions to our stock of nosegays, and the recollection of their smiles and kind words. The boys will long remember the ladies of Williamsport, and well they may. Capt. Hayward made a neat speech of acknowledgment, we gave three rousing cheers for the ladies, and then the cry of "all aboard," cut short the flirtations begun in fun by some, in earnest by others, and away we go again.

The Wyoming Valley, always lovely, was to-day especially so. Winding around the precipitous sides, a gulf on one hand, a wall of rock on the other, writhing about in an absurd manner, leaping awful chasms, sometimes seeming to sail in the air, and again burrowing into the hillside, as if upon some geological exploring expedition, tangling itself in the deepest forests, and emerging with a flash to daylight and civilization, coqueting with emulous streams, or braiding courses with a dozen of them, shrieking a warning to some vagrant cow, who kicked up her heels defiantly as we passed, and anon startling the trout hunter in his shady nook, our train rushed on; while we, enjoying every moment some new phase of its beauties, feasted eye and soul upon the loveliness of this paradise upon earth.

Some time in the afternoon we struck the west branch of the Susquehanna, and late at night reached Harrisburg. Our halt here was but for a moment. Quartermaster Sergeant Doyle, who had preceded us, was taken aboard, and then, as Col. Rogers had received orders at Williamsport to proceed directly to Washington, the train was backed across the long bridge, and we were taken in tow by a huge coal burning locomotive, and whirled away toward Baltimore.

This morning, June 19, at seven, we crossed the line into Maryland, and soon after were reminded of our proximity to a hostile country by the pickets stationed along the road. They were Pennsylvania and Massachusetts troops. From York to Baltimore they were placed at intervals of five hundred yards for the entire distance. At about half past eight we crossed where the first bridge had been distroyed by the Baltimoreans; and here we had five rounds of catridges dealt out, and each man was ordered to load his musket. Judging from the experience of troops preceding us through Baltimore, there was a possibility of trouble for us there, and every one hoped that we might have an opportunity of doing something toward the vengeance due for treatment of the Massachusetts Sixth.

We now crossed two more of the burned bridges, or rather crossed where their blackened remains had been replaced by strong temporary structures, and here we found strong detachments of United States Regulars, who hailed us joyfully. When within a short distance of Baltimore, the guard detailed the day before were ordered forward to the cars containing the luggage and quartermaster's stores. When we reached the place, these were switched off upon a track through some back streets, and drawn by mules hitched tandem-wise, to the other depot, while the regiment marched through the main streets. Although the streets swarmed with ill-looking men who scowled at us as we passed, no open demonstration was made, unless the display of a secession badge here and there could be called such. But it was hardest upon us to bear with the changed demeanor of the fair sex. Thus far they had been charming, fascinating, anxious only to encourage. Here, their scornful glances soon showed us that we saw anything but allies in them, and, but that their eyes lacked the basilisk power of wreaking the hatred they expressed, their glances would have been quite killing.

Acting upon the Christain principle of returning good for evil, I sent a kiss after a very pretty girl, who was trying to look very cross and scowling at me, as I sat in the open side of the baggage car. It was quite edifying to see her dodge it, and I thought she smiled as she took refuge behind a blind.

A few ill-looking fellows offered us oranges and other fruits, but having been cautioned against eating anything which might be poisoned, we declined their proffers, which were made ungraciously, and as I have said, by ill-looking fellows who were much more likely to have been concerned in the murder of our boys a few weeks ago, than to be the loyal men they professed.

The loyalty of the darkeys, however, was unquestionable, and we did not hesitate to buy of them what they chose to bring for our refreshment. In all these black faces suppressed exultation was visible, and they would bring us their offerings of refreshments and tell us how glad they were to see us. In the suburbs they flocked from the shanties to see us pass, and all had some word of cheerful greeting.

A short distance south of Baltimore we passed numbers of encampments, and at one o'clock stopped at the famous Relay House. Here we met Col. Jones, of the Massachusetts Eighth, which is stationed on the bluff above. There is also a battery there, which commands the place and the viaduct, which we crossed soon

after. At Baltimore we had thirty-two freight cars assigned to transport us for the remainder of the journey, and now the decks of these were crowded with those who preferred that airy seat, and the view it afforded of the country through which we were passing. It was level and monotonous enough here, and we had little use for our eyes except to watch anxiously for some indication of our journey's end.

At two o'clock the cry was "Washington," and there in the hazy distance, as if veiled by a protecting cloud, or like a mirage in the desert, loomed the dome of our menaced Capitol. The boys crowded the decks for the first sight of our Mecca, and gazed with delight on this realization of their hopes. But a nearer approach robbed the view of its enchantment. Though the Capitol still loomed before us in its noble proportions, it had lost the ærial grandeur of that first sight, and we were only impressed with its colossal size as made apparent by the insignificant and inappropriate surroundings. Our approach to its near vicinity was through clusters of hovels, surrounded by sloughs and reeking purlieus of mire and filth, and the scent which greeted our olfactories was almost indicative of the rotten state of affairs in this desecrated temple, which has brought our land to the verge of ruin.

The depot lay almost in the shadow of the Capitol, and when we reached it and disembarked, the column was formed and marched away up the Avenue to quarters, leaving the store cars in charge of the guard.

We found the place quite full of troops. Some eighty thousand are said to be in the place and vicinity, and many regiments have crossed the river. The rebels are said to be concentrating at Fairfax Court House,—about eighteen miles beyond the Potomac,—and many believe that they will soon move upon Washington. Beauregard is said to have sixty thousand men there. All the regiments here are kept under marching orders, and we are hoping and expecting to move across the river soon.

Quarters for the regiment were not to be found at any one place in town, so we are separated temporarily,—part of the regiment at the Union House, and the rest occupying a large unfinished building on the Avenue.

June 20th.—This morning, having exhausted the supply of cooked provisions brought with us from Elmira, we were treated to a new experience,—having to cook our own rations. It was amusing to see some of the boys when the raw beef was dealt out, look at it

with a what-*can*-I-do-with-it sort of expression on their faces. The first difficulty, which arose from a paucity of cooking stoves and usual culinary apparatus, was obviated with little delay. A few fires on the pavement, with the unsoldered halves of some old canteens for frying pans, was the result of this necessity for the development of latent resources, and when we had prepared our meal and squatted on our knapsacks to enjoy it, I think we all rather relished the absence of accustomed accessories. Sleeping on the floor, too, with only our blankets for bed and covering, was rather *hard*, but before we had sufficiently rested from our long ride we got quite accustomed to it.

June 21st.—This morning we were roused by the reveille at half-past four. I find that rising early in the morning is much easier, costs much less effort than it usually does from our downy beds at home. A blanket and the floor will afford tired nature as sweet a restorative as ever did a bed of eider down, and one is not provoked by its billowy softness to untimely dalliance with morning slumbers. When nature is satisfied we rise, refreshed, not enervated,—and after our primitive ablutions at the corner pump, or from a canteen held by an obliging comrade, we are ready at once for our other duties. First we put our quarters in order, then prepare our morning meal, making our own coffee in our tin cups, and very good coffee it is, too, and with our bread and meat, and the little additions our pocket money affords us, enjoy a hearty and wholesome meal.

This morning a squad of us went down to the Potomac for a swim, near where the new Washington Monument rears its unsightly bulk, like all else here, unfinished—like all else, bearing a mournful appearance of decay and ruin, as if death had stricken down its builders an age ago, while their work was but half done. All the waste around is strewed with blocks of stone, as are the grounds around the Capitol, as well as every common, square, and many of the streets of the city. Moss-grown, rotten columns, bits of cornice, and broken capitals, battered and defaced, strew each nook or corner, and walking through these streets one might imagine himself in a modern city, built upon the ruins of some Palmyra, and whose inhabitants are just waking from a sleep long as that of Rip Van Winkle. They don't seem, either, to half relish the unaccustomed stir caused by this influx of Yankee enterprise. Just now the place is like a hive. The streets are full of soldiers, foot and horse; long trains of covered government wagons trail through the streets,

their unwieldy wheels making a huge clatter on the rough pavement, the drivers screaming, cursing each other and their teams, and cracking their long whips. These are constantly coming and going from and to the camps in the vicinity, and across the river, with supplies. Orderlies and staff officers gallop through the streets, and cluster around the hotels, and the irrepressible darkey grins, yah-yah's, and makes himself a prominent feature everywhere.

Among the regiments here is the "Garibaldi Guard," made up partly of Germans and Frenchmen, and principally of Italians, from all the itinerant professions in which these people excel. The number of organ grinders and cast peddlers at the North is diminished by a few hundred, and they seem to like the exchange much, and take easily to the semi-vagrant life of the soldier. The "Fire Zouaves," too, swagger through the streets in their picturesque costume, looking, with their shaved heads and bronzed faces, like veritable Turcos, and adding quite an item to the variety which gives our capital such a cosmopolitan air.

This morning I visited the Capitol, but far beyond the powers of my pen is a description of its internal splendors. Suffice it to say, that it went far beyond my anticipations, and, to be appreciated in all its magnificence, must be seen. I ascended to the top of the frame work upon the dome, and had a most splendid view of the city and surrounding country. I could see our advanced posts far away in Virginia, and the river dotted with various crafts, until below Alexandria, where it was lost in the distance. I could hardly realize the fact that hostile armies were almost within reach of my eye, and that all that far expanse of country must soon be the theatre of one of the most desperate struggles the world has ever known. But so it is.

I then visited the Treasury Buildings and Patent Office, only next to the Capitol in grandeur of design and finish, and worthy, especially the latter, of a much longer visit. Here we saw the uniform worn by Washington at his resignation of the command-in-chief, and the sword he always wore in battle, an antiquated looking weapon, evidently of oriental make, and plain enough in appearance. One of the gentlemanly attendants was so kind as to open the cabinet which contained it, and allowed us to handle the sacred relic. It was not without emotions of awe and reverence that I grasped the blade the hero's hand had wielded, and then how fervently I wished that hand were not dust to-day, and that from it this blade might flash once more defiance to the foes of liberty.

But we can only pray that his mantle may fall upon some one worthy to bear it.

At one o'clock we got into harness, strapped on our knapsacks, and started in the hot sun for some place out of town where we were to encamp,—a slight disappointment, as we had hoped, when we did move, to cross the river. But down the Avenue we went, and then up Seventeenth Street, about two miles out of town, and near Georgetown, filed off through a large gate into a shady avenue; then to the left up a gentle slope, and halted on the highest part of an open plateau, which afforded ample room for camp and drill ground, and was the centre of a grove, or rather entirely surrounded by trees and shrubbery, affording delightful lounging places for us when off duty. After resting until the ground could be staked out, we pitched our tents. This spot had just been vacated by some Rhode Island regiment. The name of this delightful place, then, is Kalorama.

June 22d.—Our sentinels were stoned last night from across a stream, which runs at the foot of the wooded slope behind the camp, a demonstration of the sentiments of some of the people we have come to protect, from *what*, they hardly realize. Although not so intended by them,—and a very poor policy, too, for it does us no considerable hurt, while if they kept cover they might do us infinite harm, as unsuspected spies,—this is a warning, and already I hear that nightly patrols are to beat the neighborhood, lie in wait, and watch for any signals or other suspicious demonstrations, and arrest any suspicious persons who cannot give a good account of themselves.

We like our camping ground the more as we become acquainted with its attractions. Among the first of these is a "living" spring* of purest water, which wells up among the rocks in a delightful grove near the gate, and this grove is already the favorite haunt of the boys during the hot hours when off duty. So famous is our

* From a recent letter written by one of the field officers of the Twenty-First Regiment, we derive the following remarkably interesting historical reminiscence of Kalorama, the spot upon which our regiment was first encamped, upon its arrival at Washington:

"This is a place of considerable note in the history of our country, although not celebrated by historians. It is the ground on which Washington encamped, previous to the investment of Yorktown. One little incident in connection with that encampment: On his approach to Kalorama, when about four miles from the camp, the General observed a darkey, a servant of one of the captains, (named "Jim," of course,) who had become very foot-sore and tired with the day's march. His master paid no attention to his complaints; but when General Washington observed the exhausted condition of the negro, he rode along to his side, questioned him as to the cause of his distress, and then jumped from his horse, seized "Jim" by the back of his neck and seat of his trowsers, threw

spring that men come from the neighboring camps to fill their canteens, and sometimes such a crowd surround it that one must wait long for his chance. The sluggish stream below affords quite a good bathing place, and there we assemble with soap and towels for our morning wash. About sixty men are detailed daily for guard duty, and the line surrounds the camp entirely, so that to leave its limits one must have the proper permission from its officers.

All are expecting, and indeed it is quite probable that we shall receive orders to march in a day or two, possibly for Fairfax Court House, and if we do it will be to fight. We have this morning heard cannonading toward the South, and our officers caution us to be ready to go at a moment's warning. The enemy's outposts are said to be about nine miles off, and we expect to be sent out upon picket duty.

June 26th.—No orders yet. Last night we had quite a lively time in camp. Some apprehensions have been felt concerning the state of things in Georgetown, and a couple of days since the Mayor of the place requested our Colonel to keep a small force in readiness in case of a rising there. Two companies, therefore, ("C" and "D,") have orders to sleep with their clothes on and arms in readiness for instant duty. Last night at twelve, the entire regiment were roused by the firing of the sentinels, commenced at the exposed posts along the stream I have mentioned, and immediately each company formed in its street, and moved quickly to the parade ground. All was "dark as pitch," and the flashes from the muskets of excited sentinels, who were blazing away into the woods in all directions, only made it more intense. "Load, men," said the Colonel, and the jangling of rammers and clicking of locks along the line was succeeded by a silence which said "we are ready."

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him bodily upon the horse, and ran forward to get out of the way of his protestations. One of Jim's descendants, an old gray-headed negro, once told me of this circumstance, and the family have been, and still are, among the bloods of niggerdom, from this one fact in connection with their history.

"There is another fact about this place, which makes it of still greater interest to me. At the time when Washington took command of the army at Cambridge, there was a regiment raised near here in Virginia, and ordered to rendezvous at Kalorama till the regimental organization could be perfected. When they got ready to march to join the army, one company, commanded by a Captain Baden or Boden, lingered behind the balance of the regiment, and gathered around the spring near the entrance of the grounds. Here each took an oath, and pledged himself to his comrades, that whoever of the party should be alive fifty years from that day, would meet at the camp spring. The time came round, and three old and decrepid men met on that spot, the sole survivors of the company that fifty years before had promised there to meet. The present owner of the estate, a Mr. Fletcher, witnessed that meeting of three, and he told me himself that it was the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed. On this ground Commodore Decatur and Baron fought their celebrated duel. There are also buried on this same historical ground, two of the original signers of the Declaration of Independence. Their names I have forgotten."—*Buffalo Express, Aug. 1st, 1861.*

Meantime squads were scouring the vicinity, investigating the alarm, and feeling through the darkness for its cause. But no further trace of the attacking party could be found, and upon investigation it appeared that a few stones fired at the guard on the creek, had provoked them to return the favor with lead. Instantly the whole line took up the gauntlet. Every bush, log or stone, was instinct with life and fancied terrors. Boughs crawled and squirmed along the ground, seeking deadly cover from which to draw certain aim upon the startled sentinel, who hastened to be beforehand with his skulking foe, and then felt his heart beat heavy as he seemed to hear the last sigh of his victim,—very much like the wind rustling through the bushes. One of the poor fellows hailed the relief with "I've killed him! Oh, I've killed him! out *there*." A search of the place indicated revealed no weltering assassin, but next morning a stump barked and chipped with bullets, showed how one would have fared in its place.

Outlying parties will hereafter prevent these sallies, and when we are again aroused it will probably be with good cause. The story of this seemingly occasionless alarm may excite some ridicule at home, but let those laugh who have tried the thing, and we won't murmur. Let it be remembered that we have heard that of our surroundings here which ought to make us watchful. Men *have* been shot at night on these very posts, as we were told by the regiment last here, and with the recollection of such narratives fresh in his memory, a man may be excused for believing the conjurings of his imagination, prompted by darkness and possible danger. A little more experience will teach him to wait for the certainty of its necessity, before giving an alarm.

It is a fact difficult to credit, but both Washington and Georgetown are full of secessionists, and nearly every night our scouts are known to report this one proof of the fact, that lights, evidently—from their arrangement and the time and manner of their appearance,—intended as signals, are shown occasionally from various points. These are so managed as not to be visible in their immediate neighborhood, and of course it is an almost hopeless undertaking to attempt to find the parties thus giving aid to our enemies. Yet the scouts are numerous and watchful, and some of these traitors may yet have an opportunity of stretching hemp as an example to sneaks.

Yesterday a man was taken while attemtping to cross the Potomac below the Long Bridge, in a small boat. Some suspicion

induced the officers in charge of the bridge to cause his arrest. On his person were found plans of all the encampments around Washington, ours among the rest, and a report as to the number and condition of the men, how armed, by whom commanded, and also several letters, some of them addressed to a well known lawyer of this place. He was put in irons and confined, for what fate we can imagine.

There are some slight indications of dissatisfaction among the men, confined, however, to a certain set who seem to care little for the cause they have espoused. At least I judge such to be the case, or they would be ashamed to murmur at the little privations we have to endure here. The more reasonable find cause for wonder at the prompt and comparatively plentiful and excellent provision made by the government at so short notice, and with its hampered resources. After all, I think the chief ground of complaint is that we are kept back here. An order to march just now would make all contented.

Thanks to the excellent care of our Surgeons, we are comparatively free from fevers or other sickness usual to the change of climate we have made. A few cases of ague and fever we have, and now and then one of those resulting from unlimited indulgence in the unwholesome stuff vended by the peddlers who frequent the camp. Upon the whole, I think the general health of the regiment is better then when at Elmira. We have two cases of gun-shot wounds, both accidental. One promises to be serious, that of William J. Cook, of Black Rock, belonging to Capt Strong's Company, who was wounded in the cars near Baltimore, by the accidental discharge of a musket in the hands of a comrade. Fayette Warriner, of "B," was hurt in the same way during the last night's alarm.

Adjutant Sternberg met with an adventure this morning, which might have been very serious in its consequences to him, as well as depriving us of a *good* officer, one of a kind not easily spared. Our Colonel and Lieut.-Colonel being unwell, the command for the day devolved upon Major Drew. The adjutant rides a very spirited horse, and just as he was leaving camp with the usual morning report for General Mansfield, a fragment of newspaper, blown about by the wind, made a sudden sally from under a wagon, upon the flank of our unexpectant rider. Whether the result of a feint, or a combination of equine movements not laid down in any tactics, and unfamiliar to our Adjutant, we say not, but somehow horse and he

parted company. Alighting on one's head and shoulders from a somewhat elevated starting point, and especially when that kind of contact with mother earth is aided by the momentum acquired in two or three distinct gyrations between saddle and sod, cannot fail to cause some disturbance in the toughest of heads. It is not slander to say that the Adjutant came up slightly "groggy." It is not unjust to declare that he was somewhat "demoralized." But here we stop, without, indeed, adding the charge of profanity, for that was natural and to be expected. So the enemy retired in good order, and magnanimously allowed his victim to regain his composure and his horse.

Shortly afterward our boys had an opportunity of spotting one of those dirty things,—a rebel sympathizer,—one of that class, whose title to our detestation consists in their being not the one thing, and a great deal worse than the other,—men who have not the manhood to sacrifice all interests to their principles, for even when those are a mistake and crime, if sincerity be with them, they are entitled to some respect. But these *things* who remain where none but loyal men should be, and whose virulent hatred of the right sometimes rises from the depth of its dark plottings to something like a semblance of honest expressions, deserve none of the courtesies of war. Justice, in dealing with them, should forget her sword and substitute a rope. One of these creatures so far forgot himself this morning, as to air his sentiments in the hearing of certain of our men. Bad whisky committed treason toward this traitor, and is therefore entitled to credit for one good thing. He vaunted the bravery of the men of the South, declared the Northerners a pack of cowards who would be glad to get home safe after one fair trial, and wound up by declaring himself a strong secessionist. That was enough. To his astonishment and disgust, Corporal Harper, of "F," took him by the hair, and led him to the guard-house, and neither his Southern blood nor the whisky he had taken could fire this specimen of the chivalry to one effort in self defence. His little darkey, team, and wagon, immediately left for parts unknown, and by this time, probably, these items of personal property have merged into one,—the darkey,—and he will be in no haste to render an account of his stewardship. When taken before the Colonel for examination, our spunky Southerner declared his right to his own opinions, and a free ventilation of the same; but as the Colonel could not agree with him, and told him furthermore, that if he persisted in such talk the boys might take a

fancy to ornament some convenient tree with his pendant carcase, his noisy valor dwindled to a very becoming discretion. Finally, he was started off under a guard for the city, Gen. Mansfield having nice ways of his own for scotching these vipers.

Camp life is getting easier for us. Between the wearing off of novelty, and the ease acquired by being perfectly inured, there must be an interval when some fortitude shall be needed under a soldier's privations. This interval we are now passing, and I am happy to observe that our men generally show no lack of that fortitude. Yet there *are* unworthy exceptions.

July 3d.—To-day, Lieut. Adams, our State paymaster established himself in a shanty back of the Colonel's tent, and the hearts of our needy fellows were gladdened by the settlement of their accounts with the State of New York. The pay due for the time we were in the State service, from May 9th to 19th inclusive, amounted to but four dollars and three cents, but even that sum, paltry, as it seems, is a godsend to those of our boys who, as Private Britton says, "have worn their pockets out feeling for a piece." This afternoon, in spite of the increased precautions against smuggling, some whisky has evidently effected an entrance into camp, and the guard line has not proved as efficient as usual. An unusual influx of irregular sutlers, too, and the thousand varieties of the harpy tribe, who smell a pay-day afar off, come swarming about the camp, and this modicum of pocket money will very soon change hands.

It is a fact, no longer to be ignored, that a dangerous element of insubordination is rife among some of the men. They claim undue liberty, and are loud in their complaints, cursing the fare and the restrictions necessary to discipline. Some of these have written home such statements of matters here, as will cause great uneasiness among our friends.* These are only worthy of notice in proportion to the harm they will do, and I should much prefer to ignore them altogether, but truth demands that they be spoken of. On the

*As to the complaints made concerning the meagre rations, they are unjust to our Quartermaster, who has discharged the onerous duties of his position with a perseverance which does him credit, and but for which we should surely suffer. Every day, each company, of 74 men, receives either 55 pounds 8 ounces of pork or bacon, or 92 pounds 8 ounces of fresh beef; 74 18-ounce loaves of bread; 5 quarts 7 gills of beans, or 7 pounds 6 ounces of rice; the same weight of coffee; 11 pounds 1 ounce of white sugar; 2 quarts and 1 gill of vinegar; 1 quart and 5 gills of salt; 2 pounds and 15 ounces of soap; and 12 ounces of candles. All of these articles are of the very best quality. By disposing of the surplus, each company is enabled to make a fund for the purchase of vegetables and other accustomed comforts and luxuries. Here is an instance: on the 12th, Co. "H" sold out of ten days' rations, pork, &c., amounting to six dollars,—enough to buy a plentiful supply of vegetables for that time.

other hand there are some incompetent and unworthy men in authority. The only way is to bear all petty grievances of this nature, and wait patiently for time and service to sift out or soften down all these. There are in this, as in all other commands, men who enlisted from any but worthy motives. These are tired of the service, anxious to get out of it, and determined to do so on the first opportunity. For their actions none but themselves are responsible, but they don't end there. If they persist in them they will hopelessly disgrace the regiment. As to our camp discipline, these very men who complain are the cause of its being so strict.

Our drill is necessarily hard, preparing as we are for immediate active service. For nearly two weeks past we have drilled in batallion two hours, from five to seven, in the morning; then, after breakfast, company drill from ten till twelve; and after dinner, from two till four. The intervals we pass in the shade, stripped,—officers and all,—to our underclothing, and even then the heat is almost unbearable. At eight in the morning it is like a summer noon, such as we have been accustomed to, and four o'clock is the heat of the day. After dress parade we usually have another drill in batallion, which lasts till dark.

A re-inspection of the regiment has lately been in progress, in accordance with the following General Order from the General in command of the Department of Washington:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON.
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17th, 1861.

General Order No. 25.

It being represented that under the fervor of the moment, many patriotic persons have enrolled themselves in the volunteer regiments, independent batallions and companies, who are physically incompetent, by reason of disease, malformations and other infirmities, as well as by non-age, to perform the rough duties of soldiers, the commandants of all such corps will, carefully assisted by the medical officers of the same, re-inspect their men, and report for orders to discharge every individual in ill health, or found too feeble for the service.

By command of Brig. Gen. Mansfield.

THEO. TALBOT.
Asst. Adjutant-General.

Not only was the inspection at Elmira insufficiently rigid, perhaps, but the warm climate and other causes, since the removal of the regiment to Washington, have in some instances developed complaints and physical weaknesses which were undiscovered before. That the rigid inspection now instituted does not throw out a greater number of men than is indicated by the following list,

shows that the regiment was made up of pretty robust material: Co. "A"—Sergeant Wm. H. Williams. Co. "B"—Private George W. Owen. Co. "C"—Privates James P. Hoffman, Wm. Archer, Luther G. Woodward. Co. "D"—Privates Daniel Morrison, Napoleon Lamere, Jacob Shick, George Duer, Horace Firman, Felix K. Mayburn. Co. "E"—Privates Jas. Milham, Harry Beebee. Co. "F"—Privates William D. Lucas, Chas. E. Holman, —discharged at Elmira. Co. "G"—Privates John W. Hughes, Nelson Wade, D. J. Barrows. Co. "K"—Privates Royal Colby, Joseph Reid. Co. "I"—Privates John Myers, John Freymiller, Edward McGowan.

Sometimes we have tremendous thunder storms, when the rain comes down in torrents, and woe to him who has neglected to have his tent properly ditched. One night we awoke to find the water making a clean sweep across the floor of our tent. We were not tired enough to sleep in it, so we sallied out with bayonets, knives, hatchets, any thing handy, and tried by ditching to persuade part of the water to take another direction. Unacquainted with the proper manner of doing the thing, our efforts were chiefly successful in directing small rivers under neighboring tents, whose occupants, in their turn, would bank it out and turn it over to some one else. The night was passed in these efforts, and next day ditching was reduced to a system. A deep ditch on each side of the company street, and one around each tent, made a future invasion of the waters impossible.

July 8th.—Last night we were ordered to pack knapsacks and be ready for a march. We have been expecting a move for two weeks, and it must come soon. Last night we heard distant cannonading across the river, and have news to-day of a fight near Fairfax Court House. The guard is now increased to one hundred and twenty men, and no one allowed to leave camp but the Colonel. Probably our march will be in the night. Our place is in the centre (Gen. McDowell's) division, and our brigade is the second, commanded by Col. Davis, of the U. S. Army. It is cheering to see the changed demeanor of the men under these prospects of speedy service. No more grumbling, nothing heard but expressions of satisfaction and mutual congratulations.

Last Thursday being the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of American Freedom, was fitly celebrated with us by a review of the troops in Washington and vicinity. Over twenty thousand patriots roused at reveille on that day, and prepared to do and

appear their best, as Gen. Scott himself, with his staff, the President and his Cabinet, were to witness the parade. Determined to continue to deserve the encomiums so often lavished upon their soldierly appearance, the boys outdid their previous efforts in elaborate preparation. Every knapsack was neatly packed, and care taken to make them of uniform dimensions, and every article of uniform neatly brushed, belts and boots polished to the last degree, and buttons and brass plates made to glitter under a vigorous application of brush and chalk. The muskets, too, shone like silver, and were clean to that degree that our gloves of unsullied white need fear no blemish from their contact.

I think I may say without vanity that our regiment appeared splendidly. I know that we never did better. As we wheeled into the Avenue I heard many complimentary remarks from the crowd, and my Captain, as he faced us while wheeling, exclaimed delightedly, "Bully, boys, *Bully*."

In passing the stand in front of the White House, although every head was steadily to the front, some could not resist a furtive glance at our noble old Commander-in-chief as he stood up in front, the President by his side, and looking, in his favorite cocked hat and golden epaulettes, like the impersonation of the glorious past, of which he is a relic. He was scanning with eagle eye, a calm satisfaction glowing in his honest old face, the passing ranks so proudly conscious of his gaze. May God spare him in our time of need, and when that time is past, may he live long in the hearts of the nation.

July 11th.—No move yet. This morning at seven we fell in and were marched through the city to the Arsenal, our errand being to exchange our old muskets for others of a later make,—Harper's Ferry, 1852. The new ones are not much better, however, than the old, except in appearance, and we are told that we shall only keep these until rifles can be procured.

One has only to walk through the grounds surrounding the Arsenal to see the immense preparations in progress for arming the Federal forces. Everywhere they are obstructed by accumulations of guns, carriages and caissons, piles of balls and shell, and all the murderous apparatus required in the vigorous and successful prosecution of "glorious war." Guns of immense calibre are piled here, or lie quietly side by side, as if as yet unconscious of their terrors. Some of them are mounted on the water's edge, and seem

staring with blank, stolid eye away down the river, to where hostile batteries even now obstruct the freedom of the waters.

From this point the new pieces are tested, targets being placed in the river a couple of miles below.

Here, too, are seen a number of old pieces, trophies of the different engagements in which they were captured. Some of these, of peculiar make and elaborately engraved, are from Mexico. Dismounted, robbed of their terrors, like a group of superannuated pensioners, they pass a harmless old age in prating of the days gone by. In the wind, their battered muzzles are ever sighing over reminiscences of fields lost and won, and if you listen closely, you may hear in their hollow murmurings, like echoes from far off battle fields, the faint, thought-like repetition of their unforgotten thunders. Glorious days when Scott was young, may you yet find renewal in his sere and yellow leaf!

CHAPTER IV.

We cross the Potomac.—Fort Runyon.—An advance of the Army.—The fight at Bull Run.—What we saw at Fort Runyon, the day after.—The defence of Washington.—An interval of quiet.—Strengthening our position.—The 20th of August, and what occurred.—Fort Jackson.—The Advance.—Camp Buffalo.—Picket Duty.

At my last writing we were expecting orders, having been notified that we were to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. These orders were repeated on the 13th, and on Sunday, the 14th, while we were preparing for services, the orders came. In a twinkling the camp was alive with the bustle of preparation. Blankets and overcoats were rolled, and knapsacks packed, and all the miscellaneous "traps" bundled into transportable shape. At twelve o'clock a train of twenty-five baggage wagons filed into the grounds, and in less than an hour every tent was struck, rolled round its poles—most of the boys managing to smuggle their surplus clothing into the folds—and with the other luggage, piled into the wagons.

We then formed in line, and taking a "last fond look" at the spot grown so familiar to us, we slowly filed out at the gate, the baggage fell in the rear, and the most skeptical were convinced that the long wished for and promised march was at last before us. But neither Manassas nor Fairfax, as we shortly learned, was to be our present destination, but a certain Fort Runyon, which no one seemed to know where to locate, and which we therefore fondly hoped was somewhere within the actual tramping ground of "ye rebels."

It was quite a warm day, and we all felt thankful that we hadn't to carry our knapsacks, which had providentially found room in the wagons; so we jogged along at an easy pace, songs, jokes and laughter enlivening our way, and all "happy as clams" at being again on the move. At the Long Bridge we were joined by squads of the boys who had been passing the day in Washington. Most of these had run the guard to get away, but were forgiven in view of the eagerness they had shown in their efforts not to be left behind.

The bridge, already famous in telegraph reports, is about a mile in length, one half being a sort of causeway, and the rest an ordinary frame and plank structure, resting on stone abutments. Near the Virginia shore is a draw, through which the river craft pass to and from the anchorage at Georgetown. It is guarded at present by regulars. From here, although not one of great variety, the scene is delightful. To the right, away toward the Chain Bridge, the hills, beautifully blue, span the distance, while across the quiet, glittering waters, the low Virginia shore is fringed with richest foliage. Away beyond the bend of the river on the other hand, are seen the bare ridges of "My Maryland," and the blue sky mirror between is dotted with sharply picked out sails, glowing in the light of the westering sun.

Leaving the bridge about half a mile behind, we were marched through a stockade which extended across the road, and halted. This was Fort Runyon. "What a fall was there, my countrymen!" To start with one's energies screwed up to anticipated days and nights of forced marching, pleasantly diversified with a little fight now and then, and by and by a big one, or at least with sky tinted bivouacs and picket duty; and then to have to come down to eight miles and a fort at the end. Shades of Valley Forge, smile not! We emulate your trials, and may yet suffer gloriously. In the meantime, let us be comfortable while we may.

So, after a rest and a council of the leading minds, we stacked arms, unloaded the wagons, and proceeded to pitch our tents upon a vacant spot of about three acres in the centre. While we were doing this twilight came on, and we had hardly finished when night closed in on us. Lights gleamed all over the miniature city, which had risen round us as if by magic. Against the red glow which sunset had left in the western sky, the black masses of entrenchments rose in boldest relief, broken only here and there by the forms of the slow pacing sentinels between the heavy guns, which loomed up grimly as if watching for an expected foe. By and by all grew still, and at the tap of the drum the lights went out, and the boys of the Twenty-first rolled themselves in their blankets, and sought repose—"laid them down to pleasant dreams," of glory on the "tented field." And thus passed our first night in Virginia.

Next morning all were astir at an early hour, and intent on examining all accessible parts of the fortifications. I will describe them. They are laid out so as to encircle the intersection of the Arlington and Alexandria roads, near the bridge. Where the roads

cut through the works they are stockaded, and a strong stockade commands the marsh between us and the river. Elsewhere they are substantial earthworks, laid out in the most scientific manner. These are the same commenced by the Seventh New York, and nearly completed by Runyon's New Jersey Volunteers. On the south and west they rise to quite a commanding height, and altogether cover an area of about twelve acres. They are mounted with heavy cannon, principally thirty-two and sixty-four pound pieces, on barbette carriages,—one fine rifled piece of the former calibre commanding the approach from Alexandria. The position commands the bridge and river, as well as the country in the direction of Fairfax.

July 16th.—This afternoon a continuous line of troops has been passing through here. A rifled piece and a regiment of light infantry came in from the west of us, and took the road to Alexandria, and several regiments came across the bridge, and took the road toward the west. They belong to McDowell's division,—in which we are included,—and went in the following order: First, the 2d Rhode Island Regiment, with six brass field pieces; next, the 1st Regiment from the same State, the 2d New Hampshire, and 71st New York Regiments,—the last with two brass howitzers; then a detachment of U. S. Marines, the Union (Rochester) Regiment, and last, the DeKalb (German) Regiment of New York. They did not know their destination, but supposed they were going to Fairfax, and it is reported among our men that we are to follow immediately.

July 25th.—A great battle has been fought, and the field is not ours. Fondly as we hoped that this first great issue might turn in our favor, dearly, as its thinned ranks to-day testify to the will of our brave little army, the day is lost, and a nation mourns the thousands of her sons sleeping now their long sleep, where hostile feet tramp ruthlessly above their honored graves.

Where the blame lies, who can tell? Patterson, it is said, failed to bring his reinforcements up, and Johnson was permitted to join Beauregard. That may not have been the fatal mistake of the day, if mistake it was. One of those causeless panics, which sometimes seize upon even disciplined troops, is said to have turned the tide just as it seemed to be setting irresistibly in our favor. After the glorious results of the preceding day, after performing wonders of valor, and just as victory was within their reach, this horrible panic, originating among the teamsters, and spreading rapidly from line to line, merged the hour of success into one of inglorious defeat.

On Tuesday night, July 16th, Gen. McDowell's army moved upon the enemy. Without check, Fairfax and Centreville were occupied, a few slight skirmishes only showing that the enemy were keeping just beyond our reach. The force in front was a matter of conjecture, but knowing that the enemy could not but be in strong force at this point, so long threatened, and with his facilities for ascertaining our own, it was beyond doubt that our army would meet an enemy at least its equal in numbers, and with the immense advantage of a choice of position and chance to fortify.

In the neighborhood of Centreville the enemy abandoned some considerable fortifications, and sought only to retard our advance by felling trees across the roads,—but these were speedily removed. On the night of Wednesday our army lay ready for instant battle, in the neighborhood of these two towns.

On Thursday, the 18th, the advance was resumed. Four miles beyond Centreville, at a stream called Bull Run, Gen. Tyler, with his brigade, came upon the enemy. The first intimation of his vicinity was from a masked battery, which opened a raking fire upon his advance, killing the horses attached to one of the guns of Sherman's battery. The battery was, however, brought off safely, and then, while Richardson's brigade reconnoitered the woods, Gen. Tyler ordered a battery into position on the top of a hill, and the fight commenced. All day the batteries exchanged their deadly fire, while in the woods the skirmishers of both armies kept up an unceasing fusilade, until night closed upon the scene.

Our loss thus far had been small,—some forty killed and sixty wounded, making up the total report of casualties for the day.

On Friday and Saturday no demonstration was made from either side, McDowell reconnoitering, and the enemy reinforcing and extending his line to avoid a flank movement.

On Sunday morning at two the advance was resumed. Col. Richardson held with artillery the position established on Thursday; Col. Heintzleman passing to his left, and flanking the rebel batteries from the south. McDowell's main force passed to the right and north of Bull Run, on the other side of which the enemy were posted in entrenchments, strongly mounted with cannon, and well supported with infantry. One by one successive batteries were carried, only to find that others commanded them further on; but the heroism of our troops was undaunted, and the dispatches of Sunday afternoon closed with the report that Col. Heintzleman was far in advance, and shelling the entrenchments at Manassas Junction.

Now let us turn back to the little force of patriots waiting at Runyon, anxiously waiting for their own chance in the game. On that Tuesday night, when McDowell's advance was made, the troops were continuously passing through and moving rapidly to the west and south. During the anxious days that followed we were expecting to be relieved, as it was reported that new troops were to garrison the fort, while we were to be sent to the front.

That Sunday morning dawned brightly on the day that was not to be one of rest, and at the very hour when we knew that the bells of their native villages were calling to prayer, from that distant field came the low sullen boom of cannon, and we knew that there our brave comrades were thinking that from far off homes prayers for their keeping were going up to the God of battles. All day long the western parapet was lined with men. They could not see even the sulphurous cloud above the field, but momentarily came the reverberation,—often more felt than heard,—of the heavy pieces; now a single thunderous wave of the heavy air, and again a succession of mutterings, as though the hills spoke from their shaken centres.

Couriers from the field brought almost hourly some new word of cheer. Beauregard's line was broken; batteries were yielding to impetuous charges; the day was surely ours; and cheers hailed each of these riders, and again dismissed him on his way with the good news. Lieut. Col. Root, who had been almost frantic at the non-arrival of orders for the regiment to advance, rode forward with others to Arlington, and there could be heard distinctly the fitful rattle of the musketry. The day was still, not a cloud in the sky; the little air stirring seemed only a ripple from the battle-field. In the west, the sky near the horizon was dull and coppery at sunset, and the boys said "we shall have rain; that will be a good thing for the wounded." And then darkness came on, and the last lingerer left the parapet and joined the groups in the company streets. Sadness was there, for we remembered the sufferers that day had made. Then, too, the field was fought and won, we thought, and where was the share we had hoped to have in its result? Little did we think that our part would be to shelter and care for the broken remnant of the army we had seen marching so proudly to the field.

For more than a week we had been under orders to be ready for a march, consequently each company kept at least one day's cooked rations in advance. The cooks' fires were now burning brightly, preparing these for the coming day.

That night I was on guard; my post was the south gate, and mine was the second relief, consequently I was posted at eleven. Until after midnight the camp was still as usual; then there was some stir at the other gates, and a hurrying to and fro of lights, but thinking it only some ordinary occurrence usual to the camp, I paid little attention to it. Soon after twelve, I halted a rider who came in hot haste from toward Alexandria. His panting and steaming horse, and excited bearing, made me ask if he brought news from the field.

"I suppose the army will reach your fort by daylight."

Astonished at his words, and hardly comprehending, I asked,—

"What army?"

"What army?" repeated he. "Don't you know that *our* army is beaten and in full retreat?"

And with an oath he put spurs to his jaded beast, while I with a sinking heart resumed my beat, but not to pace it lightly as an hour before.

At one I was relieved, and stacked arms with my relief at the bridge gate, where the guard quarters were. I learned that during the last two hours many carriages, with flying civilians, who had gone out the day before to see the fight, had passed through the fort from the west gate to the bridge. These had brought the most terrible tales of the defeat and rout of our army. It was now raining a little, and I crept under the sheltering front of a sutler's shed and slept. I knew I should see more than enough of horrors by daylight, and we might have little enough time for rest.

At three I awoke, and then the dismal cortege was swelling the road. Lines of government wagons, ambulances, and confiscated conveyances of all kinds, were passing through, freighted with their precious loads of suffering. Men were lying in these wagons, in all the contorted attitudes of agony. Some slept, or were past all suffering. Covered with blood, grimed with powder, and dust, and smoke, whether silent in the apathy of despair, or feebly moaning out their pain, these mangled forms spoke loudly to our hearts.

Capt. Layton, who was field officer of the day, had received an order signed by General Scott, directing him to let none pass the gate toward Washington, except the wounded and those bearing especial passes,—so now the advance of the army began to accumulate within the defences. Worn, pale and exhausted, in almost as bad a plight as the wounded, these weary fellows would lie down in the road, among the tents, anywhere, and sleep despite the rain, as

though they never meant to wake again. They would not walk ten steps for shelter.

Our rations, cooked last night, were already devoured by the hungry crowd, some of whom had not tasted food for twenty-four hours; and even these wavered between the two demands of nature, — food and sleep. I saw them go to sleep with their mouths full of hard tack and pork,— wake to take another dreamy nibble, and then fall asleep again. All the kettles in camp were put in requisition, and pork and coffee disappeared as fast as it could be dealt out. Nearly all the stragglers I observed were wounded, more or less severely, and many had evinced wonderful fortitude. One noble looking fellow I saw, was minus an arm; it was his left, and had been taken off above the elbow. That man had his musket on his shoulder, and had carried it all through that weary night march of twenty-seven miles. I mention this one instance; we saw hundreds. Their appearance did not agree with the idea of a rout. The entire remnant of regiments and batteries came in together, and in good order,— all accounted for. There were some stragglers who had not been wounded.

Morning dawned on the scene. We should hardly have known our usually quiet little fort, for everywhere within and without were grouped around their colors the broken cohorts of the Union. All the tents were full of sleeping men, not of the Twenty-First, for no one of them slept. All were busy in various ways,— some caring for the wounded, details were preparing the heavy guns for action, carrying shot and shell from the magazines, and in sailor phrase, "clearing for action," for all expected that the rebel army would soon knock at the portals of Washington, and we were determined they should not want a welcome. For more than a week we had been drilled at these, under Capt. Seymour, of Fort Sumter fame, and we felt that it would be a glorious privilege to check the insolent Beauregard, and teach him his limits.

Drs. Wilcox and Peters, bloody as butchers, untiring in their humanity, examined all the wounded, and relieved whom they could. Amputating limbs, extracting balls, and dressing wounds, kept them and their volunteer assistants constantly busy.* And there was little

* Among these, Dr. William Treat, of Buffalo, was one of the most untiring and efficient. So exhausted with their fatiguing duties, and worn with their cares thus far, were the Surgeons from the field, that although willing they could do little. One of these fainted in the attempt, and was much more in need of help than able to give it. Dr. Treat, who was at the time a visitor, endeared himself to those who witnessed his efforts during those three sad days succeeding the fight. Most appropriate was this as one of the closing scenes of a useful career, for he died within the year, and his fitting monument is now in the grateful memories of the many who then experienced his care.

or none of that selfishness one might expect among such a mass of sufferers. Each waiting patiently for his turn, and when it came, would perhaps ask that some one whom he fancied had greater need should be cared for first. This often happened. And sometimes a man severely wounded would lead up a captured horse, with a maimed comrade strapped upon his back, and in whose care he seemed to forget all care for himself. What nobler spectacle than this will one see among all the glorious things of war! What surer test of the kind of men who have taken the burden of their country's weal!

At nine, being relieved from guard duty, I was detailed with a number of men from each company, to work on an unfinished parapet in the marsh on the river side. Here we labored with pick and spade until noon. After a slight dinner, snatched in the hurry of preparation, "D" and "C" having been detailed for picket duty, fell in and took the road toward Fairfax. At Ball's Cross Roads, seven miles out, having passed the last of our retreating forces, we halted, Company "C" having stopped about three miles back, at Arlington Mills. Here we found the Oswego Regiment, also on picket duty. Our company took the cross roads, while the Oswegoes deployed along the road across our rear. The rain fell drearily; the mud was ankle deep, the probability of an advance of the enemy in force seemed small.

It was now nearly dark. After posting the pickets the reserve sought shelter. At that time there were still standing an old dwelling, and by its side a smithy, which appeared to have been long unused. The forge was partly broken down, but we got some dry wood, and soon had a blazing fire dancing in the chimney. This place was occupied by "D." Over head in the old shop, a part of the floor was remaining, and although the soot was deep, and we hardly dared inspect our sleeping place, yet with some crowding to avoid the dripping places in the roof, we managed to be quite comfortable. The glow of the fire soon thawed us into pretty good humor, and secure that our outposts were sufficient to make a surprise impossible, we composed ourselves to sleep.

Thus we passed the night, the extreme outer guard of the army; a post of some responsiblity and danger,—at least we complacently agreed that such was the case. No foe disturbed our slumber at unreasonable hour, but with our harness on, and loaded muskets in our arms, we slept defiantly.

Next morning, July 23d, we turned out bright and early, and somewhat disappointed at not having been roused by a midnight attack. However, we learned that a scout had reported that famous Black Horse Cavalry as having been within two miles of our post. After drying our clothes and cleaning our muskets, we reconnoitered the neighborhood. As our crackers and pork had become somewhat sodden in the rain, we foraged, individually and in squads, for something to eat. The best evidence of the *morale* of our army lay in the fact that none of the people on the route of its retreat had suffered any loss. At a farm house we were served with a plentiful meal of good corn cakes, with pork and potatoes, and excellent milk, for which we gladly paid, although it was not asked.

At noon we received orders to fall back to Arlington Mills, so bidding good-by to our little "Fort Alberger," as we had christened the old shop, we abandoned it to the mercy of the enemy. Company "C" had remained back during the night, to guard the Alexandria & Orange Rail Road, where it crossed the road from Runyon, at the Mills, and there we joined them. A stone substructure and broken water wheel were all that remained of the mill, standing in a hollow which, except where the road crossed it, was densely wooded. There was a slight bridge, and beyond this the rail road. Close in the rear of the rail road the trees stood thick, and here we took our position. A mounted enemy, to approach us, must defile along the road by the mill, and across the bridge, (which had been mined,) and thus could be raked to great advantage, while unable from his position, to do us much harm. We now threw our pickets up and down the rail road, and waited for something to turn up. At twelve a scout came in to warn us of the approach of the enemy's cavalry, and our pickets were drawn in. All the morning we of the reserve had been at work, felling trees along behind the rail road, and making a substantial breastwork, "C" to the right of the road, and "D" to the left, and after each man had arranged his place behind it, cleared away intervening limbs, and securely masked his position, it looked so neat and defensible that one could not help feeling a wish to see it tried.

Shortly after noon a section of Barry's battery, commanded by Capt. Webb, came up, planted their pieces in the road, in line with our barricade, and masked them with boughs. From here they could rake the bridge and the road beyond. And now, when nothing more could be done to make our position stronger, we waited anxiously. The afternoon waned slowly, while we smoked,

chatted, and picked the blackberries which grew plentifully along the road. And then night came, on,—and again it was morning,—and now we began to think that we should, after all, not see the enemy this time. Yet all were disappointed when orders came for us to return to the fort, and there was no little grumbling at our ill luck as the boys fell in.

At the fort, things have resumed their usual course. It is the calm after the storm. The wreck cleared away, and all hands resting from their labors. There is not too much rest, however, and soon there may be less.

A report is now rife to the effect that our army is to be increased to one hundred thousand. The North is awake to the fact that this war is no farce. Scott is not to be interfered with again, and let us hope that this first reverse will be our last.

After the date of the above writing, we had a long interval of comparative quiet. Having re-established their lines, the enemy seemed to be waiting for a demonstration on our part, while our army employed the time in completing the line of fortifications occupying the strong positions in front of Arlington, and extending from the Chain Bridge to Acquia Creek. McClellan, the hero of the West, had taken command of the Army of the Potomac, troops were pouring in from the North, and all over the hills on the Maryland side, we could see their white villages thickening day by day.

Our own part in the preparations mentioned consisted in being for the time a regiment of pioneers. About four miles to the right and front of our fort, near a road from Falls Church towards Alexandria, and about half a mile from Roach's Mills, a thickly wooded elevation had to be cleared, to make room for a fort. All the forest in front, too, was to be cleared away, that the guns might have free range. Every morning ten men from each company shouldered their axes and marched out to the hills, where they were divided into two reliefs, and proceeded to level the old monarchs of the hills, to make room for the new reign of the "grim visaged," and establish his footsteps in trench and parapet. It was a sad necessity that thus compelled the spoiling of nature's fairest handiwork, and stripped the beautiful hills of their green robes,—but so it must be.

At the fort, guard duty and drilling at the guns continued to occupy our time, with the numerous incidental employments of life

in garrison. In the morning, the little unnavigable and abandoned canal in front of the fort was full of bathers, and its banks lined with half naked washer-*men*, for we had, since our arrival at Washington, to do our own laundry work. In the heat of the day, the little grove surrounding the spring within the fort would be full of men off duty, lounging in the shades, writing letters,—the great solace of the volunteer,—mending their clothes, or playing cards; while around the spring itself, which was walled and covered, and welled up beautifully clear from its bed of marble frrgments, a crowd stood, waiting for a chance to fill their canteens. In this grove stood the buildings then occupied as a depot of supplies for our division, and here from morning till night stood a group of army wagons, waiting for their requisitions. Before the place was fortified, this had been a summer resort for pleasuring parties, but now the ball room was redolent of bacon, soap and candles, and where the refreshment tables once stood, piles of hard tack boxes, and tiers of pork and vinegar barrels, were waiting for transportation.

Co. "E," Capt. Strong, had been sent to garrison the "tete du pont," named by courtesy Fort Jackson, at the Virginia end of the Long Bridge. Co. "K," Capt. Layton, had removed their tents to the bastion overlooking the Alexandria road, the defence of which was entrusted to them.

Aug. 2d.—It has stopped raining at last, and to-day we have had our usual drill. At 1 o'clock P. M. our arms were inspected by the general inspecting officer of division.

On the 26th of July—the day after my last writing—George W. Fox, a private in the 24th (Oswego), our old neighbors at Elmira, was brought into the fort, mortally wounded by the rebels while on picket duty. He died at four in the morning. His last hours were cheered by the ministrations of our Chaplain, and Surgeon Wilcox did his utmost for the unfortunate man.

On the night of the 27th, between one and two, we were roused by the long roll, and formed in line of battle. All the camps within hearing were echoing the alarm, and we felt certain that at last our time had come. But it was shortly discovered that the sentinels of the 35th Regiment—occupying the works northwest of us—had become frightened (they have not been long here) and given a false alarm, so we got back to our nests. In the morning a tornado swept the country, and tested our tent fastenings pretty severely.

On the 29th, the first detail of eleven men for fatigue duty were sent to the woods.

On the last day of July, Gen. McClellan, accompanied by his suite, paid the fort a visit. He expressed himself much pleased after his inspection of the garrison, and said he should be sorry to have us leave him. It had become apparent that many of the men were determined to return on the 20th of August, if possible. I am of the opinion, and from my position in the ranks may be allowed to judge, that nearly all of them would have immediately re-enlisted. They were dissatisfied with the organization, and determined not to serve in it longer than they could help. I shall soon have to speak of the result; until then I will drop the subject.

Sunday, Aug. 4th.—Last night was intolerably warm, and to-day the usual drill and inspection are omitted on account of the heat. The marsh between the fort and the river is the prolific origin of our two curses—ague and musquitoes. About *sixty* men report daily to the Surgeon for their doses of quinine, and at all hours of the day you may see them sitting in the hot sun, shaking as if life depended on it. As for the musquitoes, Egypt's curse of flies could hardly have been worse. They are of all sizes and kinds, from the diminutive torments called "gnats," to the hornet-like "gallinipper," with black body and yellow legs, and big enough, almost, to digest salt horse and hard tack. They prefer, however, to take their rations by proxy, after WE have manufactured those delicacies into good loyal blood. The only possible good these things were created for must have been to prevent sentinels from sleeping on post. Last night I was on guard. The moment I mounted the parapet I was conscious of a continued angry hum-m-m, as though ten million of tin dinner horns were calling from all quarters the vampire host to the banquet. Jack ———, whom I was to relieve, was performing some strange evolutions, dancing around in a queer way, and keeping time much in the way the darkies call "patting," only that every part of his body came in freely for a share of his attentions.

"Jack!" said I, "are there any musquitoes here?"

"*Musquitoes?*" No. (Slap.) They ain't *many* (slap) *here* (slap). But if you go down *there* (slap), you'll (slap, *slap*) you'll (slap, *slap*, SLAP,) *find some*."

It is unnecessary to intimate that I didn't go "down there" any oftener than I could help. A few nights ago I caught one of the big yellow-legged fellows and pinned him triumphantly to my

tent pole. I thought I would send him home in an envelope, that Buffalonians might know what ugly customers had lain siege to our fort, an enemy against whom our monster guns are nothing. But next morning he was gone, and the boys aver that after almost pulling the tent down in his struggles, he got the pin loose and flew away—with it sticking through him—cursing the Yankees like a good F. F. V., and swearing bloody vengeance.

This evening at parade the following orders were read:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, August 2d, 1861.

Special Orders No. 324:

His Excellency, the President, desiring the further services of the Twenty-First Regiment, New York State Volunteers, and having made a requisition on the Governor therefor, Colonel Rogers is hereby directed, on the expiration of the term for which said regiment was mustered into the service of the United States (August 20th, 1861), to report with his command to the Adjutant General of the United States, for duty, under the order of the U. S. Government, for the remainder of the term of enlistment of the regiment into the service of the State of New York.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

D. CAMPBELL,
A. A. G.

Considerable dissatisfaction is felt among those who have been expecting to go home at the end of the three months.

Aug. 10th.—Nothing of especial interest has transpired since my last writing.

On the 5th we went to some of the old deserted camps near us, and secured a lot of boards for our tents, and some stoves for the cooks. Our new floors and board walls are immensely comfortable, and since the advent of the stoves we revel in slap-jacks and *fried* pork. On the 6th Lieut. Doyle was appointed to 1st Lieutenancy in "K" Company. Lieuts. Gillett and McBean have resigned, and James S. Mulligan, Orderly Sergeant of "B," is promoted to 2d Lieutenancy in "K," in place of Nicholson, resigned. On the 6th, 2d Lieut. Canfield, of "C," was transferred to "I," with the same rank, and Orderly Sergeant Remington, of "C," promoted in his place, on the 7th.

On the 8th we received pay for June. Gen. McClellan passed through the fort on the same day, and we saw him for the first time. All were pleased with his appearance. He is a man rather below the medium height, but gives one the impression of "good things in a small parcel." His hair and moustaches are light, with corre-

sponding complexion, and piercing eye. He sits his horse firmly and gracefully, and looks "every inch a soldier." Prince Napoleon accompanied him.

On the 9th the deputation from Buffalo arrived, and were present at parade.* This evening (10th), after parade, Lieut. Wheeler, in behalf of his company—"B"—presented Lieut. Mulligan, their *quondam* Orderly, with a handsome sword, sash and belt, as a testimonial of their regard. Mulligan, who is emphatically a "good fellow," bore it like a man, and made an appropriate expression of his thanks and regard for the donors.

THE TWENTIETH OF AUGUST.

I must now speak of an occurrence, which, while it was greatly magnified at home, as to its facts and importance, was yet a cause of sincere regret to all concerned, and which we hope is not remembered against us. The few who were the cause have expiated their crime; nearly all are now numbered among the heroic dead, and those who remain have nobly wiped away the stain with blood. I speak of the attempted revolt on the expiration of the sworn term of service, when we were turned over by our State for the full term.

Ours was not the only regiment thus turned over to the General Government. Among these were the Twelfth and Thirteenth New York. The time of the last expired on the 13th of August, and they were ordered to Fortress Monroe. The Twelfth remained in our vicinity, and the disaffected in our regiment were confirmed in their determination to stand by what they considered their rights, by mingling with them; for the men of that regiment declared that they *would* return whether discharged or not, and on the 14th they were, as one of our boys expressed it, "raising the very old nick."

The citizens of Buffalo, who were so proud of their first regiment, that they could not bear to consent to its honorless return, because a part of its members chose, sent a delegation to Washington, to inquire into the state of feeling among the men, relative to their return, and to prevent it if possible. These gentlemen—

*The purpose of the visit was to prevent our return on the 20th, as explained hereafter.

Hon. H. W. Rogers, Mayor Alberger, and Alderman Adams—visited our fort, made the necessary investigation, and had an interview with Gen. McClellan, the result of which was not imparted to us, but all were assured that the attempt to leave the service would be hopeless. Few were disposed to dispute the moral obligation to remain for the full term of the State service, but a portion objected to what they deemed the way taken to inveigle the command into remaining longer than they had promised. They said that had they been asked at Elmira to swear in for the full term, they would have done so, but they had determined not to remain under their present officers. I observed that nearly all the disaffected men were those who had come in collision with authority, and been subjected to harsh punishment. Thus matters stood until the 20th of August. On the 19th, Company "E" had been relieved from duty at Fort Jackson, and "D" had taken its place.

On the morning of the 20th, a few men refused to appear at roll call. At reveille, Col. Rogers had sent orders to the officers of companies, to have those men who thought they had served long enough stack their arms. Only twenty-one men in all, and those from only three companies (sixteen from "E," four from "H," and one from "A") signified their unwillingness to serve longer, by complying with this order, and these were quietly walked to the guard-house, and then as quietly started, under a guard, for the Navy Yard, where Gen. McDowell had ordered them to be confined, until shipped to the Dry Tortugas, to serve, as the order says, "without arms, until they show themselves more worthy to bear them."

Company "K" had been detailed entire for fatigue duty, and sent to the woods early in the morning. So quietly had the "mutiny" risen and been quelled, that men asleep after guard duty knew nothing about what was going on until their comrades had been hours gone. This was the "mutiny" that gave us in Buffalo an unenviable name, until time and service proved us. About noon Company "K" returned from the woods all right, and learned what their comrades had done. About four they began to talk, and the spirit of revolt worked rapidly. At five parade call was answered by the appearance of every company in the fort but "K." Col. Rogers sent to know why they did not come, as the line was waiting. "K" still occupied the bastion, and in a moment Capt. Layton came down and reported the refusal of his men to do further duty; whereupon parade proceeded without them, and then the company,

with the exception of five of its members, was placed under guard. No resistance was attempted, and all was done quietly. That evening they were started, under charge of their Captain, for the Navy Yard. At the "tete du pont," a part of "D" was detailed to escort them, and just before the prisoners were turned over to their care by Capt. Layton, he made them a sensible and friendly speech, showed them their error, and the hopelessness of continuing to expect success, and finally asked who would return with him to duty. The majority of the company instantly expressed their willingness to do so, and with their Captain returned to the fort in their right minds, while the twenty who still held out, went on.

Thus ended the difficulty. Insubordination was rooted out without harshness, which might, by exciting sympathy, have added fuel to the flame, and the firmness and decision manifested by the Colonel, showed its result in the consequent behavior of the men.

What became of the mutineers? Capt. Layton discovered, during their stay at the Navy Yard, that they were repentant and anxious to return to duty. He procured an order from Gen. McDowell, granting them that privilege, but owing to some unavoidable delay, did not reach the Navy Yard with it until they had been three hours gone. Company "B" had gone to guard them, and instead of the Tortugas, they had been sent to the Rip Raps, near Fortress Monroe.*

On the 24th we had a grand review upon the race course near the Fort. Gen. McClellan complimented the regiment highly upon its drill and appearance.

The gray uniforms given us at Elmira had by this time become rather threadbare, and were replaced by Uncle Sam's livery. On the 29th of August we received caps, jackets and pants of dark blue, with a gray woolen blouse for fatigue duty. The pants were afterwards replaced by others of light blue.

Nothing further of special interest occurred until our advance to Arlington. In the woods and at the fort our duties continued in the same round, until we bade a final good-by to the latter.

* We learned long afterwards that these men, after being confined for some time with others there for the same offence, were one day drawn up in line by order of Gen. Wool, and those willing to return to duty asked to step out. The whole line stepped forward as one man. They were assigned to various regiments in Wool's command; those from the Twenty-First going into the 2d New York. They afterwards expiated their offence by noble conduct on the field, and but three are now known to be alive.

On the last day of August the following order was received:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Special Orders No. 18.

The 21st Regiment N. Y. Vols., is assigned to Wadsworth's Brigade, McDowell's Division, which it will proceed to join on being relieved at its present station.

Brig. Gen. Richardson will at once detail two companies of the 14th Massachusetts Regiment to occupy Fort Runyon, and the works at the end of the Long Bridge.

By command of Maj. Gen. McClellan.

S. WILLIAMS,
A. A. G.

Again we prepared to march, glad to be relieved from the irksomeness of garrison life, glad to get away from the marshes with their aguey miasma and musquitoes; and glad to get a little nearer the front. There were but few who had not suffered from ague and fevers, otherwise the health of the regiment had been good. Two men died during the two months,—John Layh and William Mathews, both of Company "G," the former on the 11th, and the latter on the 19th of August. Both were *good soldiers*. So stands their record; and it is all we need say. They died while waiting for the foe, and sleep as gloriously as though their graves were side by side with thousands in ground sanctified by the baptism of their blood.

Companies "C" and "D" were to go first and prepare the camping ground.

Next day, like a tribe of bedouins we leveled our canvass walls and prepared to seek a new site for their erection.

As this is only a history of our own part in the great drama of the day, it can, with propriety, only treat of cotemporaneous events as they shaped our destinies, or were brought within the sphere of our own immediate observation.

The advanced line of defences had been nearly completed, and the army were to move forward and occupy them permanently. Company "D," since its occupation of Fort Jackson, had guarded the Long Bridge, half the company being detailed daily for that duty. Being now relieved at their post by a company of the 14th Massachusetts, they joined the regiment, and at noon, with a cheer for our old fort, and an affectionate good-by look at palisade and parapet, and the grim, black "dogs of war," our pets for so long,—and whom we would have so liked to unmuzzle upon those impertinent trespassers "so near, and yet so far,"—Companies

"C" and "D" debouched from the western gate, and took the road for Arlington.

That night we camped, temporarily, along a wagon trail through the bush, just back of Fort Cass, one of the chain of thirty forts formerly mentioned as extending from Chain Bridge to Alexandria. A new military road along this line ran just in our rear, and all night we heard the tramp of battalions and squadrons, and the rumble of artillery. Next morning we proceeded to lay out our camp, close in the rear of the fort, which was, of course, on high ground, and commanded a far sweep of dale and dell which had been bared by the axe to give free range to its guns. The latter had not yet been mounted, as the works were hardly finished, and while we were clearing away the trees for our camp, the Massachusetts Ninth, who had built the fort, were planting a strong stockade in its rear. Companies "G" and "H" arrived during the day. Next day we were established, and on Wednesday and Thursday the companies left at Runyon joined us.

Here we passed the remainder of the month of September quite pleasantly. The first week of our stay was devoted to making the camp as neat and comfortable as possible. In clearing away the trees we had only removed those in the lines of tents, leaving the others for shade, but Dr. Wilcox, more anxious for our health than for our immediate comfort, ordered us to cut these away also, that the sun might have free access and kill the fever seed always lurking in the damp ground of a new clearing. Though the boys were sorry to lose their pet "roof trees," the Doctor was inexorable, and down they came. The good Doctor seems to have no thought but for the good of his charge, and he is appreciated more and more each day. Ever since we have lived in tents he has been rigid in enforcing all measures bearing on the health of the regiment, and every day he makes his rounds, inspecting the tents, and woe to the unfortunate wight who attends not to his duties in the matter of cleanliness and ventilation. At least once a week each tent has to be struck, so that the ground and bunking places may have free sun and air. Any litter around tents or under bunks he detests, especially fragments of bread, the decomposing gluten of which, he says, is more injurious than the vilest stench of decaying animal matter.

Wadsworth's Brigade, to which we have at length been assigned, is composed of the 21st, 23d and 35th New York State Volunteers. I mention our regiment first as we have the right of

the brigade. Our brigade, too, has the right of McDowell's Division, consequently ours is a proud position, the leading regiment in the advance we are expecting.

The 23d, next us in camp as in brigade, lie just to our left, and a guard line only separates the camps. The 35th occupy Fort Tillinghast, about half a mile to the left.

On the 31st day of August, Capt. Layton left for Buffalo, on recruiting service.

About the time of our advance, private Henry Lansing of "D" was commissioned as 1st Lieutenant in Company "K," instead of Doyle, who had received his appointment from the Colonel, but had not been commissioned; and Sergeant Greig Mulligan was promoted to 2d Lieutenancy in the 90th N. Y. Vols., a new regiment. He left with the best wishes of all who knew him, a good soldier and well deserving of his good fortune.

On the 4th of September we received orders to have two days' cooked rations always ready, and be prepared to march at a moment's warning. McClellan seems to be waiting for the enemy to make his next move, and probably when we again move it will be to strike a decisive blow. A heavy rain set in the same night, which continued all next day. We had no parade, but the companies fell in while the orders were read. Our new camp is called "Camp Buffalo."

Next day, the 6th, we were inspected, and the right wing ordered to prepare to do picket duty on the following Monday. Our Drum Major was reduced by his own request, and Charles Fisher appointed in his place.

At parade on the 7th, orders were read sentencing private William Scott, of the 3d Vermont Regiment, to be shot for sleeping on his post. This is intended as a warning to those who have of late allowed themselves to be so careless in the discharge of this most important of duties.

Next day (Sunday) our knapsacks and accoutrements were inspected as usual. It might be asked whether it would not have been well in our Commander-in-Chief, while issuing an order for the better observance of the Sabbath, to have done away with these tedious inspections which custom allows to be thrust upon the soldiers on that day which should be one of rest. One is hardly in devotional mood after standing for two or three hours while every man in the regiment is carefully and completely examined by *one* officer. When, after such an involuntary penance, they are at last

formed in hollow square, and the Chaplain begins his labors, they are usually very impatient listeners, if they listen at all.

Next morning at seven, the right wing—Companies "K," "G," "E," "A," and "I," under command of Lieut.-Col. Root, left camp for Ball's Cross Roads, where they were to remain on picket duty until relieved. During the day several balloon ascensions were made from an eminence near Fort Corcoran.

The enemy now occupy Munson's and Upton's Hills, and it is probable that we shall soon dispute their possession. An advance is to be expected at any hour, and we are prepared for one.

On Wednesday, the 11th, we had our first drill in the new camp. At noon the companies of the right wing returned from picket duty. They had been fired on, and returned the compliment many times during the two days, but no one was hurt. The Alexandria, Loudon and Hampshire Railroad forms our picket line, in the vicinity of Ball's Cross Roads, and it abounds in good cover for the men on post. Still, as many are rash and venturesome, and expose themselves so as to provoke a shot "just for the fun" of returning it, picket shooting is quite an ordinary occurrence; and so it must be until both armies are disciplined into a realization of the fact that merely *killing men* in this way, is *murder*, simply, and has no bearing on the main result. When men move in masses, immense results may follow a combination of favorable circumstances and scientific handling, with but a small proportionate loss of life; and even when that proportion is large, it is "swallowed up" in victory or defeat. But the killing of one man, in cold blood, where the only object is the gratification of the destructive propensities of the assassin, or his desire to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow being that he may boast of the deed, is a miserable achievement. The time will come when both armies will see enough of necessary bloodshed, and then this will cease. One could wish rather to see an interchange of courtesies between them, such as the chivalric usages of the medieval ages were wont to sanction. Indeed, soldiers on picket duty are not expected to fight. They may do so in case of attack, where advantage of position and necessity of holding ground until the main force can be properly disposed, combine to warrant it; but in the abstract they are simply *feelers*, extended to guard against surprise, to cut off communication where it might be treacherously used, and to warn of a hostile approach. They should respect the mutual function, and never fire but in case of a

general advance, and then the line attacked usually falls back on its reserve, and awaits the movements of the supporting force.

Shortly after noon we heard heavy firing in a northwesterly direction, and learned that our troops were engaging the enemy. Instantly the camps were lively with preparation. The Massachusetts Ninth left their work on the fort, and were hurried off in the direction of the Chain Bridge. All the afternoon the firing continued at fitful intervals. No orders came for us, and late at night we learned that a small force of federals, under Gen. Smith, had met a body of the enemy with artillery and cavalry, and after a short but fierce engagement, driven them off with small loss.*

The Ninth returned without having participated in the fight.

Sept. 12th.—It rained all last night. To-day we have received our pay for July and August, and with the prospect of being soon in the field, the boys don't like to keep their spare money with them, so they are putting it in the care of Chaplain Robie, who is about to have a furlough, for their families. This speaks well for our boys, considering the proverbial improvidence of the soldier.†

This time we were paid principally in the new Treasury Notes, instead of the gold we have heretofore received, and Uncle Sam's "promises to pay" are at a premium, on account of their adaptability for safe and convenient transfer by mail, and also because they are not so easily lost as the small gold pieces.

This shows the confidence of the men in the government, to the support of which they have pledged their lives,—for if unstable or in danger of dissolution, who would redeem these?

Now that the men are learning the ways of camp life, and how to use the liberal provision made for them, they find that it is more

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*This was the battle of Lewinsville. The following is Gen. McClellan's report of the engagement:

FROM GEN. SMITH'S HEADQUARTERS,
Sept. 11th, 1861.

TO SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR:

General Smith made a reconnoisance with two thousand men to Lewinsville. He remained there several hours, and completed the examination of the ground.

When the work was completed and the command had started back, the enemy opened fire with shell, killing two men and wounding three.

Griffin's battery silenced the enemy's battery. Our men then came back in perfect order and excellent spirits. The men behaved most admirably under fire.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major General, &c.

†The Buffalo *Express* of Sept. 21st, says:—Chaplain Robie brought home with him from the soldiers of the 21st, to their relations and friends in this city, over $5,000 in demand notes of the U. S. Treasury. This speaks well for the provident disposition and good habits of the men.

than sufficient, and aside from the purchase of such little rarities as one must allow himself, when they can be procured, and the indispensable tobacco, there is little use for money. Gambling is strictly forbidden and severely punished, and the little of it that is done is by stealth, and among a certain set who, while they prey only upon each other, will not do much harm.

Sunday, Sept. 15th.—We are still in camp. Day before yesterday the camp was again in ferment with the *advance* fever.

Something was evidently "in the wind," for Professor Lowe's monstrous balloon had been up nearly all day, and the ever busy rumors of the camp would have it that the army was about to move. Toward sunset, sudden and rapid firing was heard in the direction of Ball's, which continued until after dark. Then the horizon in that direction was aglow in many places with the burning of buildings, and in the sky we could see the shells bursting like volcanic stars.

Our pickets had been driven in, and the enemy were burning every dwelling, barn, or stack, that had afforded them shelter. Troops from camp were marching to support the line, and we were ordered to prepare for immediate attack. The cooks' fires were piled high, and the kettles were all in use, preparing our two days' rations. Each soldier took care that his arms were in order, and many were writing what might be their last letters. I suppose all soldiers are, during their first year, given to frequent farewell letters, or letters with a light glazing of humor, intended to cover much premonitory feeling. Some affect spasms of off-hand, nonchalant heroism, or devil-may-care-ism, like this: "We march at daybreak and to-morrow 'look out for fun.' If some scamp of a reb. don't make a hole in me, I'll tell you all about it in my next. If he does, why then good-by. There'll be a rousing old reveille some day, you know," &c., &c. That's the way your new soldier *consoles* those at home, and really he feels it, but had better suppress it. And then when his high-flown bundle of heroics has departed, and that expected march is a disappointment, and he don't see a fight after all, he feels quite "cheap," and don't dare to write to that correspondent again for a long time. Well, I presume very much of that kind of thing was being done in the tents on that night. But tattoo came, as usual, and we turned in, with orders, however, to sleep in our clothes and upon our arms.

Yesterday we did nothing but remain "ready," and very hard work it was. Our haversacks were all crammed, and we persisted

in believing we were to "do something," for the officers were ordered to wear their uniforms constantly, and no passes from camp were granted. At parade, orders were read directing that "hereafter reveille shall not be beaten until after sunrise," and that coffee be dealt out to men immediately after. No music to be allowed while marching or changing positions, or at any time other than the stated exercises and calls. This looks like work. Last night we slept on our arms again.

To-day, being Sunday, of course we have been unusually busy. We were inspected by Gens. McDowell and Wadsworth, and a very thorough inspection it was, too. Gen. McDowell, though not a martinet, is a very severe disciplinarian, and no neglect, however slight, escapes his quick eye. Afternoon, Chaplain Hughes of the 14th N. Y. preached on the "Sounding of the seventh Angel."

Monday, Sept. 16.—To-day Chaplain Robie left for home. Twenty-five recruits arrived from Buffalo, this morning, in charge of Sergeant Irwin, of "I" Company.

These men were enlisted by Capts. Layton and Strong, and Lieuts. Baker and Vallier, who commenced recruiting about the 1st of September, in Buffalo. According to orders from the Adjutant General, the men were sworn in for the balance of the two years, and it is intended to fill up the regiment to its maximum number, one thousand and forty-eight men. This will make our regiment as large as any in the field.

We also learn that the Union Cornet Band is to join us. The boys are jubilant over this prospective addition to the attractions of camp.

This evening the following complimentary order was read on parade:

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION,
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Sept. 16, 1861.

General Orders No. 39.

At the Inspection of camp yesterday, the General Commanding was pleased to notice the well policed condition of the camp grounds of the 14th, 21st, 22d, 25th and 35th Regiments.

It is enjoined upon all officers and men of this command, to prevent the extravagant waste of provisions, which is noticed in some of the regiments.

By command of Brig. Gen. McDowell.

H. W. KINGSBURY,
A. A. A. G.

On the 17th, a review of the brigade took place. The regiment went out at nine. The day was of the hottest, and several of the

men gave out and were brought back in ambulances. At parade, orders were read directing that each regiment drill with knapsacks daily, commencing with forty-five minutes, and increasing the time fifteen minutes each day. As the boys say, it will be "tough on us" in this hot weather, but not so tough as having to carry them by and by on a long march, without having accustomed ourselves to it.

Sept. 22d.—Major Drew has arrived with ten more recruits.

To-day we had a skeleton brigade drill, Arlington, McDowell's headquarters. Eight men were detailed from each company to attend with the officers, each platoon being represented by a pole, with a man at each end in place of the guides.

Sept. 28th.—The last two days have been rainy and disagreeable. It is evident that the most disagreeable season of the year in this climate is upon us. The mud is deep, and in camp particularly so, where the unceasing tramp of necessary travel punches the ground into such a condition, that you would almost expect to see it settle into a perfect level everywhere.

Last night several tents blew down, or rather *up*, and left their occupants "out in the wet." The ground is becoming so soft that to put one's trust in tent-pins, is to be a victim of misplaced confidence. It was rather funny to see the cool way in which these misfortunes were met, the stoical resignation to fate and a wetting, and the nonchalant and deliberate putting of things to rights, and recovering of the waifs of personal property scattered over the muddy deep around, in the face of such a blast-driven storm. Boreas might have "cracked his cheeks" in vexation at the sight of it.

Parade has been twice omitted within the week, the state of the weather making it impossible.

On Sunday last (the 22d), Gen. McClellan again visited our camp. He expressed satisfaction with the result of his inspection. Orders read on parade for a brigade review before McClellan on Monday.

On Monday, the 23d, we should have relieved the picket, but were ordered to appear at review, and go on picket next day. At eleven the regiment fell in, in heavy marching order, (with knapsack fully packed, haversack, canteen, and fully armed and equipped throughout,) and marched to McDowell's headquarters, at Arlington, where we passed in review before Gens. McClellan and

McDowell, Prince De Joinville, and others. After the review, the Generals, accompanied by the Prince, inspected our camps.

At eight, on the morning of the 24th, the left wing started out to relieve the picket at Ball's Cross Roads. During the night following, the firing from the rebel line was frequent, and the balls flew with dangerous precision around the ears of our men on post. The fire was not returned, strict orders having been given to that effect. Towards morning our line fell back a short distance, for better shelter, from which to watch the movements of the enemy. No further demonstrations were made, however. All through the night the cow-bells were heard in various directions, but our boys knew well that no milk was to be had where *those* bells were, and the wily rebs had their labor for their pains. The boys declared *that* "old gag" to be about played out, and since a party of unauthorized foragers were "gobbled up," while following this tinkling decoy, the boys turn a deaf ear to the sedulous notes, or with thumb to nose and digits gyrating, intimate in expressive pantomime that the syren "can't come it."

In the day time the opposing posts will sometimes agree to a temporary truce, and being within hailing distance, hold a parley for mutual information, and an exchange of funny sayings, and good things generally, in defiance of all the regulations to the contrary. The first question is, "What State are you from?" The reply from our side, if it happens to be "Massachusetts," is sure to bring a leaden reply, and hostilities are immediately renewed, for the "rebs" will not stand on anything like ceremony with the troops from the State they have such reason, as they think, to detest, and, as we know, to fear. But with us they are always willing to parley. A large field, abandoned by the owners, and just between the lines, abounds in tomatoes, turnips and potatoes. The temptation to forage is strong, and by mutual consent the men off post on both sides, leaving their arms behind, peacefully dig and gather the fruits of the ground together; and as yet no advantage of the fact is taken by either side. Strange sight for times like these, but where is the harm?

On the morning of the 25th, the enemy were reported to be moving, and an attack was expected, for which the force at Arlington were put in readiness, but nothing came of it. Signals were seen in front during the night past, and a heavy shower in the morning was, perhaps, the cause of delay in their movements.

On the night following, the whole rebel army were reported to be in motion, but we were not disturbed. Next day, the 26th, we were relieved by the 23d N. Y., and returned to camp.

On the 27th, during a storm of rain and high wind, marched into camp with a flourish of familiar strains, the Union Cornet Band, accompanied by a squad of recruits, in charge of Lieut. Baker. The whole regiment turned out joyfully to meet them, and drowned their music with welcoming cheers. The boys can now glory in one of the best bands in the service, and are no more, on reviews and parades, to listen quietly to the windy flourishes of their neighbors without a blast to reply with. Sergeants Schermerhorn and Beebee, who have been home on sick leave, returned with him.

The recruits are fine fellows, and although arriving under such dampening circumstances, seem full of ardor, and well pleased with their fortune.

Several tents blew away in the afternoon, and there was another jolly scramble after the dry goods.

To-day, the rain having ceased, most of the men not on other duty, are engaged in clearing away a new parade ground in the rear of the fort. Stumps have to be "grubbed" out, and the ground leveled, and when that is done our camp will lack but little in the way of improvement.

We have still to go outside the guard line for water. The excellent spring at the foot of the hill is nicely fitted with a couple of casks, set into the ground, and a bed of small logs laid around it. It has to be guarded day and night, or some enterprising spy might take occasion to "drop something" in its crystal bosom that would seriously bother the doctor.

We are beginning to like our new camp exceedingly, and under favorable weather it is really a very pleasant stopping place.

The following extract from a letter written by one of our officers,* will give a better impression of its beauties than any word of mine.

"How many troops are there here, my dear ———? Why, 'my eye hath not beheld them, neither hath the ear listened to the enumeration.' Wouldn't you like to get up some fine morning and

* Capt. Elisha A. Hayward, one of our noblest comrades, who has since "gone to his final muster," and his reward. This letter is copied by permission of his family, and the author need not apologize for its introduction here.

take a stroll with me over these beautiful 'Heights' of 'Arlington' —for they are indeed beautiful—and listen to the reveille of drum and bugle, again and again repeated? In all your travels did you ever get the start of the busy people of New York, and as the slumbering population awoke to the scenes of another day, stand on Broadway, or near Washington Market, and see the people pour forth to enact their part in the day's drama, or comedy, as may be? If you have, then you can imagine the scenes upon these heights—though, of course, the mass is not so connected—just as the morning drum ceases to beat. Imagine it to be at such an hour. The 'darkest just before the light,' has softened into the mild gray light of very early dawn. You seem to stand *alone* in the land! Not a thing is stirring; the sentinels seem to pace their beat with a noiseless tread, and you stand and wonder what power it is that keeps the mighty mass so silent. Listen! Way off! and how soft it comes, too, and how almost like a fancy it seems; and yet you are sure of it. There it is again! It is a *bugle note!* the first that has awoke the echoes—and it comes to you as 'music on the waters.' There goes another, and louder than before, and yet another! and another! and still they multiply and increase, until the whole air seems to vibrate with the sound of bugle note and drum beat.

"Now let us start out for a walk. Our camp is alive, and the first cries of provoked sergeants greet your ears at every step. 'Turn out for roll call.' 'Come, get up.' 'Y—e—s,' mutters the sleepy soldier, something after the manner of ——— (and of 'Auld Lang Syne,' *myself*, for that matter), when ——— sings out in that awfully disturbing way of hers—when one is sleepy—'come, boys, *breakfast, b—r—eak—fast* is all ready, and half-past seven,' ———. 'Turn out,' thunders the sergeant, and 'here, corporal, bring me that pail of water,' starts the drowser to a sense of his semi-amphibious condition. We walk on; we pass camp after camp, all bustling with life, and finally we ascend to the very top of a high hill, from whence we can see a considerable extent of country. Arithmatides! how the hills and vales are dotted with the white canvas of our tents! *There*, standing proudly upon the summit of a gradual rise, is situated the impregnable 'Fort Corcoran.' Inside, all is bustling with life. *There*, just discernible amidst the wood, is another camp, and here, and there, and everywhere the land is covered with our tents, and peopled with our brave men. At sunrise, and at sunset, a 'forest of bayonets' testifies the northern devotion to the Union. Now do you ask me *how*

many troops there are upon the Potomac! I don't know; enough that I believe there are enough to triumph. * * *

"I fully believe that we shall advance before many days. The officers are ordered to cut their baggage down to eighty pounds, and in a short time we are to have a preparatory march, and during our absence the baggage is to be weighed, and all over that to be rejected. To-day (18th) Gen. McDowell was here, and ordered our quartermaster to make a requisition for the amount of transportation required for our regiment. Don't that look like a march? Day before yesterday we were thoroughly inspected, and everything we lack is to be furnished forthwith. To-day, according to orders from headquarters, the companies of our brigade, and I suppose of the whole army, marched for three-quarters of an hour, with knapsacks, haversacks and canteens slung, and we are required to increase the time fifteen minutes each day. Don't that look like an advance?"

The second Buffalo regiment (49th N. Y. V.) arrived in Washington September 18th, and crossed the river soon after. D. D. Bidwell, the well known former Captain of "D," 74th N. Y. N. G., is Colonel of the new regiment. The 49th is said to be a fine body of men, and already under good discipline. Many of our old friends are members, and a fraternal regard already exists between the two commands, notwithstanding a spirit of generous rivalry between our "veterans" of four months and the new comers.

William C. Alberger, formerly 1st Lieutenant of "D," 74th, and since Captain of the company bearing the same letter in "ours," is their Lieut.-Colonel, and Lieut. William F. Wheeler, from the same company, is now Captain of Company "D," of the 49th. We regretted to lose these able and much liked officers. Lieut. Geo. M. Baker, and Sergeants Byron Schermerhorn and Henry C. Beebee fill the vacancies caused by these promotions from our regiment.

Horace L. Dunlap, a private in "C" Company, left the regiment on the last day of August on a furlough, to visit his wife and family in Kansas. Being detained at Quincy, Illinois, he fell in with an old friend, and through him received the appointment of 1st Lieutenant of "G" Company, 50th Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and has been transferred accordingly.

Morris Alberger, Orderly of "D," has been appointed Sergeant Major in the place of George M. Love, who has left us to be a 1st Lieutenant in the People's Ellsworth Regiment.

John F. Stowe, also of "D," has procured a discharge in order to enter the navy, a position for which his maritime experience admirably fits him.

Arnold Harris, of "B," has also entered the navy, having been appointed Master's Mate of the gunboat Freeborn.

Capt. George D. Clinton and Lieut. Samuel P. Gail are in Washington on sick leave. Lieuts. Vallier and Doyle, and Sergeants Irwin and Blatchford, are still recruiting for the regiment in Buffalo.

The following are the names of the members of our band:—Peter Cramer, Jr., leader; F. Federlein, Philip Young, H. Kehr, H. Nebrich, Philip Kehr, P. Interbitzen, D. Nebrich, Alex. Stein, Chas. Nebrich, O. Shuggins, O. Kuehn, Joseph Young, J. Shottner, F. Jacky, Thomas Dodds, F. Steinmueller, and Peter Young.

Corporal Wilcox, of "C," accidentally shot himself, while cleaning his revolver, on the 28th, the ball lodging in the bones of his right hand in such a way that the Surgeon could not extract it.

CHAPTER V.

The advance on Upton's Hill.—Our new Camp.—We are to build a Fort.—All afloat.—Fort Buffalo finished.—"All quiet on the Potomac."—A black day in our calendar.—The funeral of Egbert Wallace.—The grand review of November 20th.—A rush for glory.—Thanksgiving Day in camp.—Picket Duty.—A midnight alarm, and the Porkers routed.—Lying in "anguish."—A review by Governor Morgan.—A new camp and winter quarters.—Another disappointment.—A sham battle.—Foraging.—Merry Christmas.—We close our account with the year 1861, and strike a balance sheet.

OUR last chapter closed while we were finishing our camp, and making our final preparations for a comfortable occupancy of the same, for the time we might be obliged to spend there. A longer experience of the mutability of any and every condition of life in the field, would have shown us the futility of expecting to reap the reward of our labors.

The soldier rarely has time to make himself at home in any one place. Where he expects to stop but for a night, his tent, if he has one, may remain for weeks. But let him turn his attention to improvements, in despair of soon changing place again, and lo! no sooner has he securely fortified himself against sun, wind and rain, made his surroundings as pleasant as possible, and made all possible preparation for their utmost enjoyment, than "strike tents," says the bugle, and down comes his house. The momentary feeling of disappointment is, however, usually lost in the satisfaction of being again on the march, and the excitement of new scenes and experiences. Although we had long been prepared for another advance, yet, so often had we been disappointed, that we had ceased to think of it except as a remote possibility, and little thought the time of our stay was so near its end.

On Saturday, the 28th day of September, 1861, we of the Twenty-First were busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to our pleasant home in the woods, christened in remembrance of those on far away Erie, "Camp Buffalo." Our log guard house was nearly completed, and little remained to do but to clear away the stumps and level our new parade ground, just in rear of the fort; and this work, a large detail, armed with axes, picks and spades, was fast completing.

In camp all was quiet. The afternoon was warm, and the men off duty lay in lazy repose among the trees, or in their tents, until just as the sun seemed to have withdrawn his forces for a more effective demonstration upon the already blazing gates of the West, and the zephyr skirmishers of the night breeze lifted and swayed the tent curtains, and rustled the leaves, came the tap of that inexorable drum, rudely disturbing many a pleasant reverie, and waking the woods around with its echoes.

"Fall in for parade!"

Growling while they put on the garments thrown off for comfort, and lagging listlessly through other preparations, the men saunter into their place in file, slowly form in two ranks, number off by twos, and lazily drop their muskets to an "order," while the roll is called.

Now observe the dreamy, lack-lustre eyes, expressive of nothing, and suggestive only of weariness and inertia; the stolid, immobile faces, the dawdling attitudes, and the feeble response when a name is called, and you will say that in one of these lines which nearly fill a company street, there is not life enough to get up one healthy pulse; that a shower of shell would hardly waken in them sufficient life even to enable them to run away.

No?

Well, look again. A mounted orderly comes crashing through the woods, making the leaves fly in his wake, directly for the Colonel's tent. A moment's anxious pause, and the *long roll* rattles out. Ha! look *now!* Don't you *feel* the swell of that sudden pulse-wave, as it sends a flush to the face and sparkles to the eyes of every man in that line. Are they the sticks they looked to be but a moment ago? *Now*, there is life in every face, each foot is firmly planted, every musket lighter in the tightened grasp, and with a cheer the companies hasten to their places in line. A sick soldier comes with an assumed firmness in his tread, and the fever flush on his wasted cheek, and his captain orders him back to his tent.

We had not long to wait. The brigade was in line, and soon orders from Gen. Wadsworth arrived, and the Twenty-First, taking the right, led the advance. As soon as we cleared the woods, and the condition of the road would allow, we took up the "double quick," and soon reached "Ball's," passed our old picket stations, and our own outposts, and soon reached the railroad just abandoned by the rebels. At this place its course was through a gorge, side by side with a stream of some size, and just beyond, the steep hill-

side was deeply cut by the road, which was still very abrupt in its ascent, and blockaded by large trees thrown in to impede our advance.

Before reaching this point, Gen. Wadsworth, who had preceded us with his staff, met us, and requested our Colonel to use more haste. He replied that the long distance we had already accomplished at the double quick forbade our being urged to greater speed, but when the old General called for two companies to hurry on in advance as skirmishers, the whole regiment broke with a yell into a run, thus declaring their determination to be still foremost in the race. The pieces were loaded without halting, and as we neared the hillside capable of such easy defence against us, our long-winded, *ci-devant* firemen felt the advantage their experience at the drag ropes of hose cart or "machine" gave them over the regiments in the rear, in case of resistance at this point.

At the foot of the ascent our speed was lessened, and we were obliged to work slowly around the obstructions, but meeting no stronger opposition, soon reached the top, and then it was that we saw how formidable this position might have been made.

Soon after we passed Gen. McClellan, who said something about "the right regiment in the right place," to which compliment the boys answered with as loud a cheer as the state of their wind would permit. From one of his staff we learned that the enemy were falling back in every direction.

Twilight was deepening into darkness as we reached the summit of Upton's Hill, and when we halted at the place of our bivouac for the night, it was dark. This was upon a road crossing the Leedsburg turnpike, and which we followed to the northern slope of the hill, about a quarter of a mile to the right. The night was damp and chilly, our clothing saturated, and limbs stiffened with our exertions, and neither overcoats nor blankets had been brought, for in the hurry they must have been thrown aside upon the road. To crown the discomforts of the position, no fires could be built, until the moon rose, near midnight, and lessened the danger of thus drawing the attention of the enemy.

Several times during the night we were roused by firing in our immediate vicinity, once forming line, but soon returning to our fires again. Once the fire commenced quite briskly, and we heard the noisy charge of a troop of horse on our left, with cries of "Cut 'em down!" and a chorus of demon like yells. Once more all became quiet, and we were not roused again until the reveille caused

each to stretch his cramped limbs and resume that position which indicates man as the "lord of creation."

The "two days' cooked rations," orders for the preparation of which had so long been a by-word with the witty skeptics of Camp Buffalo, now furnished a hearty breakfast, washed down with copious drafts of spring water from the foot of the hill, and then we proceeded to make ourselves familiar as possible with our new position.

Upton's Hill is a considerably elevated ridge, about a mile in length, running north and south, and commanding a considerable extent of country, both in front and rear. Miner's and Hall's Hills on the right, and Munson's on the left, are continuations of the same line of natural defenses. In front, and about half a mile away, is the village of Falls Church. Munson's Hill was "taken" by the 2d Michigan, at the same time that we occupied this. From the formidable display of apparently strong fortifications, and its rumored strength of armament, a severe struggle for possession had been anticipated.

The surprise of the attacking party may be imagined, when, after charging up the steep bank, and over the light breastwork, they found not a bayonet to oppose them, and the cannon so formidable at a distance turned out to be only a few pump logs, and some old stove pipe on wheels, of which the boys triumphantly took possession. It was at first proposed to *spike* them, but having no rat-tail files handy, they contented themselves with merely pointing them in the other direction. The works were the merest sham, amounting to nothing but a show of fresh earth, calculated to deceive the eye at the distance of a mile or so, or even much nearer. A really strong fortification has already begun to take its place.

Why we halt here no one seems to know. It is rumored, however, that McClellan will fortify the strong positions gained, and use them as a basis of future operations. Falls Church is at present our most advanced post in this direction, and the rebel pickets are but a short distance beyond.

This morning (Sunday) our overcoats and blankets arrived, together with rations of bread, pork and coffee. A detail from each company are engaged in clearing the ground on the brow of the hill, just to the left and rear of Falls Church, where our regiment is to build a fort. We learned this morning that a scouting party returning from the front last night were fired upon by a

California regiment, and several men killed, the result of carelessness in not having the countersign. Some of the men have been foraging among the deserted rebel mansions in the neighborhood. The house of Major Nutt, which its gallant owner hastily evacuated the day of our advance, stands, or did stand, about a mile north of the hill. A party of Blenker's men, probably carrying out the precepts of old world warfare, have completely demolished it, together with that portion of the contents which they did not choose to carry away. The remains of a fine piano and other heavy furniture litter the grounds; the garden and outbuildings are sacked and destroyed, and the stock appropriated by the ravagers.

Monday, Sept. 30th.—This morning all set to work cutting away the trees on the northern slope, where our new camp is to be. In the afternoon our wagon train arrived, bringing the sick, all our camp stores, equipage and tents. An hour afterward saw every tent in its place, and once more we were in a situation of comparative comfort.

The enemy are reported to be fortifying Centreville and Manassas. Their advance force is at Fairfax C. H.

Friday, Oct. 4th.—Our new camp is finished, and we call it "Camp Rogers," in honor of our good Colonel. We have also finished clearing the site of our fort, and to-day, in the presence of Gens. McClellan and McDowell, and our own fatherly old Brigadier, the left wing, with appropriate ceremonies, broke ground for the trench, Col. Rogers turning the first spadeful. Rev. Mr. De Puy, of Buffalo, offered a prayer, or rather asked a blessing upon our labors, and we fell to with a will. In the afternoon the right wing relieved us.

From the scene of our labors we occasionally get sight of a troop of mounted rebels, only a mile or so away, upon the hills in front, and occasionally shells go screeching through the air overhead in search of them. The fire is sometimes returned, but to little effect.

Monday, Oct. 7th.—Thanks to fortune, myself and tent mates have still a shelter above our heads, and we are led to look calmly upon our minor misfortunes, in view of the fact that so many of our comrades had not even that comfort this wild, wet and dismal morning. Last evening came one of the most sudden and severe storms of rain, hail and wind, thunder and lightning, that it was ever our lot to witness. It was terrific. Pellets of ice as large as walnuts rattled against our canvas roofs, and fairly paved the streets. At

tattoo the storm had not abated, and about midnight I awoke to find the water sweeping, a foot in depth, under my bunk, which is built according to the prevalent style in camp, of poles raised on crotches some distance from the ground. By raising the sides of our tent as high as possible, we managed to give the flood free passage, and fortunately we had driven our stakes deep. Rescuing our various items of personal property from the threatening waters, we rolled up our bedding, and piled them upon it, and then, with the torrent sweeping under our feet, we roosted disconsolate until dawn lighted the dismal scene.

An old water course, which cuts the camp diagonally, is swollen to a miniature river, and woful indeed is the plight of those who unthinkingly built in its course. At the foot of the hill are collected amid the *debris* of the camp, tents, knapsacks, accoutrements, everything that could be washed away, and amid the ruin half the regiment are poking about for lost property; worst of all, our rations of bread and coffee are spoiled, and half the cooking traps have taken a furlough.

All the morning we worked in the trenches of our fort knee deep in water. Verily, fighting is not the hardest duty of the soldier, and patience is a rare virtue. Still, while the Quartermaster's whiskey lasts, this may be endured, at what future cost, who cares?

The rebels are still making our pickets near Falls Church the object of their target practice. Yesterday a couple of their shells burst in the woods just below our camp. The battery on the hill above us immediately unlimbered one of their Parrott guns, and sent a few heavy shells where the smoke indicated the position of their batteries, which had the effect of silencing them.

In the afternoon we had an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. De Puy, for which the regiment gave him a vote of thanks.

Thursday, Oct. 24th.—At last our fort is finished, and picks and spades are off duty once more, for which we are heartily thankful, while we look with pride upon the broad, firm parapet, the deep, wide ditch, with its threatening hem of abattis, and the neat, strong stockade our hands have built. It is a scientific work, and really a formidable defense, although only intended for seven guns. It will have no permanent armament or garrison. When called upon to name their work, the men unanimously elected to call it "Fort Rogers," but our noble Colonel, with characteristic modesty, "begged off," and accordingly the choice fell upon the next best name, "Fort Buffalo."

The labor of its construction has not occupied all the time since its beginning, but has afforded an appropriate and agreeable offset to our other duties, alternating with drills in battalion, brigade, and division; and numerous inspections, reviews and parades.

For the past two weeks the days have been pleasant, with few exceptions, and the nights bitterly cold. Many of the boys are building winter quarters, raising their tents upon logs cut in the woods below, and backed up the hill. Gen. Wadsworth has established his headquarters in a house upon the summit of the hill, in front of which a fort is being built, and a telegraph connects it with McDowell's, at Arlington. Everything indicates a prolonged stay, and we now expect at least to winter here.

"All quiet on the Potomac," is still the gist of the daily telegraph reports, and we of the rank and file hardly know whether to laugh with the stay-at-homes, who always mock at what they do not understand, or to take dignified refuge in the belief that we *do* understand the delay, and that it is a necessary one. Meantime, it makes little difference whether we do or not, except in so far as we influence the opinions of our friends in the masses at home, who represent what is called "public opinion," a power which few leaders care to ignore.

For the past three days the weather has been rainy and disagreeable. We seem to have taken a last farewell of all the poetry of camp life. Under the influence of these "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," added to the gloomy effect of the general threadbareness of nature's livery, we sit for days under leaky canvas, or slip about in the mud—wet, cold and uncomfortable generally—and the sky never showing a bit of the "true blue" from dismal morning until murky night. No wonder that the heart barometer sinks to the lowest degree short of positive melancholy. Still the boys stand it nobly, and with their letter writing—that infallible antidote to the blues—their cards, and the various kinds of fun improvised by the humorists of the camp, we manage to beguile the tedium of this "winter of our discontent" to some degree.

On the 10th, private Mathewson lost his left hand by the accidental discharge of his musket.

The 49th have had a skirmish some distance to our left. On the 16th, a detachment in command of Lieut.-Col. Alberger, made a reconnoissance of the position held by the enemy upon a hill near the picket line. They were fired upon from the hill, but continued

to advance, and the enemy fell back before their fire. Night coming on, and their force being too small for further operations, they in turn fell back, and regained their camp. But one man was wounded. Lieut. Algar Wheeler, of the Twenty-First, was present, and took part in the performance.

On the same day, Adjutant Sternberg returned to camp with fourteen recruits from Buffalo. They are a fine lot of fellows.

We have several times been ordered to prepare for an advance, but we are getting used to that, and take it as a matter of course.

Monday, Nov. 4th.—This is a black day in our calendar. Last night, one hour before midnight, Sergeant Egbert Wallace, "B" Company, died of typhoid fever.

From that low cot in the hospital tent, around which might stand none nearer of kin than his brothers in arms, while the wild night tempest wailed and sobbed without, like a dirge for the young life ebbing there, went out another free soul.

Few knew young Wallace but to love him. Possessed of many endearing qualities, the light heart and generous impulses of youth, with all the energy and ambitious fire of maturer years, his loss is severely felt by his sorrowing comrades, by whom his memory will ever be sincerely cherished.

This is the first death from disease in our regiment since its organization, a fact to be wondered at, when we remember that no regiment has been more exposed to unhealthy influence, or suffered more from severe and general illness. While men have been dying daily in the camps around, we, thanks to the care and skill of Dr. Wilcox, and his assistant, Dr. Peters, have been passed over until now. May the future be as well for us in this respect, and if death *must* reap from these goodly ranks, let it be on the battle field.

Wednesday, Nov. 6th.—This morning all attended the funeral services of Egbert Wallace. It was a most impressive scene. A soldier's funeral. Not under the dim canopy of one of man's temples; not blocked by a sight-seeing crowd, nor followed by a train of showy vehicles, whose occupants may to-morrow forget the dead in his narrow house; but under God's free dome, from which the storm canopy floated aside the while, attended by comrades whose grim faces bear traces of unusual tears, and heralded to the last abode by the wailing of brazen throats, and the mournful tuck of muffled drums.

At ten, a detachment from each of the companies, with "B" entire, fell in and formed in two lines in front of the Colonel's tent,

resting upon their arms, and facing each other; surrounded by the remainder of the regiment, assembled without arms. A stretcher was placed in the centre for a bier, and then, with the flag at half mast, and each head uncovered, while the band played a mournful dirge, the coffin, borne by four comrades, and preceded by the Chaplain, approached the centre of the square, from the tent where the body had lain in state. The burial service, always impressive and beautiful, seemed more so than ever,—so in keeping with its solemnity were all the surroundings.

A short sermon from the Chaplain, with a moral from the life and death of our young comrade, and then a flag draped ambulance approached; the striped and starry emblem of the cause he came to fight for, hid him from our view; the slow, sad strains of the dead march followed it away, and the escort wheeled slowly into the rear.

In the far away home his family wait to receive him, for among the graves of his kindred they would have him rest, so the last sad duty belongs not to us. At Arlington the escort fire a parting salute and return sadly to camp.

The weather lately is very rainy and cold, and not the most favorable for an introduction to camp life. I fear the recruits who arrived this morning will have a hard time of it.

Nov. 8th.—To-day we received our pay for the months of September and October, in the new treasury notes or "greenbacks."

Wednesday, Nov. 20th.—A memorable day to the Army of the Potomac. Sixty thousand men to-day passed in review before the President and General McClellan. At eight this morning, with all things prepared as if for a long march, we fell in and took our way to Bailey's Cross Roads, where the immense waste, cleared of trees, fences and other obstructions, affords splendid review ground.

Upon all roads, columns of foot and horse, and trains of artillery, were verging to this point, and in every direction the morning sun gleamed back from lines of bayonets, and the wind mingled the notes of martial music from many bands.

We reached our position near the centre of the ground at about nine, and from that time until after noon the troops continued to pour in from every point, until as far as the eye could reach might be seen the dark masses, thickly covering the plain, and glittering with polished arms. Seven divisions,—McCall's, McDowell's, Heintzleman's, Porter's, Franklin's, Blenker's and Smith's,—comprising ninety regiments of infantry, twenty batteries,

and nine regiments of cavalry, making a total of nearly sixty thousand men, were gathered within a space of three square miles. A more magnificent spectacle is rarely seen. It was heart stirring.

Soon after noon, we heard in the distance the swell of the music and thunder of cannon, announcing that the commander was approaching. It was some time before he reached our part of the field, and we stood waiting and listening to the cheers which, in defiance of all discipline, greeted him as he rode along the line. McDowell, who prefers always military propriety rather than popularity, was peremptory in ordering *his* division to avoid "disgracing themselves" in such a manner; but when "little Mac" came in sight, even the presence of our stern old division commander, and the warning glance of his eye as he attended the Chief along his lines, could not suppress an occasional cheer. Our own regiment, however, kept silence.

As he approached, band after band took up the strain, "Hail to the Chief," and every musket was brought to a "present." As he passed he scanned the ranks with a quick eye, occasionally addressing some remark to the President, who rode by his side, or to one of the accompanying generals, seemingly well pleased. More than an hour was thus occupied, although they rode fast from line to line; and then McClellan took his stand on the north side of the plain, surrounded by his staff, while in the rear were grouped the thousands of civilians who had crossed to see the display, among whom the ladies seemed most numerous, and waved their white hands and handkerchiefs with commendable perseverance.

The infantry passed in close column by division, the cavalry in company front, and it took *four hours and thirty-six minutes* for all to pass in review, although in as close order as possible. It was rumored that the object of the review was to select the best troops for special service, and every regiment did its very best. As the Twenty-First wheeled into column, the Colonel said "Now, *steady*, boys! remember your reputation is at stake,"—and we did remember it, every elbow just touched its neighbor, our feet touched the ground together, as if controlled by some unseen clockwork, every eye was fixed to the front as though frozen in its socket, and every mouth firmly closed. I don't think a single face relaxed one iota even when McClellan was plainly heard to say, "That is well done, men,"—*but all heard it*, and remember it in mutual gratulations.

We returned to camp at dark.

Thursday, Nov. 28th, 1861,—and Thanksgiving day.—Have been solacing myself with the idea that we might be infinitely worse situated, and trying to be very thankful for my plate of hominy, and slice of green fat pork. Can't help looking a little on the other side, too, and comparing the present with past thanksgivings. Result, a heavy balance in favor of the latter.

Everybody seems to be very much lost to-day. For a wonder, there are no drills, and every man you meet looks as if he had a holiday and didn't know what to do with it. I think if they could sit down with their friends at home to-day, they would be content to take hominy for dinner during the next three hundred and sixty-five.

Balloon reconnoissances have been renewed on this part of the line. A week ago to-day, Prof. Lowe's monster observatory made its appearnce again in our neighborhood. On Sunday, the 24th, some snow fell, and next day we took our first turn of picket duty on the new line.

After posting the men of the first relief, the reserve, in command of Gen. Wadsworth, proceeded to secure some forage, consisting of a large quantity of corn, hay, and oats, together with some sixty head of cattle, at the farm known as "Doolan's," about a mile beyond the lines.

A detachment of the 30th N. Y. V. were surprised about a week before at this place, while on the same errand, and thirty of their number taken prisoners.

The negroes, by order of their master it is supposed, asked the men into their quarters, offering them hoe-cake and milk. The bait took, and while all were engaged with the unaccustomed luxury, the rebel cavalry swooped down upon them. A few escaped, but all their horses, wagons and arms fell into the hands of the enemy. The others are now doubtless paying, in Richmond, the price of their neglect of ordinary caution.

Nearly all the slaves have taken French leave; a few had been sent to Fairfax by their masters for safety, probably those he considered least reliable.

The old "Aunty" who gave us a cup of milk at her cabin door, bewailed the fate of her youngest daughter. "Marse William," she said, "done send her to wait on dem secesh officers, an I spec I won't see her any more."

We assured the good old creature, who by the way was almost as white as ourselves, that when we took Fairfax we would send her

daughter home, a promise that seemed to give her much comfort. Our conversation with her left no doubt as to "Marse William's" complicity in the capture. She said that when the troops were about to leave, the leader rode up to her door and gave her a letter, saying "give that to your master William and tell him I am *much obliged*." The old man has been arrested and sent to Washington.

Picket duty is not quite so pleasant as in the summer, but an occasional cavalry raid, or affair with the sneaking bushwhackers who infest the lines, makes it just dangerous enough to be interesting. Stuart's Virginia Cavalry are just now our especial bugbear, and harrassing the pickets seems to be their especial delight. The woods abound in a gaunt, lean kind of pigs, and if they ever were domesticated they have forgotten the fact, for at the approach of man, they snort and scud away with tucked up bellies and bristling backs, as if conscious of his inherent love of fresh meat. Although firing, except in case of an alarm, is strictly prohibited, piggy does sometimes tempt the charge out of the musket of some hungry soldier, and those who prefer the lean are sure to get enough of it. But in the night when all is quiet, and the watchful sentinel listens intently for any unusual sound that may warn him of a hostile approach, he is sometimes startled by the stealthy tread of one of these porcine foragers.

The nearest approach to an alarm on our first night, was in this wise: Of the four men at our station, one was posted and the others were to relieve in their turn, each standing two hours. It was near midnight when a hearty kick roused me from a sound sleep beside the little fire we had built, and masked with boughs, in the rear of our post. I needed to ask no questions, for I saw that each man had taken a tree, and I hastened to follow the example. The man on post had heard strange noises, and seen dark objects moving along the ground in front. With suspended breath and eager eyes, we looked and listened, expecting each moment to see the flash of arms, and meet the rush of our assailants. Thus passed some moments of intense anxiety. The wind rustled through the pines, just breaking the gloomy silence with a sound more gloomy. Each one stood like a statue beside his tree, and the flickering light of the fire only served to distort and mingle the objects around. Suddenly it occurred to us, that by being in the light we exposed ourselves without gaining any advantage, and so, with muskets at a "ready," we moved forward from tree to tree, intent upon proving the cause of our alarm. Suddenly we saw

them. One, two, three, four,—yes, there were four, and they were down upon hands and knees, and seemed to be listening. "Who goes there?" demanded a chorus of four preternaturally steady voices, while four muskets at deadly level waited the reply, when, —Oh, shades of Pan!—a medley of astonished snorts and grunts responded, and a troop of *wild hogs* ingloriously turned tail and scampered through the pines!

We returned to our fire somewhat crestfallen, but the joke was too good, and we laughed long and heartily. Had he on post been a man of weak nerves, he would have undoubtedly fired at first, and never would have believed but that danger and death were that night his near neighbors.

Blenker's pickets, on our left, were driven in by rebel cavalry next morning. No lives lost. At three o'clock, the 35th passed us, going towards Fairfax on a reconnoisance. Soon afterwards the men on post were relieved, and marched in to the reserve.

We found the boys very comfortably situated in a grove of young pines. They had built large bough houses, making first a framework of poles, and then laying on a heavy thatch of cedar boughs, with the tips down and overlapping in such a manner as to shed water. It is surprising to observe how man adapts himself to circumstances. All the luxuries of home seem to be forgotten, and those who least appreciated them are exulting in the comforts of an open shed and a roaring fire, and beds of fragrant cedar boughs. Against the trees hang the carcases of some defunct grunters, possibly killed in mistake for "secesh." No one asks any questions, and all slice for themselves, rammers and bayonets serving as substitutes for spits. Some of the boys have brought some buck-wheat flour in their haversacks, and are frying pancakes for breakfast. Others have been foraging, and are feasting on fresh hoe-cakes and milk, bought of the darkies. Some are cleaning their guns; others squat in groups, very intent on the mysteries of whist, euchre or "seven up;" a few are writing; more are reading; many are rolled snug in their blankets, sleeping off the fatigue of that "last trick" on post; while a noisy party are making the woods ring with some boyish game of romps. Every true lover of nature is at heart a vagrant, and there is to such an one something irresistibly attractive in the wild freedom of this kind of life.

On the 27th we were relieved from picket duty by the 20th Militia, and returned to camp. It was a rainy, disagreeable day, and the mud very deep, so that we were somewhat wet and dirty

after our four miles march back to camp. Soon after relieving us, the 20th were charged upon by Stuart's Cavalry, but had the good luck to lose no men.

To-day, (28th,) it still rains. Col. Rogers has gone home on sick leave, and Lieut.-Col. Root, who arrived from Buffalo on the 25th, is in command.

Tuesday, Dec. 3d.—A bitter cold day. We have just returned from an expedition in search of Stuart's Cavalry.

Last night at one o'clock we were roused with orders to prepare to march at three. No one knew our destination, or what we were expected to do, and we naturally supposed that a general advance was being made. So we packed everything we must leave behind, and filled our haversacks and canteens, also taking good care to have plenty of cartridges in our boxes.

At three we were on the march, the men in excellent spirits and boiling with excitement. The moon gave us but a little fitful light through a cloudy sky, but as the road was frozen firm we marched rapidly. Our course was out the Leesburg turnpike, and toward Fairfax, and all felt certain that this time we should see some fighting. A regiment of cavalry and a battery passed us just below Falls Church.

At daylight we halted, filing off from the road into a thick pine undergrowth, having marched about seven miles. Our position commanded the road by which we came, and also another from the direction of our lines, which joined it here, and we now learned the object of the expedition. Stuart's Cavalry had been seen on our right the day before, and was supposed to be still in the vicinity of our lines. Hoping to trap them, various forces had been sent out quietly at the same time, to occupy different points by which they might attempt to return, and cut off their retreat, while other forces were to beat the country in search of them. Our orders were to lie quietly in the bushes and be ready for them. So throwing out scouts to guard against surprise, we waited. Fairfax was but half a mile away, and we heard the reveille in the rebel camps quite plainly,—so plainly that we began to think we stood a fair chance for a fight, whether the cavalry came or not, if we were to stay there long. It was so cold that the water froze in our canteens, and as we could of course build no fires, and were obliged to lie perfectly quiet under cover of the little trees, the discomforts of our position may be imagined.

Our Major would not even allow us to smoke our pipes, and warned us of the danger of any risk that might betray us to the neighboring foe. A litter of plump, white, tempting looking pigs, just the right size for roasters, put our forbearance to an inconceivable test by wandering through the grove, almost within reach. We looked upon the innocents with gloating eyes, but the Major was there, and it wouldn't do to risk even the faintest bit of a squeal. He was even fain to drive them away lest some one should come to look for them.

Thus passed the day, and at three o'clock we were ordered to fall in and get back silently. Our plan, through some treachery, probably, had become known in time to enable the enemy to avoid us, and so our lying all day in ambush,—or, as the boys say, in *anguish*,—resulted in nothing but disappointment. We arrived in camp at dark this evening, rather tired and hungry.

At nine o'clock last Friday night, (29th,) we received orders to march at four next morning, but after our making every preparation, the orders were countermanded. Yesterday we had a thorough inspection, and everything was found to be in excellent order throughout.

Saturday, Dec. 7th.—The last three days have been delightfully fine; the weather much like our Indian Summer at home. The hills are brown, and the forests blazing with the rich red and yellow of the unfallen leaves,—except in the distance, where the hazy atmosphere blends all with the dull gold of the sunlight. Beautiful days for wanderings beside running streams, or in the forests, or for basking on the hill sides and dreaming the hours away. Even in her present aspect of decay and ruin, Virginia is still beautiful, noble in decline. Nature has given here with an unsparing hand, but man has introduced a curse,—the serpent has been at work, and this Eden, like that of old, becomes a desert.

From any of these hills may be numbered many blackened chimneys that rise above hearths now cold,—warmed last by the brand of the destroyer. How sad to look upon one of these ruins; the charred roof-trees, the gardens trampled, the flowers destroyed, the vine and trellis broken down together, and think how sadly sacred every nook of the forsaken home must be in the bitter memory of some exile.

The forests, so long the pride of these hills and vales, are for miles laid prostrate in the range of our guns, and thickly clothe the ground with their decaying leaves. An age will not replace them,

but Virginia will recover her forests sooner than wipe away the enduring blot on her fair name, and the terrible results of retribution.

Wide indeed is the desolation of war, and peace with her restoring wand follows but slowly and painfully in his desolated path.

To-day we have been reviewed by Gov. Morgan. He was expected yesterday but did not come, and we had a review "on our own hook," before the Major. To-day he came, and this morning our division assembled at Ball's. We were on the ground at eight. The fog was unfortunately so thick as to sadly mar the effect of the display, and considerable skill must have been displayed in avoiding a confusion in the movements. However, it was satisfactory, and McDowell said we had never done better, which was considerable for *him* to say, as he rarely condescends to commend.

At parade this evening, we greeted the return of our Colonel from Buffalo, with three rousing cheers. It is his first absence, and he must have used immense self sacrifice to tear himself from home again after so short a visit.

Sunday, Dec. 15th.—For the last four days we have been very busy in removing our camp to the summit of the hill, and building winter quarters. Last Thursday our officers staked out the new ground, upon the site until then occupied by the 5th Rhode Island Battery. It is a splendid location, somewhat exposed to the wind, of course, but none the less healthy for that. Our new camp fronts the road; just in the rear is a line of shade trees, among which the officers' quarters are placed; and still farther back, is a very large barn, of which our Quartermaster has taken possession. An old dwelling just on the brow of the eastern slope, and to the left of the camp, makes an excellent hospital, and from this point we have a fine view of all the country between us and Washington, the dome of the Capitol looming in the distance, and beyond, the blue hills of Maryland.

Across the road, within a stone's throw of the camp is Fort Upton, and in its rear is the mansion, now occupied by the General of our brigade. To the left of this is the camp of the 20th* N. Y. S. M., and the 23d are still further back upon a low ridge on the southern slope. The 35th still occupy their first camp at Taylor's Tavern.

A uniform construction of quarters for the companies was decided upon by the Colonel. The streets are eighteen feet in

* This regiment had lately been assigned to our brigade.

width, with a trench on either side, the tents of each company in two lines facing each other, and in the rear of each is an interval of four feet, separating it from the rear of its neighbor in the next company. Along this interval is another trench, communicating between the tents with the one in the street. These, if kept open, will aid greatly in keeping the camp dry, as the ground has quite a slope to the front.

The tents themselves are raised on log walls four feet in height. the interiors floored with boards brought from long distances by the boys, that commodity being in great demand, and proportionately scarce. The ruined buildings in the neighborhood have been appropriated, piecemeal, long since, even to the last nail, or bit of wood or iron, that could be made of any possible use in camp. The bricks from the chimneys are used to build fireplaces and chimneys in the quarters, and where the architect finds his material giving out, before the vent has reached a sufficient height, he tops it with a barrel. These furnaces are becoming rather unpopular. It is considered capital fun to drop a few cartridges down your neighbor's chimney, which may be considered rather practical, but is undoubtedly a new way of cracking a joke. The joked party moreover, rarely fails to see the point, and usually sallies out with considerable profanity, and the biggest convenient stick, in search of the funny party, but usually is obliged to content himself with repeating the joke on some one, who in turn victimizes some one else, and so it goes. By the way, this is the usual course of camp justice, as practiced by the men, without the trouble and uncertainty of an appeal to authority. If your blanket, cup, canteen, or any other article is appropriated by some person or persons unknown, and not easy to be discovered, you must say nothing, but just capture the first like article you find lying around loose, the owner of which will, as a matter of course, "go and do likewise." This proceeding is not considered theft; no particular blame is attached to it, and the process is called *winning*, *Blenkering*, or *out-flanking*, military terms being considered most legitimate.

A considerable improvement in warming the tents is the small sheet iron stove now extensively manufactured in Washington, and beginningto be generally used in camp. They are also very convenient forcooking purposes. The interior accommodations of the quarters are gotten up according to the taste and convenience of the occupants, and present a great and ingenious variety of useful contrivances.

Altogether we may be quite as comfortable as we choose, and the prospect is good for an easy and agreeable time until spring opens another campaign.

The weather continues fine. Last Monday morning being very pleasant, we were excused from drills to give us an opportunity to wash our clothes. A fine stream, with a clean rocky bed, at the foot of the hill, is an excellent place for this; and here, on a fine morning, the men resort with their "washing," and to bathe, taking time for the latter duty while their clothes are drying.

In the afternoon we were ordered out to exercise in firing, with blank cartridges, but were hardly out of camp when we were met with orders to hurry to the support of Blenker's brigade, whose pickets had suddenly been driven in by the enemy's cavalry, and were having a lively time. Only waiting to exchange our blanks for ball cartridges, we started on the double quick, taking the right of our brigade.

As usual, we had a good run for nothing, only seeing a parcel of bewildered Dutchmen, half frightened out of their wits, and insisting, each louder than the other, that they had barely escaped annihilation. The enemy, however, had retired, and no lives had been lost; and so we took the road for camp, where we arrived at sundown, rather tired and hungry, and without having gained any additional laurels.

Next day we had a division drill, with a sham battle, during which we got up a high state of excitement. Feats of prodigious valor were innumerable, the charges were splendid, and bravely met, and we were smutted with powder to our heart's content. It was really a fine sight; almost as good to look at as the reality. The lines dimly seen in proportion to their distance in the smoky atmosphere; the leveled muskets belching their sulphurous jets, and the rammers twinkling overhead as they were loaded again; the batteries seen for a moment, then hid in a cloud of their own making, the cavalry charging with wild yells, madly swinging their sabres, cutting and hewing, and then filing to right and left, to form again in the rear, with here and there some genius kicking about on the ground, and dying in the most approved stage manner, together with many an involuntary tumble, leaving a riderless horse to gallop away, while his discomfited rider picked himself up and got out of the way, made it a stirring sight.

We have orders to-night to prepare to march at daybreak. It is supposed the object of the expedition is to secure forage for the brigade.

Monday, Dec. 16th.—This morning at four we left camp, taking the Vienna road, which we followed until within a short distance of that place, with Fairfax in sight on our left. Our brigade was out in force, and well supported. Several batteries and regiments of cavalry accompanied the expedition, which had for its object, first, a complete survey for a map of the country ; next, the capture of a large amount of forage, consisting of corn, oats and hay. Both were accomplished without any opposition, our force being too strong to tempt an attack. From the movements of other forces through the day, it was apparent that the whole of the debatable country between the lines was being mapped, probably from Leesburg to the neighborhood of Germantown. Our scouting parties found in the old camps many documents of rare interest, principally letters and orders written before the fight at Bull Run, and which have been carefully sent home. In the camp of the 8th South Carolina Regiment, I found the original muster roll of company "C." It is a curiosity. The blank is filled up in a round clerkly hand, which is again recognized, where the officers signed their names, as that of one of the lieutenants. About one-third of the men could write their names; the rest had scrawled their marks. Of those who could write, about one in six has made his name legible, and the lines zigzag down the columns like a Virginia fence. Evidently the boast of our chivalrous neighbors about their "best blood," in the rank and file, does not cover all cases. Here we see an evidence of the contrary.

We arrived in camp at four in the afternoon, with eighty wagon loads of forage. The farmers from whom it was taken objected strongly, although assured that the receipts given them would be good for the value of the property taken, and, *if they could prove their loyalty*, promptly cashed in Washington. The fact of their remaining unmolested so near, in fact, until lately, *within* the rebel lines, is rather against them. The people living in a part of the country thus exposed to both parties, have a most precarious tenure of their possessions. Either party may plunder them, as it is impossible to be loyal to both, and to temporize with one is to call down the vengeance of the other. I think it would be but fair in the government to protect these people first and depend upon their loyalty afterward. It is but natural for them to endeavor to save

their families from penury by appearing to sympathize with the rebel while his power surrounds them; and it is hard that they should for no greater disloyalty than this be stripped of their support for the winter months.

The railroad beyond our picket lines has been destroyed, the rails torn up and bent, being heated in the piles of burning ties, and twisted among the rocks in such a manner as to make it impossible to straighten them by any means within our command. The wagon roads are ditched across and blockaded in many places. It is said that the rebels do not expect to hold this part of the State, but intend only to make it worthless to any one else. Poor old Virginia suffers for consenting to rake the chestnuts of the central and border States out of the fire, and now they mock the agonies of their dupe.

Dec. 29th.—Another death in our regiment. Bowman, of "H" Company, left camp Christmas morning to visit some friends in another regiment, and did not return. He was found the day after Christmas, on the railroad a mile from camp, frozen to death.

His funeral, at two this afternoon, was attended by a large part of the regiment. He was buried in the old church-yard at Falls Church.

Christmas was duly observed in camp. Men were excused from all drills for the day, and passes granted to all who asked. A privilege used by so many that the camp was nearly deserted.

We went on picket duty next day, and after forty-eight hours of the usual fatigue and cold, were relieved by the 29th. Hardly had we reached camp when we were ordered out to take our place in the division, a drill and sham battle at Bailey's furnishing the occasion. After reaching the ground "B" and "D" were detached as skirmishers, to take the right of the division, and then followed two hours of violent exercise, made more severe by the weight of the knapsacks, which we were not allowed to lay aside.

We now approach the end of the year. When we left home we little thought the year 1862 would find us still in Virginia, but hoped long ere this to see the old flag restored to its place in every State from the Potomac to the Gulf.

How near that consummation is approaching, who can say? but at any rate *we* have long since abandoned the idea of an easy conquest of the disaffected portion of the Union.

To attempt a detailed summary of what has been gained in the struggle against the "monster" whose back-bone the war journals

have so repeatedly declared broken, would in us be a work of supererogation. Rather let the impartial verdict of the future sum our triumphs and our failures, and proceed we with the humble memorial which confines us to the labors of a mere fraction in the hosts of the Union. Perhaps, after all, our chiefest triumph thus far is not so much in what our enemies have suffered at our hands, as in the proofs a world has witnessed, of the devotion of a great people to the principles inherited from the fathers who maintained them in the face of almost overwhelming obstacles.

Of our own part in the drama of the day, those who have followed our fortunes through the preceding pages can judge for themselves. That it is not an easy one is evinced by the anxiety of all, from highest to lowest, for the commencement of an active campaign, dreading the fatigues of the march and the perils of the field much less than the tasteless drudgery of an army of occupation.

We have been nearly eight months in the service. The regiment has gained much in that time. In discipline and condition for severe and efficient duty we stand second to few. The hard work we have had to do has tested and developed endurance and sifted out the physically inefficient, and discipline has effected the same good result in the moral condition of the command.

We left Elmira with seven hundred and fifty-four enlisted men. Our loss from deaths and in number discharged, is eighty-four, and we have had sixty-four recruits, making the present strength of the regiment seven hundred and thirty-eight men, rank and file. The recruits were sworn in for the unexpired term. Their names are as follows:—

Co. "A"—John Schmidt, Jas. Bell, James Brown, Michael Cauley, John W. Doney, John Hays, Joseph H. Jones, Michael Kriffer, Peter Kline, Jacob A. Langmeyer, Peter Bieber, Antony Dasher, Christian Henry, Stoughton C. Moore, William Munroe, William R. Bassett, William C. Carter, Josephus Cheaney, George Smith, John J. Smith.

Co. "B"—August Bommell, Chas. A. Buchanan, Hugh Donaldson, Marvin Luke, Geo. Meaner, Daniel Morningstar, Louis Reihl, Orrin Stickney, Orson Stone, Edward Van Ornam, Henry Hill.

Co. "C"—Eugene Dickinson, Wm. Fox, Elbridge O. Gary, Ezra C. Hull, Wm. McDonald, Chas. Peterson, James G. Remington, Reuben A. Scofield, Conrad D. Stabler, Francis A. Valentine, George Williams, Curtis W. Rose, Robert Sutcliffe, Chas. R. Peck,

Wm. G. Rice, Lova M. Fuller, Charles Kingman, Stephen M. Barker.

Co. "D"—Heman Guild, Benjamin F. Hemstreet, James L. Hill, Walter B. Hubbard, Frank Robinson, William B. Taylor, Burt Woodworth, Michael J. Birsch, Wm. R. Deacon, Robert W. Deacon, George N. Merrill, Henry C. Stevens, John Brazill, Michael J. Coan.

Co. "E"—Daniel Barst, John Moore, Benjamin Adamy, Homer M. Choate, Wm. H. Hause, Wm. G. Monroe, Jacob Randall, John Herman, Geo. W. Proctor, Wilder Vantine, George A. Hamlin, Franklin Steiver, Godfrey Hermann, Edward Cook, Byron Chaffee.

Co. "F"—Franklin Averill, Walter E. LaMontagne, James R. Lewis, John G. Mayer, Milton Moon, Joseph Olheiser, Julius C. Ritter, Alfred Sweetapple, Matthew M. Upthigrove, Peter Besor, James McCarty, James Wilson, Erhard Wurthan, Wm. W. Bement, George Mauley.

Co. "G"—Philip Hassinger, Henry H. Kinsky, Chas. W. Myers.

Co. "H"—Sanford Freeman, John Trigg.

Co. "I"—R. J. Patterson, Jos. Lasson, Henry J. Fox, Adam Keel, Henry Muncie, Edwin Irwin, John Diegle.

Co. "K"—John J. Brush, Philip Herbold, Alanson Bulson, Caspar Blieler, Edward V. Babcock, Marcus Fields, William C. Hubbell, Wilbur Mitchell, John McKibbin, Louis J. Ottenot, Jas. E. Reed, Joseph Reed, Albert Zimmerman, Chauncey B. Mathewson, William H. More, Chas. E. Morselow, Thos. H. Mahama, James Kelley, Conrad Kline, Joseph Prior.

Private Cleveland Houghton of "D," has been promoted to the Adjutancy of the 25th (Col. Kerrigan's) Regiment, N. Y. S. V.

To-night we are "watching" the old year out and the new in. The usual discipline of the camp is relaxed. At "taps," the curfew of the camp, the stentor voice of our Adjutant does not, as usual, thunder a warning to surreptitious burners of government tallow, and a majority of the boys are quietly enjoying the unaccustomed indulgence, and arranging plans for to-morrow's jollification, of which more anon.

CHAPTER VI.

New Year's Day in Camp.—A Reverie.—Order of the Day.—The Weather during January and February.—Mud.—Camp Duty.—Drills.—Target Practice.—Pay-day again.—The Allotment Act.—Kindness of the Citizens of Buffalo.—The Lady Visitors in Camp.—Washington's Birth-Day.—A Hurricane.—Preparations for an Advance.

"WISH you a happy New Year, boys!" says the Captain, popping his head into our tent just as reveille is coaxing our morning slumbers away, and "Sounds from Home" are sweetly floating through the camp from the eloquent instruments of Cramer and his band, irresistibly carrying the waking thoughts back to old happy times and far away Buffalo.

We hear the Captain's greeting repeated and returned from tent to tent down the street, and the words come to us with a new meaning; around them form new thoughts, new ideas, blended with longings often and sadly felt before, but now making a halo round the mystic invocation, and bright with the radiance of hope. What are those words to us? Shall the happiness we ask be answered in the renewal of old and cherished ties? Shall a nation rejoice that war and desolation cease, and the dawn of a new day opens upon us in this eighteenth century and sixty-second year of the Gospel of Peace? Or does it mean the happiness born of a faithful discharge of duties that bring no greater reward than the consciousness of faithful effort for the right, strength and patience under a soldier's trials, and a firmer trust in the Power that "doeth all things well?"

Happy New Year! The words seem set to music, and float above us like chimes of joyful bells. Before the soldier's eye pass in review the home scenes in which to-day his spirit takes a part. Loved forms and faces hover round, dearly-remembered voices mingle in happy greeting, and warm kisses tremble upon the lip. They are all there, and again he listens for the joyful clamor of the old church bells, and his heart laughs in his happy fullness. Again with time-honored customs, the salutation of the season marks the renewal of social ties, the board is spread with hospitable welcome to friend and stranger alike, and the sparkling glass pledges a thousand times the happiness of days to come.

The scene changes, brighter but not more happy. Again are gathered the young and beautiful where, like a dream of bewildering loveliness, they combine the drifting, eddying changes of the dance. The soul drinks the music, the feet seem winged expositors of its meaning and move lightly to its free and joyous measure, while a gentle pressure on the arm, a fragrant breath upon the cheek, a glimpse into soul-deep eyes, or the thrilling touch of a fairy hand, sends an alarm to the heart, and signal lights to the eyes, and a sighing challenge to the lips; and just then, like the Turk who woke from his last bright dream to die "'mid shout, and groan, and sabre stroke," you hear, not the "sentry's shriek," but that of a much suffering Sergeant,

"Fall in for roll call!"

Where are we?—and they! Alas! home is hundreds of miles away, and to us might as well be thousands, and we are in our tent again. The morning is cold the stove won't "draw," the tent is full of smoke, and the "boy with the auburn hair" is on his knees, alternately blowing the fire and rubbing his eyes, with a muttered—blessing, perhaps,—I'm not certain, and we all hurry on our traps and get into the street just as the Sergeant *pro tem.* is forming the line.

To-day we reverse the order of things in this regiment. Last night, as each officer laid off his shoulder-strapped coat, he knew his successor had been elected from the ranks, and that he should, this morning have to invest him with that badge of authority, and himself assume the private's jacket and his place in the ranks. This arrangement was agreed to by the officers and ordered by Colonel Rogers; and last evening we held an election of new line officers, they in turn choosing their field and staff. Seymour Colton, "D," is Colonel; Samuel McMurray, of "F," Lieut.-Colonel; John W. Comstock, of "I," Major; Willett Fargo, of "D," Quartermaster; John Bidwell, of "B," Adjutant; John Metcalf, of "D," Surgeon; and Almond Darling, of "C," Chaplain.

Guard-mounting, at nine, went off in excellent style, Captain Tuttle, of "D," being officer of the day, and Lieut. Sheppard, of "C," officer of the guard. Many of the old officers were on guard, others were chopping wood and carrying water for the cooks, with a meek resignation to their lot. And let it be recorded that no reprisals were attempted by those, for the time, in power. Only one of the deposed resisted, and he was summarily arrested and hustled off to the guard-house, as an example to all malcontents.

The morning passed pleasantly, many novel and diverting contrivances helping to that end. Among these were the calls. Ladies (!) in pork barrel hoops and blankets — *a la crinoline* — received calls, dispensing small talk and refreshments, and provoking unlimited flirtations. So passed the time until the dinner hour.

Friends at home! Think not to-day your cherished ones are deprived of the creature comforts they crave. For your own tables, loaded though they be with the best and richest the market affordeth, cannot present so marked a contrast to your ordinary work-a-day fare, as doth the serving board of our cooking quarters to its customary garniture. For know ye that we have acquired a gem of a sutler, and through his exertions we have forestalled even the Washingtonians, in the poultry market, and verily oysters are not wanting. The camp floweth also with lager beer, kegs of that amber-hued beverage having traveled hither from the camp of the Garibaldians, in exchange for much greenbacks. Therefore are we jolly and drive dull care away, and forget not to drink a fathom or more to your health and happiness. Don't imagine we are *drunken*. Oh no, we are only *happy*, as becomes the day.

Immediately after dinner, all assembled in front of Col. Rogers' quarters, and a fine flag staff soon reared its towering crest of pine-tuft upon this highest spot; and when our old garrison flag had been run "apeak," Col. Colton, who had directed the proceedings, made a speech, ending by naming our new camp "Niagara," receiving the immediate approbation of all present, expressed by three stout cheers and a "Buffalo."

Parade, at the usual hour, was witnessed by a large gathering from the camps around, attracted by the fame of our doings. Everything went off well, and no spectator could have surmised that the real officers were not in command. Instead, they were in the ranks, and did almost as well as their substitutes, allowing for the fact that a fall in rank is worn less gracefully by most men than a promotion. It had been proposed, as appropriate to the occasion, to end with an address by the new Chaplain, George N. Merrill, of "D," (vice Darling, resigned), but owing to the difficulty of forming square upon the narrow parade ground, this was omitted.

After parade were brought forth two slab-sided, vicious-looking pigs, furnished by the ex-officers, coated, in spite of their ear-splitting protests, with a good layer of grease, and escorted by the band and all the drums of the regiment to a large field near camp. Two men from each company were allowed to compete for the prize.

Spare-rib No. 1 did not see the point. He evidently was bewildered, and didn't know what was expected of him, and his stupid career suddenly ended in the hands of two of "B's" men, who, by right of tenure exerted on ears, legs and tail, claimed nine points of the law, and bore off their *lien* in triumph.

Not so with porker No. 2. Evidently expecting to make a clear case, and profiting by the experience of his predecessor, he no sooner felt himself free than he made a break in lovely style, and then followed such a race as scrub riders might dream of. The pursuit waxes hot. Piggy don't relish the close attention of his friends, and, with rare decision of purpose, changes his tactics by making a sudden and most unexpected halt; and while about a dozen soldiers collide at a tangent, and sprawl upon the ground with greased shins and ugly bruises, bears away in a new direction, exulting in the success of his stratagem. More ground and lofty tumbling follows, when another attempt is made to outflank him; but at last his enemies, by virtue of strength and number, win the day, and he is borne away, still loudly arguing the injustice of the proceeding.

"B" and "G" Companies will dine to-morrow on fresh pork.

At sunset bona fide authority resumed its place, and the camp quietly assumed its usual appearance. The day had passed most pleasantly, and if the days of the succeeding year are to follow the pattern, if the real officers and privates maintain the same mutual good feeling, and profit by their brief experience of each other's trials, all will be well.

During the months of January and February it rained almost continuously, and it was with much difficulty and suffering that our ordinary duties of picket and regimental guard, and the necessary work of the camp, could be performed. Our trials may be summed up in one word, and that is, *mud!* Cleanliness and comfort, synonymous terms with men whose homes are not forgotten, were no more; literally sunk in the floods of weakly dilute alluvium, that everywhere clogged the feet of the army. On duty our shoes were full of it, our garments a mass of mingled fibre and clay, our belts and arms plashed and smeared with the "sacred soil," and so were bunks, seats and floors in our tents. Even our food could not escape the universal contamination: pork, soup and beans were more or less gritty, and our coffee thick with the clayey solution from the spring, which never had time to settle. Guard duty was hard, but few of the boys will remember any duty more severe than

that of the succeeding day, when the old guard were obliged to procure the wood and water for the cooks. The former they cut from among the leveled trees some distance from the hill, and loaded upon the wagons ready to drag it to camp, where it had to be cut in proper lengths for the fires. The water was brought from the spring below the orchard on the hill-side, up a slope of forty-five degrees, and a distance of fifty rods to the camp, in the black, greasy kettles,—holding from five to ten gallons,—used to boil pork, beef, soup, or coffee, and the least touch of which was ineffaceable pollution to light blue, or any other trowsers. To descend this hill was easy enough, as many knew to their cost; for once started, one must needs go down, whether he could keep his feet under him or not. But to climb it, thus burdened, required strength and patience unlimited.

Through the winter, and in fact whenever we were established in camp, the cooking was done by men detailed for that duty, and relieved generally about once a month. These were excused from other duty except the usual parades and muster. One of our first cares, in preparing for the winter, had been to build substantial log kitchens, which are probably standing to this day. These were roofed generally with boards, like those built for the officers, a few with canvas, and afforded shelter for the cooks and storage for the rations.

The severe drills which, up to the time when the weather made them impossible, had occupied most of our time when not on picket duty, had familiarized us with the most difficult movements in company, battalion and brigade, so that, at this time, our officers confined our drill mainly to skirmishing and the bayonet exercise; and whenever the ground froze to the necessary hardness, the whole regiment, usually in command of Lieut.-Col. Root, would go out for a course of severe sprouts in these exercises. Target firing, too, was practiced almost daily, and in their desire to outdo each other, the men rapidly became good marksmen, which they were not likely to do with the old smooth-bore pieces. Our new arms (received January 23d), of the latest Springfield pattern, rifled and accurately sighted, were very much liked, and were really as good a rifled arm as the service, perhaps the world, could boast. Our usual range for practice was from one to five hundred yards, using the regulation target. A circular from headquarters, desiring brigade commanders to "improve every opportunity to practice their men as skirmishers and to have target practice, with a view to

pick out the best shots for sharpshooters," and that "the names of one hundred and fifty of the best shots in each regiment" be given in for that purpose, created no little excitement and emulation, all being anxious to be detached for that desirable service. That, however, was the only result, as the detail was never made, and when we finally took the field, the flank companies usually acted as skirmishers.

On the eighth of January we received two months' pay, and, as usual, a large portion of it was instantly sent to the mothers, wives and little ones at home. To provide for safe and easy transfer of such amounts as the soldiers wished to send home, Government had appointed commissioners from each State to visit the camps of its regiments, and superintend the making out of allotment rolls, each man to specify the sum to be reserved from his monthly pay, and for which he would, instead, receive a bit of script, negotiable at any bank, which might be sent by mail without risk, as only the person in whose favor the allotment had been made could get it cashed. The commissioners from New York visited our camp on the 24th of January, and explained the object and provisions of the law to the assembled regiment; after which the roll of each company was called, and each man named the sum to be reserved. The aggregate, in our regiment, amounted to about four thousand dollars per month.

Adams' Express Co. having generously offered to carry money packages for soldiers, free of cost, many preferred to send their own, not feeling certain that they should always be able to spare any given sum. The experience of succeeding months showed that these were right, for when rations were short, we were often glad to purchase of the negroes along the line of march, and the indispensable tobacco alone often made a large breach in our sinking fund.

The citizens, especially the ladies, of Buffalo, often made us to feel, during these winter months, that we were not forgotten. It would be impossible to enumerate all the acts of kindness and good will of which we were the grateful recipients. The same kind hands that provided us with havelocks for the scorching summer, now made us nice soft woolen socks, gloves, mittens with one finger, and gave good bedding and other necessaries for the hospital. The young ladies of the Central School, those charming little patriots whose willing fingers made the flag we swear by, were especially deserving of credit; and many a soldier, during those bitter nights

of picket duty, blessed them for arming his hands and feet against the cold.

Many of our Buffalo friends visited our camp during the winter, and many of the officers, secure against moving for some time, sent for their wives. The effect of the presence of these ladies was not more salutary than wonderful. Every man, from highest to lowest, seemed to put on his best behavior; the uniforms were never so carefully brushed before, the camp was never so neat, and everything that could by any means prove disagreeable to our guests was strictly tabooed. It was funny, and yet sad, to see the wistful looks cast on the spot from which they would witness parade, and the almost envy provoked in the hearts of those who were not the lucky wearers of shoulder-straps, and who were thus led to remember their own wives and sweethearts.

They finally went away, near the last of February, when we knew we should advance soon, and the camp relaxed into semi-barbarism.

The 22d of February was marked by an act of mercy. After the reading of Washington's Farewell Address, at parade, an order by our Colonel was read, pardoning all prisoners confined in the guard-house by sentence of regimental court martial, in honor of the day. In the evening our camp was illuminated, as were many others in our vicinity.

On the 24th came a heavy storm of rain, and as it ceased, the wind rose to the dignity of a full-grown hurricane. Tents collapsed, or suddenly inflated, through some unguarded opening, sailed triumphantly away, leaving their unlucky occupants out in the wet. The immense barn, back of the camp, occupied by our Quarter-master, suddenly heaved as though blown by powder, and then majestically sank to the ground, the crash hardly heard above the screaming of the wind. Luckily, all the teams were away with the wagons after supplies, and the only living creature in the building at the time was a fine horse, belonging to Lieut.-Col. Root. We soon removed enough of the ruin to reach him, and the noble fellow, but little injured, lay quietly on his side, with an immense beam across his flank, just pressing enough to hold him down firmly. He watched us appealingly, and a great sigh of relief burst from his deep lungs as we finally lifted the last beam and helped him to his feet.

Next day the ruins had to be cleared away, and having no lack of help, they were before night, even to the heaviest piece, carried

down the hill, and a few days' work made of them a good substantial stable.

And now came the pleasing prospect of an advance. On the 26th day of February we were ordered to "be in readiness to march at a moment's notice." "Two days' rations and forty rounds of cartridges," suggested something beyond picket duty, and preparations were hastily made to strike tents and away." On the same day the Colonel returned from a two days' visit to Philadelphia, and the officers immediately had everything packed. The wind had nearly dried the roads so that artillery and wagon trains could move with us. On the 28th we went on picket for the last time on the old line, and were relieved on the 2d day of March, returning to camp in more rain and fresh mud. That day James Mackay, of "D," bade us good bye. He had been promoted to a Lieutenancy in the Sixty-Second N. Y. V.

Snow and rain succeeded, and next day the roads were about as bad as ever.

About this time we first received the small shelter tent, since become so familiar. A piece of Irish linen, five feet square with buttons and holes on the edges, enabling any number of pieces to be fastened together, loops at the corners, and a small jointed stick, three feet in length, for each man.

Twice (on the 6th and 8th) we marched some miles out the Leesburgh turnpike, with knapsacks, "in heavy order" and tents slung; pitched the latter and crawled under them, at least once, just to see how it seemed; tried all the various ways of combining them, and finally voted them a fine thing.

Sunday, the 9th, we were inspected by Col. Rogers, and declared to be in good order generally. The rest of the day was devoted to letter writing, although we knew that the Northern mail had been temporarily stopped as a precautionary measure, so that our letters might lie in Washington some time, and friends at home grow anxious. That night we turned in early for we knew that orders might come at any moment. At one o'clock a sergeant passed quietly from tent to tent, arousing us with directions to prepare for the march. Our orders had come, and we were to move at five. The cooks swung the kettles with our two days rations of pork, everything was got ready for instant departure, and then all laid down to get a little more sleep.

At four all were astir, bonfires were lighted in the streets with the straw of our bunks and the remnant of firewood, and in their

glare men hurried to and fro, securing the safety of whatever must be left behind, filling haversacks and canteens, and taking a last look at the old camp, which had been the scene of so many long-to-be-remembered experiences.

At five the bugle sounded, and the cry of "Fall in!" echoed from street to street; the men hurried into their places, the line was formed, and just as daylight began to streak the east, we joyously took up the march. The morning was damp, and the hill was enveloped in an ashy canopy of smoke, through which the smouldering fires showed dimly as we turned away, wondering if we should ever see it again. On the march at last. On, perhaps, to Richmond; at least, *on;* and the foe in front, and every step bringing us nearer. All rallied with the thought, and soon rose the quaint, peculiar marching song of the Twenty-First, wherein those wild fellows were wont to declare to the hills and woods of Virginia how "the fifes and drums should greet them, as they went rolling home;" while none spoke of the louder greeting which must come ere then, perhaps many times, welcoming brave spirits to a longer rest.

We passed to the left of Fort Buffalo, and by daylight had reached the old picket line. Soon after, set in a fine drizzly rain, which continued, with few intervals, through the day. At Anandale we took the road toward Fairfax, our regiment leading the infantry column; and in the distance, far as the eye could reach followed trains of artillery, and columns of foot and horse.

We passed through Fairfax C. H. at noon, and halted for a short rest, and dinner, just beyond. The men were standing the march very well, although many found they had over estimated their pack-horse ability, and a few plethoric knapsacks disgorged a portion of their contents. A hearty dinner lightened the haversacks, too, and then we moved on. The road from Anandale to Fairfax we had found quite easy, long, regular slopes and smooth way; but after leaving the latter place, it became quite hilly.

Near four o'clock, and when within about two miles of Centreville, we filed off into a thick pine wood and pitched our tents. Building fires and opening our haversacks, we soon dried our wet clothes and satisfied hunger, and then crawled under our little tents, or gathered in knots to discusss the news brought by returning couriers. The enemy had abandoned Manassas, and our cavalry had advanced to the neighborhood of Winchester without meeting any opposing force. The latter place was still occupied by

rebel troops, supposed to be militia left to cover the retreat. The evacuation had been sudden, although preparations had evidently been commenced some time before. It was supposed that our advance had not been expected so soon, for a large amount of stores, which they had not time to destroy, fell into our hands. People living in the vicinity stated that prior to the evacuation, there were 100,000 rebel troops at Manassas and Centreville. Everything indicated a precipitate flight. All their log huts were standing, and an immense number of tents, together with a few caissons, were found, but no cannon. Two bridges, one on the Warrenton turnpike, the other across Cub Run, had been blown up.

We abandoned all expectation of a battle on the old ground, so fatal to us in July of the year before, on which we had hoped to write another story in rebel blood, and the excitement of the day was dulled by the disappointment. We still expected to move on toward Richmond.

Next morning reveille sounded at four, and we were ordered to pack knapsacks and strike tents, after which we made a hasty meal, expecting to march immediately. But the morning wore on, and no orders came, so the tents were pitched again. McClellan passed the camp near noon, toward Centreville, and all rushed to the road to cheer him as he passed. During the day, many of the men straggled from the various camps, returning near night to report to their less fortunate comrades the sights they had seen on the old Bull Run field, and loaded with excellent tobacco and many other trophies from the abandoned camps, among which monstrous bowie knives, some an arm's length, and weighing five or six pounds, and the most murderous-looking weapon we ever saw, were the most numerous.

During the following night occurred an incident illustrating the unassuming kindness of our much loved Brigadier General. Our Colonel being senior Colonel of the brigade, General Wadsworth had taken up his quarters near him, inside the guard line of our own regiment. A wagon fly, stretched across a pole on crotches, was their tent, and in front of this, beside a huge fire which it was part his duty to replenish, was posted the customary sentinel. As all soldiers are aware, no sentinel is expected to salute when on his post, between retreat and reveille. But Johnny Burke, of "F," who had more than enough "diviltry" under his suspiciously solemn exterior, knowing his duty as well as the best, also knew the failings, "leaning to virtue's side," of the good

General, and wickedly determined to practice on them. So he sturdily posted himself beside the fire, and whenever the latter showed his venerable head, which was necessarily quite often, up came John's musket to a most undeniable "present," which the General would acknowledge.

This happened so often that at last the General, to avoid it, would manage to enter and leave his tent by the rear. Finally, when about to retire, he again chanced to show himself, and in spite of the absurdity of saluting an officer in his night wrappings, up came John's musket again. This was too much, and he was hastily dismissed, with directions to tell the officer of the guard that no more men need be posted there. So Burke escaped duty for the remainder of the night, which was all he wanted, and he often afterward told gleefully how he "euchred" the General.

Next morning, much to our disgust, we were ordered out for battalion drill at eight. The same was repeated at 2 P. M., and at four the brigade was marched to Centreville, where we had another drill within the rebel defenses, during which we formed line of battle and charged the works from the rear, carrying everything before us, in demonstration of the way we thought we *would* have done, had we been a week sooner. After the drill we stacked arms, and scattered to see the sights, being cautioned not to get beyond hearing of the bugle. The quaker guns attracted us first. They were large logs of wood, the buts resting on the ground inside the works, and still retaining their bark, and the part projecting at the embrasures nicely smoothed and painted black.

The works themselves have been often described. To us they seemed practicable enough, and if they had been attacked from the front our loss must have been terrible. They had evidently been mounted with heavy field pieces, which could be removed much easier than guns on barbette carriages, and the Quakers could be removed at any time and replaced by these if necessary, although the few of those had been added to give a show of greater strength, which was really unnecessary.

The works surrounded the height in a semicircle, with here and there an advanced star-shaped fortification, detached from the rest, and within the first line of guns were rifle pits and trenches.

We envied the rebs their comfortable winter quarters. Substantial log houses, well roofed, each with two large rooms separated by a huge chimney with a fire place on each side, and filled with

tiers of cosy looking bunks, stood thickly over and below the hill and along the road to Manassas. These had been built by the slaves.

We returned to camp at dark.

Another drill in battalion in the morning, and company drill in the afternoon, were ordered on the succeeding day. Immediately on our return from the latter, we learned that Gen. Wadsworth had been made Military Governor of the District of Columbia, and was ordered to leave immediately for Washington. The whole brigade assembled informally and of their own accord to bid him adieu. As he mounted his horse and moved into the road the men surrounded him, and pressed upon him to reach his hand, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and not his alone, for all had learned to love him.

Good bye, boys! Good bye! was his farewell speech, and his husky and breaking voice made it eloquent.

The band had assembled with the rest, and as he disappeared down the road, the sweet familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne," mingled with our last cheer of farewell.

Col. Rogers succeeded him in command of the brigade, temporarily, however, although at the time we all thought he would be commissioned. Such would have been the unanimous choice of the brigade had it been for them to say.

At about this time, the place of Brigade Surgeon becoming vacant, Dr. Wilcox being senior, assumed the duties of the position. His time being now divided among so many, for he was most conscientious in the discharge of his trust, we saw much less of him than before, although his care for us did not abate.

On the morning of the 15th we were stunned by receiving orders to return to Alexandria. At half-past ten we began the first of that series of counter-marches which afterward became so common with us as to excite no surprise whatever. On this occasion we were equally surprised and disappointed, although the rumor of transports ready at Alexandria to convey us to some point on the coast was at once an explanation and a solace.

It was beginning to rain when we struck our tents, and ere the first mile was ended it came down in torrents. And so it continued through the day, beating in our faces, our clothes and blankets heavy with water, and our feet parboiling in our wet shoes, for between the hills the water ran deep across the road. At noon we halted for ten minutes, and rested against the fences, eating some of our soaked rations, and then on again. At three we reached a

swollen stream, which crossed the road diagonally in a torrent, covering the track for at least twenty rods. The bridge had been swept away, and in the pouring rain numerous regiments were trying at different places to effect a crossing. To fresh men this would have not been so difficult, but after our rapid march through the mud few felt strong enough to brace the force of the stream, which at the shallowest place on the road was breast deep. Many shouldered their accoutrements and dashed in, while others crossed slowly upon felled trees, and at last all were over. We reached the town soon after six o'clock, completely used up. We had passed many brigades within the last few miles, who had not marched as far as we, and were putting up their shelter tents in the best places they could find, for the night.

The streets of the town were soon full of weary men, and little shelter could be found, many regiments lying along the way side and resting in the rain. Our Colonel took possession of a theatre called the Metropolitan Varieties, where preparations were beginning for the night's entertainment. He declared in answer to the indignant protests of the occupants, that he should be sorry to disturb them, but that his men must have a shelter, and told the boys to take possession, which of course they did.

Such a sight few temples of the histrionic muse have seen. Instead of the usual arrangement, the seats were like those of an ampitheatre, tier above tier, and these with the stage, furnished a motley spectacle. Knapsacks were explored for dry underclothing, and after wringing the water from our uniforms, they were slung upon the backs of the seats to dry; and then, half famished as we were, the soaked contents of our haversacks furnished a hearty meal. It was late ere the house was quiet. The novelty of the situation was appreciated, and notwithstanding their fatigue the boys could not forego so excellent an opportunity for a little spouting, and the way Shakespeare was travestied to suit the occasion and the audience, was not slow, as the frequent and hearty applause of the latter proved.

Near 12, when heavy slumber pressed upon the weary "Twenty-Onesters" to that degree that a chorus of sonorous complaints on every key rose from the seats, I chanced to lie with my face to the stage, which was still dimly lighted by a bit of candle. Just at that moment one of the sleepers moved an arm, touching a canteen upon the wall, and causing it to vibrate with a musical sound which seemed to indicate that its contents were of a more etherial nature

than the sober juices of the earth, ere they have ripened in the golden grain. As if summoned by the sound, rose from the folds of slumber and a blanket, a lank cadaverous figure which earlier in the evening had been seen shivering about the stage in a blanket, chattering "Poor Tom's a cold." He glared on the sleeping forms around, listened eagerly, and as his eye caught the still soniferous canteen, his ghostly face shortened in a most unearthly smile of satisfaction:

> "Is this a canteen, which I see before me?
> Thou marshalest me the way I want to go,
> And such an instrument I like to use.
> Come, let me clutch thee."

Reaching it, he gave it a shake that made its contents chink again, and eying the unconscious victim whose — whiskey he was about to shed, again:

> "Hear it not Muggins, for it is the knell
> Of that thou lovest 'not wisely, but too well.'"

and then his head fell back, his eyes closed as his mouth opened, and the rapid motion of his swallowing apparatus indicated the value of time in a contest of wind against tide. Finally after several frantic efforts, he succeeded in getting it away from his mouth just time to escape strangulation, heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction, replaced the cork and the canteen, and turned again to take up the broken thread of slumber; —

> "I've done the deed —"

sinking back into the blanket, and —

> "Didst thou not h-e-a-r a n-o-i-s-e?" —

ended in a dreamy drawl, smothered in its sleepy folds, and a moment after, a wailing snore went up like the groan of an uneasy conscience.

Next morning many were the stiffened joints refusing to be comforted, severe rheumatism racked the bones of others, and few voices were entirely clear. Many were left in hospital, few from our regiment, however; and a few never recovered from the effects of that one day's exposure and over-exertion. Our own orderly, David Tuttle, could not speak that morning, and was soon afterward discharged, an invalid.

Those of us who were in good bodily condition and had dry clothing in our knapsacks, had not suffered much.

Breakfast of good soft bread from the Government bakeries, bacon which we cooked in the street, with our coffee, and then we were marched to the depot, as we were to return temporarily to our old camps, the town being full of troops and the transports not yet ready; but after waiting two hours, many of the boys became impatient, and started for camp in squads.

It was a relief to reach the hill again, after the trials of the preceding day; and most of the men turned into their old bunks, glad to have one more good rest on the straw.

The last stragglers arrived at night on the train with Augur's brigade. This was Sunday, and emphatically a day of rest.

Next day we cleaned our muskets and accoutrements, which had suffered in the storm, and necessarily been neglected since. Lieutenant Wheeler was detached to act as Assistant Adjutant-General on Colonel Rogers' staff.

On Tuesday, March 18th, we received orders to march at four P. M., for Alexandria; or, at least, we supposed that to be our destination.

CHAPTER VII.

Camp Misery, *alias* Camp Disappointment.—Cold, Wet and Hungry.—McClellan embarks for the Peninsula, and we are left behind.—Arrival of General Patrick.—Snow and Rain.—Clears up.—"On to Richmond" again.—Three days' March.—Bristow.—More Snow and Rain.—"Eternal Vigilance" and no fires allowed on Post.—Foraging.—Bushwhackers around.—"Forward March!"

CAMP Misery was the very appropriate name given by the men to the spot where we lay in the mud for three weeks of such weather as Virginia only can boast at that season of the year, combining the growlings and rough usage of March with the not-at-all-scalding tears of April; and no one doubted that both of these months were in their sulkiest mood at the time of which we write.

After leaving Camp Niagara, really for the last time, on that 18th day of March, we took the Leesburgh turnpike, and after we had marched about three miles toward Alexandria, and a mile beyond Bailey's we were filed off into the woods beside the road, and pitched our tents among the trees, apparently a third or fourth growth, as they were all saplings, and the ground had once been tilled. Here lay McDowell's corps d'armee, awaiting the grand movement upon Richmond; and, thinking our stay must be short, we made our camping preparations accordingly, which means that we made no preparation at all. Our tents were pitched without regard to order, only keeping the companies together; and, leveling a few trees, we built fires, for the evening began to cool. The night was damp and chilly, the next morning cool and cloudy.

In the night following came a rain storm, putting out our fires and inundating many tents, the ground being low and affording no chance to drain. The storm continued during the succeeding day, rendering our position almost intolerable.

On Friday, March 21st, we learned that General King had been promoted to the command of our division, and that M. R. Patrick, a veteran of the regular army, until lately Inspector General upon Gov. Morgan's staff, had been appointed to the command of our brigade. The Colonel was probably the only man in the brigade not disappointed at this, but all were prepared to welcome the new comer "as one having authority."

Again it rained during two successive nights.

On Sunday, March 23d, the troops at Alexandria had begun to embark, and it was rumored that *we were not to go*. That evening at parade were read the proceedings of some twenty courts-martial, in each of which the sentence was death; the whole ending with a pardon for all from the Commander-in-Chief. The offences varied from sleeping on post, to mutiny.

On Tuesday, March 25th, the brigade was inspected in the morning, and after noon McDowell reviewed his corps.

Gen. Patrick inspected his brigade for the first time on the Friday following. After "putting us through" for a while, to test our paces, he caused us to form by companies in column, and after a thorough inspection of arms, accoutrements and knapsacks, he gave us a talk. Among other keepsakes, he said he observed in nearly every knapsack a copy of the Bible. He saw in that a proof that we had Christian friends at home, whose prayers would follow us to the field. He hoped that we read the book and pondered its sacred teachings, and that we would bear ourselves as men having an interest in its promises. I do not remember his exact words, but few who heard them will forget their effect. Unfortunately, although we then liked the good old man, we did not understand him, and the difference between his subsequent severe discipline, and the indulgent treatment of his predecessor, made us draw immense contrasts in favor of the latter. I am sorry to say that the majority of the men hated him heartily before we had been a month under his command; and it was not until the sad days of the next autumn, that increasing respect grew into absolute love, and *then*, we loved him indeed. With the stern nature of the Puritan, relieved by a shade of grim humor, he was possessed of the kindest nature; and brave himself, he lavished a peculiar love upon brave, dutiful followers, while to the coward and the slink, he was a scourge and a thorn. His was the heart that would weep for the falling, while his keen eye marked, and his ringing voice urged on the living.

The words of that morning were his first to us, and never afterward did he neglect a proper opportunity to speak to his command upon such subjects.

Next morning began a storm of mingled rain and snow, which froze a glassy surface upon everything exposed to its influence. A dog, unless endowed with immense fortitude, and almost human intelligence, must have died under the sufferings of that and the

two following days. All our clothes were wet, and no fires could be built, or if with intense pains they were once lighted, they refused to blaze up warmly, and only stifled us with smoke, while our little tents afforded only the merest shelter from the driving storm, and when the men on guard duty were relieved and came to rest there in their ice coated garments, they could neither dry themselves nor have the food necessary to their comfort.

Our old tents at Upton's Hill were still standing, and although they had been turned over to the Quartermaster's department, and we had no right to them, the officers connived at our bringing them for shelter.

On Sunday, the 30th, might be seen, all day, squads of men going across the country to the hill, and returning with tents, stoves and boards, and next day the camp wore an air of comparative comfort. I have since heard that General Patrick, severe disciplinarian as he was, rode miles out of his way on that day that he might not see what strict duty would have compelled him to forbid.

The last day of March, and the three following, were serenely beautiful; the mud dried up, and life once more wore a pleasant garb. We passed the time in repairing the various ravages of the storm in our arrangements for comfort. McClellan, with his peninsular army had got under way, and we were cautioned to prepare ourselves for a movement.

On the morning of April 4th the orders came, and gleefully did the boys strike their tents and make up their packs. The large tents were rolled up to send to Alexandria, and again the Irish linen was our only dependence. By two all were ready, and at four we gaily took the road, the band leading off with a flourish, and the boys singing as they "rolled along." The afternoon was beautifully sunny, and the contrast between the present brightness and the past misery, put all in the best possible humor.

Again the cry was "On to Richmond." Though McClellan, with the balance of the army of the Potomac was to make the direct attack, and McDowell's corps were used more as a safeguard to the capital, yet, in the event of success, we were expecting to join in the grand result. The enemy between us and the rebel capital might fall back to its support, in which case we should join with McClellan in time to "be in at the death."

Taking the road to Manassas we marched that afternoon until about three miles beyond Anandale, where we halted for the night; having accomplished a distance of seven miles.

Rain set in during the night and our next morning's march was less agreeable. Again we passed through Fairfax, halting for dinner upon our former camping ground.

We kept on through Centreville, passed the old house once Beauregard's headquarters, waded Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, and near evening halted near the ground of the opening engagement on the 18th of July, 1861, having marched eighteen miles. We bivouacked in an old rebel camp. All along the road after leaving Centreville were indications of the hasty retreat of the enemy. Dead horses and mules and broken gun-carriages lay in ditches by the roadside, and abandoned wagons stood here and there. The remains of camps, and the numberless tracks cut by the forage trains, showed how large the force must have been.

Next day, Sunday, April 6th, we broke camp and marched at nine. The morning was pleasant and we were allowed to take it easy, as we had not a long day's march before us. Near twelve we reached Manassas Junction, and after a short halt, during which we examined the fortifications and the piles of railroad property left behind, we kept on. This day we passed some of the muddiest stretches of road we had yet seen, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the wagon trains could be got over them. The day grew warm, and we made occasional halts, as the boys said, "to let the knapsacks rest." Soon after noon we forded Broad Run at Millford, and at about three halted in a wood near Bristow Station and pitched our tents.

The fences disappeared along the skirt of the wood with marvellous rapidity, and nearly every tent was soon flanked by a pile of rails; for the boys very reasonably preferred dry, seasoned wood to green fuel, which they would, besides, have to cut down for themselves — no easy work after a march, and with the limited number of dull axes we carried.

A storm of snow and rain commenced next day, and continued until Friday, the 11th, five days of unmitigated misery. It was terribly cold, and the sleet froze upon the tents and our clothing, to be thawed off by the fires and add to our discomfort by keeping us constantly wet. The supply of rails within reach soon disappeared, and then our green wood fires wanted constant nursing, and when

by dint of that they grew to a goodly blaze, we crowded round as near as possible,— positions on the windward side, when that side happened to be decided, being at a premium,— and turned like animated spits, each side alternately to be scorched and frozen. By constant trampling, the ground became of that consistency which makes appropriate the tallest kind of top-boots, and fortunate indeed were the owners of such articles. A large detail went on brigade guard each morning, and were not allowed to return to the shelter of their tents until relieved next day ; an old straw stack having to serve them as a guard house during their twenty-four hours of duty. No fires were allowed on post, probably to make the men more vigilant, on the same principle that prompts the starving of the hound, and the sentinels were charged to shoot any one attempting to run the line.

In short, it was but a repetition of what we suffered at Camp Misery, and with the added disadvantage of deeper mud and more severe duty.

The surrounding country was reported to be full of prowling partisans, or "bushwhackers," as these guerrilla parties were called, and on the morning of the 10th, we heard that three men, stragglers from another camp, had been found some miles away; tied to trees and with their throats cut.

On the 11th the storm ceased. The sky cleared up, an inspection was ordered at noon, and at five we had the first parade since the storm began. On the same day, Franklin's division, which had accompanied ours thus far, was ordered back, to report at Fortress Monroe, and finally to join McClellan on the Peninsula.

The 13th of April was a day set apart by the Government in thanksgiving for the late victories, and properly observed throughout the armies of the Union. Services were held upon the parade ground at noon, and after prayers by the Chaplain, General Patrick preached us one of his sermons. At just this time all will remember with what feeling we regarded the good old General, because we did not understand him and that his treatment was for our ultimate advantage, as we all know now. So the good things he said to us then, I am afraid, fell upon heedless ears. Among other things, he said :

Be men. Learn to respect yourselves, and others will respect you. A good soldier ought to be a good moral man—and a bad man is not likely to make a good soldier. Rise above temptation to do wrong. Suffer yourselves to contract no habits while here which you will be ashamed to carry home with you, or which will

make the virtuous and good shun you, or be afraid of you, or despise you. I am an old soldier, and have been in the Mexican war. And among the western regiments that shared in that war were many who, while there, became so demoralized, that on their return home, whole communities where they dwelt became deteriorated for years and years, through their defiling contact. Let us hope better things of you, so that when this war is over, and you go back to your friends, who will rejoice over your return and your honorable exploits, they will not have occasion to blush for your vices, and perhaps wish, in bitterness, that you had rather died than be morally blighted by ever entering on so ruinous a service.

The weather now became delightful, the mud rapidly dried up, and we began to expect another march.

On the 15th Augur's brigade, of our division, moved forward, and we also prepared to vacate "Camp Wadsworth," as we had christened our mud hole, just by way of giving it one redeeming feature. At noon of the next day we got our orders, and lost not a moment in obeying. The march was easy, the road not very bad, and we jogged along about as we pleased, as we had only to report at Catlett's that night, thus having six hours in which to march less than ten miles. At six we were again encamped in the woods about a mile west of Catlett's Station. Augur's brigade were here, and next day they moved on again, this time taking a new direction more to the east of our former course and toward Fredericksburg, while we remained.

We all agreed that this part of Virginia was the finest we had yet seen. There were then no apparent marks of war's ravages. The gently undulating country alternated in tufted hills and wooded dales, and green fields with fences untouched; and, adding its grandeur to the beauty of the scene, in the distance rose the cloud-like, mist-crowned Blue Ridge.

Next morning, at six, we were again in motion. Orders had come during the night, and four companies, "A," "F," "G," and "I," detailed the day before as a picket along Cedar run, some four miles from camp, had to be recalled, arriving just in time to fall into their places in column. Back through the woods to Catlett's and to the South-East, lay the course of our morning's march. At about ten we reached Elk run, where we halted for a short rest, until a hasty bridge could be made for the wagons. Forty-eight hours had been given us in which to reach Falmouth, a distance of thirty-six miles; and allowing for possible obstacles and necessary rest, it was none too much. The day was warm for a forced march, and heavy knapsacks speedily grew light. Many of the men had left their

overcoats hanging upon the trees at the last night's camp, thinking the blankets heavy enough, and confiding in the promise of fine nights for some time to come at least, when the latter would be sufficient.

An excellent description of that day's march, is the following letter written a few days, after, by "Bould Soger," which we take the liberty of borrowing:

Our march was through a country that war has not made desolate, and a beautiful country it was. Rolling land, fine farms, the fences all up, good looking farm houses, peach orchards in full bloom, and the whole surface of the country beautiful by the magnificent green of spring. As we marched on, groups of the loyal people of the South gathered at the road side to see us pass, and seemed greatly pleased at the sight. Many of them followed us for miles, walking through the fields by the road side, and feasting their eyes upon the splendid pageant. They seemed to have been expecting our advent, and welcomed us with extravagant manifestations of joy. One venerable old "Uncle" in a two wheeled vehicle, and driving a venerable old donkey, shouted as we passed, "We's mighty glad to see you gentlemen; been specting you long time; the more of you we sees, the gladder we is." Quite a number of the darkies cast in their lot with us, and found plenty of employment among the officers and men. I don't think any of us have many scruples about appropriating a few hundred dollars worth of the "peculiar" property to our own use. "John Brown's soul," if it be the spirit of disorganization to the "institution," and "emancipation to its victims," "is marching on." One negro asked me what he had better do. I asked him who he belonged to. "Massa ———." "Well, do what you like, and go where you please. You don't belong to Massa ——— any more than Massa ——— belongs to you." That may be strong talk, but it's the doctrine I mean to preach to every negro who has understanding enough to comprehend what belonging to himself means. Let us sow the seeds "as we march along," and perhaps by and by, Amos Kendall's army of three hundred thousand loyal Southern men will be forthcoming.

We halted for dinner in a pine wood, but as no good water could be found, the column moved on another mile or two, and halted near a spring of good cold water, and by the side of a clear little run. No person but one who has been a soldier, can fully understand the joy with which the order to rest for dinner is received. You set out at sunrise, and have marched perhaps six hours. During this time you have made, at the most, three rests, each of ten minutes duration. You are twelve or thirteen miles distance from the starting point. You have carried a load, weighing at the very lowest estimate twenty-five pounds. The day has been warm and the roads dusty. The sun is at the zenith, and its language plainly is, "halt, or I'll melt you." The men are beginning to straggle. Every few yards a man falls out, sits down by the road side, and looks at his officers as though to say, "If you can stand it, go ahead, but you need not order me to go on for I shan't do it. You can shoot me if you like, but I don't move another step. If the General thinks we can stand this as long as can *his horse*, why let him think so and go on, and fight the battles alone. I'm 'played out,' and am going to have my little rest." This is the plain language of the look I have seen a hundred times. Perhaps word is sent to the front

that it is impossible to keep the men from falling out, and straggling; but still the column presses on. You begin to think of falling out, but your ambition throws the thought aside, and you struggle on. You are growing desperate; the knapsack straps cut your shoulders, and compress your chest; great beads of sweat start from the pores and mingle most lovingly with the accumulating dust.

Perhaps, too, you have commenced to chafe, and your feet to blister. You are thirsty, and your parched throat would even welcome the water from the ditch. Your head drops forward, and you stagger on, as I have seen the pedestrian in the ninety-ninth hour, heeding nothing; alike unconscious to the loveliness of the valley, or the wild beauty of the highlands. If any less fatigued than yourself would cheer you, you seem to hear them not, or respond with a look of despair. You plod on, —*drag* yourself along,—place one foot before the other as though the next step would be your last. At this moment, perhaps, the head of the column turns off from the dusty road into the green fields, and you know the "rest for dinner" is at hand. You will remember the dropping of your knapsack so long as you live. An oasis in the desert, a spring by the wayside, is the "rest for dinner" in the day's march. Have I overdrawn the picture? Have I laid on the colors too heavily? Is the "sunshine" too much obscured? It is not. Yesterday I saw the look of despair, saw men fall out by the road side, and they could have hardly gone on had the penalty for falling out been death. I saw men drink the yellow water from the ditches, and I saw the knapsacks dropped as though they had been hot coals.

It seems to have been generally understood yesterday morning, that we were about to enter upon an active and arduous campaign, and the men made preparations for it. During our year of camp life, we had accumulated many little traps, very "handy to have in the house," when the said house is stationary, but very unhandy and very heavy when one's domicile is transported on one's back. Books, brush brooms, checker-boards, surplus shirts and drawers, and "Yankee notions" of all descriptions were thrown out before we commenced the large march. Later in the day, as the sun grew warmer and the knapsacks heavier, rubber and wooled blankets, overcoats and even knapsacks went the way of the morning's trinkets. Had the huge Williamsville stage followed in our track, it could have been filled to repletion with the castaway clothing. The negroes availed themselves of the rare chance, and gathered up the clothing as fast as it was thrown away. In the pine wood where we first halted for dinner, I saw two of them hurrying hither and thither, gathering up the coats, pants, vests, blankets, and depositing them in one huge pile. No doubt, like my venerable friend in the cart, "the more they sees of us the gladder they is."

After a good hour's nooning, we again moved on, with renewed strength and vigor. We have passed over eighteen miles of the distance to Fredericksburg, and a halt is ordered. It is intended to pass the night here, but as water in sufficient quantity cannot be found, we are obliged to move on three or four miles. Thick, black clouds have commenced to gather, and already they hide the sun. Heaven's heavy artillery has opened fire, and the continuous peal makes the solid earth tremble. It is growing dark, the lightning dazzles and flashes, and the succeeding darkness is all the blacker. A vivid flash, a deafening crash, and a few big drops, like the "advanced guard" of an army, warn us of the torrents they precede. We have two miles yet to march before we halt. Be merciful, oh ye black clouds! keep the wash-tub right side up with care, until we reach our bivouac, build a few fires, and

crawl into our shelter tents. Think if you were only a poor soger, and—St. Partick bring confusion upon you, and keep us dry. But the venerable saint did not keep us dry, and I presume he let alone the clouds. A thunder storm of an hour's duration! every one knows what it is, and how wet a man may get if he be exposed to it. I stepped into a house near our bivouac and made a cup of coffee. The lady of the house said to me that she "was always happy to wait upon our soldiers." "So you are a Union lady?" "O yes, strong. I came from the North-West." I asked in regard to her neighbors. She replied that they were mostly strong Union people. At this house, this morning, were captured thirteen of our men, belonging, I believe, to Augur's brigade. There are no large organized rebel forces in the country north of Fredericksburg, and near the Potomac, but from the capture of these men, I should judge the country was infested with small bands of rebels. General Patrick captured one of these gentry yesterday, and he was marched at the head of our column to Falmouth. I know not what disposition was made of him, but suppose he is safely in limbo.

Last night was not the most comfortable our regiment has passed since we have been in the service. We halted for the night, and made ourselves as comfortable as our wet clothing and wet beds would permit. We took the rails from the fences, made our fires, laid rails alongside of them, ourselves upon the rails, and passed a restless, miserable night. Many of the men slept in the houses and barns in the vicinity, but the majority, if they slept at all, did so in the open air, upon the damp ground, and woke up this morning stiff and lame.

Every man in the ranks on that day, now alive to tell the tale, will remember vividly the scene of that night's bivouac. We had halted, as "Bould Soger" says, intending to rest for the night, some five miles back, near a pleasant farm house, on high ground, and while it was yet dry. Even then black masses of thunder cloud rolling up in the South-West, warned us that to move farther for want of water would ere long be superfluous. Many of the men had already pitched their shelter tents, declaring themselves "played out." and unable to march a step farther. But when General Patrick called the brigade to attention, and asked how many were willing to march five miles farther, the next regiment in line with a great yell declared that *they* would, and then, not to be "bluffed," as they said, our own tired fellows got again upon their feet, and, determined to maintain their reputation as the hardest marching regiment in the corps, declared that they'd "make those fellows sick of their five miles before dark." In the blinding torrent of the next hour we passed them on the road, and had the satisfaction of camping at least a mile beyond them. Ere then, many had fallen exhausted by the road side, and now, in the darkness, and totally blind as to the nature of the ground, each company sought a resting place for itself; for to one place large enough to camp upon could

be found above water, and in the darkness each company sought to draw in its scattered members by loudly calling out its letter. Soon all was still; and when the lightning glared for a moment, if any one had been awake to see, the ground would have shown groups of sleeping men, in the attitudes in which they fell with their loosened burdens, oblivious of all, unmindful of the elemental clash, slumbering as only a tired soldier can slumber, while upon all the rain beat drearily.

In the morning we awoke refreshed. It was as though we had, during the night, been transported miles into the heart of another country.* So different was the face of nature to our renovated senses, and so oblivious of all but our fatigue had we been the night before. The bugle soon got the stragglers together, and then the coffee cups were put upon the coals, and a hearty meal of soaked hard-tack, etc., prepared us for the day's march.

I shall never forget one incident of this march. At Catlett's, on the second night of our bivouac, we were joined by a squad of recruits, the last we ever received. Major Drew, who had enlisted them, had them in charge. One, a slight handsome boy who could not have been more than fifteen years of age, attracted me especially. His history, or as much of it as I afterwards learned, was as follows: His parents lived in Canada, and being of an ardent impetuous temper, and fired with the desire to see and take part in the struggle "over the border," he had deserted his school and applied to Major Drew for the position of private in the Twenty-First N. Y. S. V. His sorrowing parents discovered his whereabouts while the Major was hesitating to accept one so young, but still the boy was determined to go, and finally it was arranged that he should accompany the Major as a sort of confidential servant, and thus be under his personal protection. I saw him often during that day's march, pale, apparently almost exhausted, yet with fire in his eye, and manful nerve in every effort. A pitying soldier relieved him of his pack, and when night came he shared the blanket of another and slept like a hero, and next day he again moved on, side by side with strong men, with a heart as strong as any.

*I have since learned that the name of the spot was White Ridge.

CHAPTER VIII.

We reach Falmouth, April 19th.—Skirmish of the Ira Harris Cavalry.—We camp "over against the city."—The situation.—Contrabands in Camp.—The Woman in Black.—A bit of Romance.—General Wadsworth's Visit.—Removal of our Camp.—A Terrestrial Paradise.—Another Removal, and a Night Alarm.—Death of Garrett B. Lockwood.—We cross the River.—Hazel Dell and Horse Heaven.—In Line of Battle.—Picket Duty.—More Rain.

THE brigade of Gen. Patrick, King's Division, of the First Army Corps, reached Falmouth, Virginia, on Saturday, the 19th day of April, 1862, having marched thirty-six miles in just thirty hours, and rested one night upon the road.

On the morning of the 19th, as the last chapter relateth, we rose, like Antæus, refreshed from the bosom of our mother Earth, and blithely took the road again. The sun blazed up into a clear sky, and made the muddy road to smoke with a fierceness not at all pleasant to lungs with an asthmatic tendency,—which might, without doubt, be laid to the dampness of the sheets of our last night's bed,—and the sacred soil seemed to have imbibed some of the virulent hatred of its children for the invader, and to do its best endeavor to restrain our desecrating feet. Still we managed to do the remaining fourteen miles of our journey (we had marched twenty-two the day before) in good time, arriving at Falmouth soon after noon.

Augur's brigade were already there, having arrived the day before. Early in the morning of that day, while it was yet dark, the Ira Harris Cavalry, in advance, made a dash upon Falmouth to secure the bridge across the Rappahannock. About a mile from the bridge they were checked by a barricade of fence rails strongly built across the road, and from behind which and the woods around, poured a murderous fire. Obliged to fall back upon the advancing column, each man took a Berdan sharpshooter into the saddle behind him, and again approached the disputed spot. Dismounting, the sharpshooters, with their active co-operation a wild charge carried the point, and the enemy, a small force as rear guard only, fell rapidly back. The bridge had been prepared for destruction by a thick coat of tar and plenty of dry combustibles, and as the

last mounted rebel disappeared across it, the further end was already ablaze. Its smoking timbers were dropping piecemeal into the river as we came up. In front of the barricade lay some fifteen dead horses, seven or eight grouped immediately in front, piled up as they fell when checked by that unexpected fire. The killed and wounded had been removed, and a few fresh mounds by the road side showed where those slept who should never again rise to the call of earthly duty. Among these, the lamented Lieutenant Decker had many friends with us. He was the only officer killed on that morning.

We marched along through the antiquated place, whose age could hardly give it an air of respectability, so apparent was the corresponding social ruin or stagnation of its fossil population. Slatternly women thrust their heads through broken windows, and stared unmindful of the rude greetings of some of the rougher of our crew. Some, indeed, were young and pretty, and withal seemed just as little embarrassed by the unsuppressed and blunt expressions of admiration. Few men were to be seen, and they had a villainous and ugly look, for which no one blamed or quarreled with them. They were welcome to look as vicious as they pleased, so long as they confined themselves to such pleasant and harmless demonstrations.

We encamped about a mile beyond the place, and just opposite Fredericksburg, on a hill side; the railroad running at its foot, and the since famous Lacy House between us and the river. At this house General King soon afterward established his headquarters. Hardly had we pitched our tents when it began to rain again, and forseeing no certain cessation for some time to come, the boys made for a monster straw stack some distance across the fields, and soon over a trail of yellow connecting it with the camp, it rapidly walked away. Never did a straw stack do as much good as that one: and when we had laid our cunning substructure of sticks through which the water might run when the ditches could no longer confine it, and piled cedar boughs upon them, and the straw over all, and, rolled in our blankets, sank into its yielding embrace, oh, ye sybarites, leaves of mingled roses and poppies were nowhere: and every man took such draughts of delicious sleep as Morpheus, but for the bitter fruit of that forbidden tree in Eden, might never have mingled.

The enemy had abandoned Fredericksburg, and, in force, were supposed to be not nearer than twelve miles. Their cavalry

outposts and scouting parties were still in the neighborhood of the city, making it dangerous to cross in small force. Just before our arrival, our batteries opened fire upon the hills back of the town, and drove the larger bodies rapidly away. The account given by the numerous contrabands seeking refuge in camp, of the panic occassioned by our sudden appearance, was most ludicrous. "Lawd! didn't dem fellus *go*," said one, "when you all come up here on de hill, and dem shells went *swish-swish* right frough de place! Yah, yah, massa, tought de debbil comin—sure—massa! Didn't stop for nuffin 'tall. Dey jes trow down de pack an run right smart. Yah, yah, tought de debbil was after 'em!"

In the river lay the blackened hulks of some thirty steamers and sloops, which, with their cargoes, principally of grain, had been burned that morning, to prevent their falling into our hands. Black clouds of smoke began to rise in the afternoon from the rear of the city, and we at first thought they had also fired that; but it proved to be only the destruction of a large amount of cotton and stores which they had not time to remove.

General King did not arrive for a few days, and the current report was that Augur, senior Brigadier-General of our division, had notified Slaughter, the mayor of the town, that unless the bridge was repaired and the Stars and Stripes were raised by the Tuesday following, he would shell the town; and, on the other hand, the rebels had assured him that if he *did*, *they* would shell him out; so that the dilemma, on either side, presented a very perceptible horn.

On the day after our arrival, the negroes came flocking to the guard line, with baskets of eggs, hoe-cakes, and other luxuries, and proved themselves sharp bargainers, doing a lively business that threatened a speedy dearth of the raw material, especially as some of the stragglers had already taken to robbing hen-roosts, and running the grist-mills for themselves. Nearly every man in the brigade soon had a darkey waiter at his heels, and it was most amusing to see the "style thrown" in consequence. The only drawback was that Cuffee could not clean a gun properly, and the regulations did not provide for ebony substitutes on guard duty; but Cuffee *could* "throw a lively meal," or cook one, (to use the vulgar Anglo-Saxon), and after his employer, lazily reposing in his tent, had devoured it, would fill his pipe, and bring a coal in his grained leather hands to light it. He also ran various errands, filled the canteens at the spring, made foraging expeditions after the indispensable corn-meal for the inevitable hoe-cake, stole eggs

and milk, and committed various other troublesome sins for his master, not forgetting to do some of his swearing, in a quiet way. His expletives were usually confined to "Dawd on dat brack niggah, ye done stop dat foolin, or I buck all de wool off yer brack hed!" or, "By Gorry!" or "de Debbil!" whom he also sometimes invokes as "de Abbersary." Poor Cuffee has, nevertheless, as much reverence and simple natural religious feeling, as comes within the possibilities of his nature. The wild, fervid religious dances, with their accompanying chants, sometimes beginning with Genesis and giving a complete synopsis of the leading points of Bible history from Adam to Peter, and lasted for hours, while their muscle seemed inexhaustible and his nose warned the Caucasian to "stand off," were the most wierdly exciting, yet ludicrous performances imaginable.

I think it was on the afternoon of our arrival, that near evening I saw our band going toward the river, headed by a horseman bearing our large storm flag. Curious to know the meaning of the sight I joined the group of followers, and presently we reached a point upon the high river bank, just in front of the Lacy House, (the same spot from which Burnside watched and directed the bloody battle of December, 1862), and here they planted the old Stars and Stripes.

Inexpressibly sad was the scene before us. Beneath, on the farther shore, like a place of the dead, lay the beleaguered city. Silent and dim in the gathering shadows of evening, its spires reaching as in supplication to a sky in which seemed already gathered the ashen cloud of its dissolution, while like Jonah beneath his withering gourd, loyal justice sat over against it, and with warning voice proffered the olive branch.

But listen! a mournful prelude, and then the soul freeing notes of the Star Spangled Banner stream out across the waters, and wake the echoes in those gloaming streets as though the spirit of the glorious past caught up the sweet familiar sounds, and rang them among the spires and shouted them back from street to street, and dwelt with lingering fondness upon the closing strains, dying to the ear as they bore them away among the distant hills.

> Oh! long may that Star Spangled Banner yet wave,
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And then when all was hushed, and we waited as for a reply, it came: a mocking laugh from a source unseen as that of the echoes came up from the shadows. But on the sands, down by the river's

brink, stood two figures, a woman holding a little boy by the hand, and both dressed in black. Her arm was raised towards us, and something white fluttered in the night wind above her head. They were the only human things we saw, and when we went away they were still there by the water's edge.

Upon the very spot where we planted the rejected flag on that day, stood General Burnside eight months after, and gave the orders that concentred the fire of one hundred and seventy-nine cannon upon that doomed city.

The rain continued until Saturday, April 26th, with a few intervals of short duration, but for the first three days it was almost continuous. On the morning of the 22d it cleared up long enough to enable us to clean our arms, and better the condition of our camp a little. On the 24th it changed to snow and rain, during which came the welcome mail, and the almost-as-welcome paymaster; the pay-rolls were signed. That day we welcomed the advent of an old comrade, Arnold Harris, who was a private in "B" Company until he left the regiment at Runyon for a position in the navy. He was now master of the gunboat Island Belle, and had come up the river with a fleet of canal boats, to be used as pontoons in the construction of a strong temporary bridge at this point. His promotion had been rapid, and enjoying the confidence of his superiors, he already held a position of important responsibility. His after history was one of which his old regiment were justly proud.*

* The following tribute to the valuable services of the young hero, appeared in the *Buffalo Express*, in January, 1863:

ADVENTURES OF A BUFFALONIAN IN DIXIE.— The history of the war can furnish nothing bolder or more remarkable in the way of adventure than belongs to the experience of a young man, Arnold Harris, from this city, who left here in May, 1861, as a private in the Twenty-First Regiment, and now wears the insignia of a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy. Lieutenant Harris was engaged upon the lakes when the rebellion broke out. Arriving in Buffalo the day of the departure of the Twenty-First, he came up town to witness the scene, recognized some acquaintances in the ranks of the regiment, stepped to their side, and became their comrade in an instant, marching to the depot, accompanying them to Elmira and there enlisting. Not long after the arrival of the Twenty-First on the Potomac, he got transferred to the naval service, and was soon placed in command of the Island Belle, of the Potomac Flotilla. In this situation he performed important services for several months, and distinguished himself by his vigilance in maintaining the blockade of the river against smugglers from Maryland. One of his most daring exploits, in landing at Matthias Point, surprising the rebel pickets and destroying property of the enemy, we mentioned at the time. During this period, Lieutenant Harris made application for permission to undertake a spying trip into Virginia, to get information concerning the rebel batteries on the Potomac. The offer was declined, but its boldness was not forgotten at the Navy Department. A few months after the adventurous Lieutenant lost his little gunboat, in or about James River, we believe, and visited the Department to obtain another command. Recollecting his previous offer, the Secretary proposed to him a most hazardous mission to Richmond, having for its object the frustration of the projects of George N. Sanders, who had then just secured contracts from the rebel government, for a navy to be built in England.

On the 25th we received pay for the two months ending March 1st.

Next day it cleared up, and the day following (Sunday, April 27th), was bright and appropriately beautiful. The brigade assembled for services together, and again General Patrick's warning voice was raised in exhortation. He spoke simply and powerfully of the claims of morality and religion, and cited noble instances in proof of the fact that they were not incompatible with the qualities necessary to a good soldier; among which instances he drew a picture of the Christian hero, Havelock, praying on the eve of battle. However they might regard the man, his words hushed and awed all who heard; and that straight proud form, with inspired bearing, the bared head with its iron-gray locks tossing in the wind, the gleaming eye, burning with fervor, and the deep, impressive voice, with its slow and clear enunciation, might have belonged to John the Baptist in the wilderness, or to Peter the Hermit, or even to his inspired namesake, the patron saint of Erin.

That afternoon, while all was quiet in camp, most of the men being asleep, or writing, or otherwise employed in their tents, some one raised the cry, "Wadsworth's coming!" and instantly the camp woke up much as they would have done had the approach of Little Mac himself been announced instead. "Where?" said everybody at once, and the next minute, bare-headed, without jackets, or just as they happened to be at the moment, the whole brigade were running

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He accepted the perilous mission, and soon made his way to the Confederate capital. Without any disguise of name or person, he succeeded in acquiring the confidence of the rebel authorities, and established himself on intimate terms with several of the most important officials. His situation, however, was dangerous in the extreme, and nothing but consummate coolness and adroit conduct enabled him to escape. Once he was arrested, and confined in Castle Thunder for seventeen days. Two Marylanders had recognized his name as that of the former commander of the Island Belle, and the hero of the exploit at Matthias Point. When brought to trial he coolly acknowledged the correctness of the identification, and claimed to have done the Confederacy more service while holding a command in the Federal Navy than he could possibly have done by openly joining the cause at an earlier day. His audacity triumphed — all suspicion was overcome, and he not only obtained an acquittal, but continued to enjoy the confidence of the rebel authorities; or, rather, of all but Benjamin, who was suspicious of him throughout.

Shortly after his discharge from Castle Thunder, Sanders arrived from Europe, and the adroit agent soon found means to get himself engaged in the enterprises of that busy personage. Sanders having perfected his arrangements with Jeff. & Company, was to return to England with money and documents necessary to the carrying out of his Anglo-Rebel Navy schemes. His son, Reid Sanders, was to accompany him, and so, as he had contrived, was our friend Harris. The aim of the latter was to secure Sanders' mail. He succeeded in having it arranged that George, with his friends, should proceed by way of Matamoras to Halifax, while Reid Sanders and he, with the documents and dispatches to be taken, were to run the blockade at Charleston, and get to Halifax by way of Nassau. In accordance with this plan, Sanders junior and Harris proceeded to Charleston, and purchased a yacht, which, by way of speculation, they loaded with turpentine, and started gaily

down the hill like mad to meet him, and swarmed around him, eager to touch his hand. He leaned from his horse, shaking the hands of his boys, the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, and unable to speak an audible word. It was an affecting scene; but it might have occurred to a sober looker-on that we were much like spoiled children, running to the arms of an affectionate parent for sympathy in the trials of our first experience at school, denouncing the discipline that was making men of us, and regretting the gentle usage of a less severe taskmaster.

In the midst of the cheering of the whole brigade, our band, who had not forgotten their instruments in the rush, struck up "Hail to the Chief," and when he finally turned to depart, they bade him good bye in a melodious recall of "the days of auld lang syne," which brought auld acquaintance to the mind;" and tears to the eyes of more than one.

Soon after this, General McDowell, who had arrived during the day, was seen approaching with his staff. Eager to honor him also, we gathered on the road and cheered as he came up; but his young and restive horse took fright, and it was not until a severe effort on the part of his rider curbed down his rampant tendencies, that he found time to touch his cap in return.

On Monday, April 28th, we removed our camp half a mile farther down, and about a mile back from the river. This move was made to bring us nearer a good drill ground. In conjunction with that of General Banks, our line formed a complete defence for the capitol, extending from Fredericksburg to Gordonsville, a distance of nearly forty-five miles, and in which position we expected

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out, one pleasant evening in January last, to slip through the blockading fleet, and make for Nassau. Great interest was taken in the adventurous enterprise, and before leaving the daring voyagers were entertained at a dinner with Beauregard and the leading celebrities of the city.

Meantime, Harris had succeeded in communicating with one of the vessels of the outside fleet and putting its commander upon the watch. The yacht as she ran out of the harbor was speedily detected, and subjected to a cannonade which frightened Sanders out of his wits, and made him eager to surrender. The mail bag, heavily weighted with iron, was thrown overboard; but Harris had previously abstracted from it a portmanteau containing the important dispatches and documents, substituting in its stead his own, which *happened*, as a remarkable coincidence, of course, to be its exact counterpart.

The capture of Reid Sanders with his dispatches, last winter, created no small sensation at the time, and will be well remembered. But how it came about has never, we believe, been told before. Our readers will agree with us, we think, that few personal undertakings of the war have been more audaciously conceived, or more cleverly executed. As Buffalonians, we relate the narrative of this most extraordinary adventure with no small pride.

Lieutenant Harris was in town yesterday, making a flying visit to his friends. He left, we believe, last evening. He has another mission, of still greater importance, we suspect, upon his hands.

to await the result of the moves on McClellan's corner of the checker-board. Our new camp was in the woods, a clean nice place for a pic-nic of uncertain limit, and here we quickly surrounded ourselves with all necessary improvements and possible luxuries. The cedar boughs made deep soft beds, the tents were raised upon logs, rustic seats stood in cozy nooks among the trees, and everything was just as pleasant as blooming early summer, and balmy, delightful weather could make it.

Just to our left, beside a field of wheat that would have gladdened the heart of a Genesee Valley farmer, was a splendid drill and parade ground of perhaps twenty acres. Beyond this a wood, through which, at the bottom of a most romantic glen, ran a spring-fed stream which supplied the camp with water. Along this ran the line of the brigade guard, and there, guard duty was for once pleasant, only that the birds, and the trees, and the enchanting nooks and corners, and delightful glades and dells, with their charming display of new luxuriant shrubbery, were apt to beguile the thoughts and eyes of the sentinel, and make him the unconscious and almost innocent accessory of much guard-running, by the irrepressible fellows whose love of nature's beauties would not admit of their being confined to the limits of the brigade.

In front, about half a mile away, the high ground on which lay our brigade terminated in a bluff; here, too, the woods ended, and here was a splendid western view, from which the glories of sunset, and the city and the country round about, rich in the tints lavished from its abundance, feasted our eyes when the evening parade was over, and the mournful cry of the whip-poor-will, with the monotonous songs of the cicada and the katydid, made the woods vocal.

In this delightful place we lay for ten days, during which the weather was pleasant, with now and then a slight fall of rain, just enough to freshen the air without occasioning any positive discomfort. While here, Lieutenants Morse and Calkins resigned their commissions.

On Thursday, May 8th, our brigade again struck tents, and moved to the river bank, directly opposite the city, and a short distance below the Lacy House. Here our regiment with the 20th and 35th encamped, while the 23d crossed the river upon the bridge of canal boats. That night, soon after dark, we were turned out for an inspection of arms and a fresh supply of cartridges, as the

enemy were reported to be approaching in force; but no further alarm disturbed our night's repose.

Along the river, in front, and for a mile below, lay the charred hulks of the steamers, and other river craft, burned on the night of our arrival. The amount of property destroyed must have been very large, and much of it belonged to professedly loyal men. The canal boats, anchored side by side, with timbers laid across, and strongly planked, made a very substantial bridge, and our pontoon train having arrived, another soon connected the shores a mile above. No attempt had been made to rebuild the large bridge, just above the island, but a party of engineers with a strong working force, had nearly completed a trellis upon the place of the railroad bridge, destroyed by the rebels.

Garrett B. Lockwood, a private in Company "B," died on the night of the 9th, of typhoid fever. He was a good soldier, and his death cast a gloom over the whole camp. Funeral services were held in camp, and then the body, in charge of his brother, a member of Company "I," was sent to his home in Buffalo.

This was the first death occurring in camp since leaving Upton Hill.

"Bould Soger" thus meditates upon the succeeding day, which we all marked as the first anniversary of our departure from Buffalo:

May. The world's enough. Lovely always, like the heroine of every romance. May is the blushing girl of the twelve children of the year. Inspired must the artist be, who "adds another tint unto the rainbow." May! and he who cannot image beauty from the simple word, can surely find no pleasure in human penciling of divine productions. So I say — May,— and that's the picture. It was a bright, sunny May day, and something moves the very heart of the city. Men pace along the walks, and their step and look seem to say — "We'll teach the rascals." They have the air of men who have submitted long to a wrong —have been browbeaten — and have at last awoke to find their country's manhood lost, and their own, latent, —slumbering. Men in military dress are hurrying to the rendezvous. Boys have caught the spirit of the men. Fair women, too, on Main street — bouquets in the mass of humanity — add beauty to the scene; and beauty is an immense motive; it has overthrown empires and established them; has beaten armies, and given them victory. A spoon in the glass eddies the water to the right, stems the current, and whirls it to the left. Beauty, in the goblet of the world's affairs, plays its part with the fickleness of a coquette. But it is not the cause of this gathering. Flags wave from the shipping and upon the house-tops. Drums roll, men fall quickly in and move through the streets. A pause upon the square, and fair hands place in strong arms the emblem of a nation's life. Down Main street, and men cheer and fair women wave a farewell. Each step is firm and proud, patriotism fills, enthusiasm thrills every heart; and even as with proud steps and high hopes we depart, our

thoughts leap forward to that coming glorious day, when, our duty done, we shall march up Main street, and be welcomed back with the same spirit that cheered us when we went forth. And that was a lovely May day, and this is its mate. And what one of the many of us thought as we marched down Main street, that he might not be one of those who, two years hence, should march up the same broad avenue? Not one; and yet this bright May day a still hushed group gathers upon the parade. The muffled drum-roll — the slow, solemn, wailing dirge — the drooping colors — the reversed arms — and slowly, sadly, tearfully, another comrade is borne from our midst. This is to-day's May day. Down Main street, and proudly floated the flag o'er his head,— up Main street and the folds shroud the soldier's form. And how many more? He who falls, makes not alone the sacrifice. There are those at home,—and yet I wonder at the depth of the love those who have been stricken bear to the cause in which their loved ones have fallen. The Republic produces Spartan mothers. Several instances have come under my observation where mothers have lost sons, and only sons, and, almost broken-hearted, have yet wished they had others to fill their places.

In one of my letters I spoke of a charge made by the Ira Harris Light Cavalry before Falmouth, the day prior to our arrival. Last summer, one of our officers in the Georgetown Hospital made the acquaintance of an officer in the cavalry mentioned, and, thrown thus together, the acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. I mention no names, because I might by so doing wound a heart heavy enough already." Lieutenant ——— was a most agreeable companion. He had traveled much, and possessesed a fund of story and of anecdote. Manly and generous, he made friends fast, and fast friends. At the battle of Falmouth he was killed. With uplifted sword, swiftly descending upon the head of a rebel foe, a ball pierced him, and all was over. The Captain of his company communicated the mournful intelligence to his widowed mother, and she, in responding to his letter, gave this reply: "Had I another son to fill his place, and assist in preserving our glorious Union, I would give him to you with a mother's blessing." Words that should live forever. Is there no patriotism in the land! Did the women of the Revolution have more of it? Think of this, ye mothers who have forgotten your duty to your country in the anxiety of a mother's love, and have pleaded with your sons that they would not go to the war. Let us thank Heaven that you are the exception.

The last death before our advance on Centreville, was that of James Wilson, of Company "K," who died of congestion of the lungs, March 4th, 1862.

On the 13th of the same month, George A. Hamlin, of Company "E," died at Falls Church Hospital.

Abner Chase, of "D," died of paralysis, occasioned by exposure at Camp Misery, at Alexandria, April 2d, 1862; and Franklin Steiver, of "E," died in hospital at the same place, April 17th.

These four men were all known as good soldiers, and their record deserves to rank among the best, as they were of the first who met death upon the soil they went to save.

Lieut.-Colonel Root* left us on the evening of May 9th, to take command of his new regiment, the 94th N. Y. V., formerly Colonel Viele's. On the same day, Sergeant Harry Wells, of "C," received a Lieutenant's commission in the 78th N. Y. V. Harry being pre-eminently a good fellow and a dutiful soldier, we were all sorry to lose him.

Next day, at evening, we quietly crossed the river, and encamped back of the town, just in rear of a high wooded ridge, the stream known as "Hazel Run" cutting our camp short off on the right, and on our left, the embankment of an unfinished railroad; passing through the bluff in front, and joined by the telegraph road in our rear. "Hazel Dell" was, by nature, a beautiful spot, but, unfortunately for us, it had been used by the rebel cavalry through the preceding winter as a place of deposit for the carcasses of their defunct Rosinantes, and the atmosphere was rank in consequence. Next morning we labored to abate the nuisance, and succeeded in putting it at least out of sight. But the Dell had lost its good name, and was always afterward known to us as "Horse Heaven."

I have another letter, written by "Bould Soger" to the *Express* on the 23rd of May, which cannot fail to interest the reader:

We moved to the east bank of the Rappahannock, and in an open field we pitched our tents. The most beautiful camping ground we have had. We could look down upon the broad river, upon the city on its opposite shore, and, as far as the eye could reach, over the side hills all clothed with the fresh green of spring. This is a beautiful valley, this of the Rappahannock, and all that it requires are the strong arms and the pure morals of the East. A breaking-up of almost boundless estates into small farms would make this valley the garden of Virginia.

I am not sure but this army of Yankees will be to Virginia what the system of the Gracchi would have been to Rome, had it been successfully carried out. We pitched our tents, tattoo beat, and we turned in; but only to be turned out for an inspection of arms. The enemy are in force a short distance from our lines on the opposite side of the river, and we must have an inspection; so we have it, turn in again, and sleep soundly until morning. We have a beautiful camping ground, and from that fact I infer we'll soon move. So we do. On the 10th we again pack up, and under cover of the night our brigade moves over the river, and through the town, to a point where a proposed railroad forms a junction with the Telegraph road. One would hardly think two thousand men are marching through the city, so quietly they move — probably for a purpose — and General Patrick says he is thankful he has a brigade composed of men who know how to march. We have not left our camp before another brigade moves up, and the tents are pitched where ours stood. In the morning the scene remains unchanged, and *we* are snug out of sight, under the

*The subsequent career of this gallant officer is fully set forth in the biographical department of this work, and will be found well worth reading.

railroad grade, with a ravine covered with wood upon our right, and a river and mill-pond in the rear. We are hid from the sight of the rebels beyond our lines, and where our camp stood the day before there is still a camp, the same to all appearances.

On Sunday, the 11th, the enemy appear in force on the Bowling Green road, and we stand to our arms a couple of hours. From the 11th until yesterday, drills, outpost and guard duty. Yesterday we moved our camp over the river in our rear, to the hill beyond, and are now encamped on a beautiful spot, near the plank road, and but a short distance from the city. In company with a boon comrade, I visited Fredericksburg, and passed a good portion of one day in looking about the place, and conversing with such of its inhabitants as seemed inclined to commune with one who is proud to number himself with that class of persons, who, in the polite converse of Southern rights, are known as "D———d Yankees." I cannot give you the history of Fredericksburg, by whom and how it was settled, the statistics of its trade and commerce, the count of its negroes, or the number of whites; neither would I, if I could. Enough, that the detested Yankees, at the present time, are masters of its fate, and control its destinies.

Last June I visited Alexandria, and there were but one or two stores open on King street. Four months later, I again visited that city, and not a store was vacant. The Yankees were there, and where they go, follow trade, commerce, and prosperity. The same energetic people are fast making this city a thriving, bustling mart. Here is a steam engine upon the sidewalk, and half-a-dozen soldiers, at their old trade, with their leather aprons, and uprolled sleeves, are oiling, and rubbing, and in a few days that iron horse will be puffing forth the praises of Yankee enterprise. Enter Scott's machine shop, before which the engine stands; everything is in motion; click-click, says the machinery; hammers descend upon the iron, and rise and fall again. I think I am standing before the door of one of our workshops. The soldier machinists are at the drill they like. At the depot here is another crowd of the mud-sills, and pick and shovel are leveling off and filling up, and in a few days the track will be laid, and the engine at the shop will be upon it. Up the track to the river bank, and there is a tressle railroad bridge nearly completed. It is sixty feet above the water, and between five and six hundred feet in length.

"When did you commence work, sir?"

"A week ago Saturday, and this is Monday."

"When will the cars run over?"

"To-night, sir."

"Indeed! I am incredulous. There are yet immense timbers to be placed, plank to be arranged and nailed, and track to be laid."

"How long did you say it would take you to build the bridge?" asked an old lady of one of the officers engaged upon the work.

"About a week, mum."

"About a week! Why, it took a year to build that bridge."

"Yes, mum, I know; but we are in a hurry; can't stop; must have the engine over in a week, mum."

And off to his work steps the officer, leaving the old lady to wonder what manner of people this is that condense the work of a year into a week, and build railroad bridges across broad rivers for the conservatives of a century past to wonder at. The

Yankees are here — here with their broad chests, brawny arms, progressive ideas, the enemies of anarchy, the preservers of order. Ye petty princes of the South, owners of broad estates, masters of cringing serfs, *your* masters are here. Struggle as you may against the progressive spirit of the age, you are in the swift current, as chips in the rapids of Niagara. To apply a passage of the Scriptures to Virginia, "By the sweat of your brow shall you earn your — hoe-cake." "Slavery," says your Vice-President Stephens, "is the corner-stone" of the Confederate fabric. That corner-stone is moving — moving from its place in the structure; and before many generations, at the most, have passed away, the keenest hunter of things ancient will find only its history. It matters not what becomes of you. You are in the way of the nation, and you must step out. You may be princes, lords, of the first families, knightly, chivalrous, and all that sort of nonsense; but,

> "Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
> A breath can make them, as a breath hath made;
> But a bold yeomanry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

MAY 25th, 1862.

Picket duty: tiresome it is, this keeping your harness on for twenty-four hours, watching and waiting for the relief. And yet there is something grand about it. Upon your vigilance depends perhaps the success of the cause. A surprise, and all might be lost. I say there is something grand in the feeling, that thousands of men are leaning upon you for protection, or rather for warning of coming danger. And there is, too, a very fever of excitement about it. Danger seen and understood, is stripped of half its terrors; unseen and uncertain, the imagination conjures up impossible horrors, makes bomb-shells of buck-shot, an hundred men from one, signals from the flash of the fire-fly, an army's advance from the movements of the noiselings of the night. But I have not now the space to fully describe the feelings of a man on picket. Some time when we are on that detail, and I am not on post, I'll write a letter on outpost duty. About five o'clock yesterday afternoon a great smoke was seen in the rebel lines, and this morning the birds have flown, so we tramp back to camp, find everybody excited, listen to all sorts of rumors, and after deliberating profoundly on what we have heard, come to the conclusion that we knew it all before, we "thought so," our generals "ought to have known," and ever since such and such a thing occurred we never had the least confidence in General ———. He is a regular officer, and has spent years in acquiring a knowledge of the art of war, and therefore knows nothing about it. I have heard this from volunteer officers, and it is simply asserting that a man who has run an engine all his life, cannot work it better than one who never saw the iron horse. On the other hand, when Gen. Seymour (then Captain) of Fort Sumter, said to me that he did not see a regular in Fort Runyan after Bull Run, I knew from actual conversation with panic stricken soldiers of the class named, that Capt. Seymour had on his West Point blinders.

There is a rumor that twenty thousand rebels have got into our rear, that they are between this place and Catlett's Station, that Banks has been defeated, that this corps is to take the back track, that Gen. Shields, who arrived here a few days since, is moving towards Catlett's, that the rebel force in our front is on the way to Richmond, that our brigade is to move immediately, and in the midst of these rumors there comes a sound like the roar of a mortar. A magazine, left here by the rebels, has blown up — one man of the 23d New York is killed. I know not the cause of

the explosion, but very naturally one attributes it to some devilish device of the rebels.

There comes an order for three days' rations, and three days' rations it is. Here comes word that some other brigade has gone where we were to go, and we are much obliged to the other brigade; for we did picket duty last night, and don't care very much about marching to-night. I have just seen a gentleman who came from Acquia Creek, this afternoon, and he states that eleven regiments from this point had arrived there, and more waiting for transportation. The 94th, Col. Root, was one of the number. I know not whether they go up or down the river. Perhaps it will be demonstrated in a few days that if there was any interference in Gen. McClellan's plans, it was a most wise policy. Was there not good cause to fear a dash at Washington. The movements of the next few days may answer that question. It would indeed be strange, if while we are besieging Richmond, a rebel army should appear before the gates of our own Capital. But halt,

BOULD SOGER.

Now for our own *resume* of the details not mentioned in the foregoing.

Gen. Patrick had been appointed military governor of Fredericksburg.

Sunday afternoon, May 11th, our pickets were driven in, and the enemy reported to be close upon us. Our line of battle was quickly formed upon the railroad, to await the approach of the foe, whose muskets we could plainly hear at intervals in the distance. Companies "B" and "I" were detached as skirmishers, and deployed across the fields up the telegraph road, and the Ira Harris Cavalry hurried to the front. The Twentieth were in line, the Twenty-Third and Thirty-Fifth deployed upon the left, and thus we stood to our arms for about half an hour. A squadron of rebel cavalry had made their appearance in a wheat field, some distance away, but as our cavalry deployed and interposed their line, they were lost sight of altogether, and we saw no more of them until after we had returned to our tents and all was again quiet, when our cavalry came slowly back, and with them fourteen of the grey-backed heroes of the wheat field, in close custody. Not a man had been hurt. An orderly lost his horse close by General Patrick's side, by a ball from one of their sharpshooters.

That night came cheering news from our comrades on the coast. Norfolk evacuated; the Merrimac blown up. McClellan within twenty miles of Richmond; and while we were discussing with hopeful faces, came a "still later" report. *Richmond was taken*, said rumor. Hurrah! said we. So it was, but only on paper, as it had been many times before.

On Wednesday, the 14th, it began to rain again. Part of the regiment went on picket next day. That night ten regiments of the enemy passed within a short distance of the line, and the boys stood to their arms, momentarily expecting an attack. Toward morning a party of the enemy opened fire, and we were not slow in returning the compliment; but as the rebels kept at a cautious distance, no one was hurt, at least on our side, until after we were relieved, when one of the 35th was shot, as we learned soon after.

On the morning of the 16th the rain ceased, and we returned to camp. Again the weather became pleasant, and we enjoy it to the utmost. We had no drills next day, and we employed the time in upholstering our tents with the limbs and boughs of the cedars on the bluff. Sunday, May 18th, was delightfully sunny, and many took the opportunity for a stroll through the city and its surroundings. "Bould Soger" describes the place much better than I can; so I only say that to the poor soldier, an exile from home and kindred, the feelings prompted by a passing look at those pleasant old houses, with their embowering tress, vines and shrubbery, and smooth green lawns where happy children gambolled in their spring of life, amid nature's budding, while their grave seniors looked on as though in the sight their own spring time found renewal, the faces of sweet girls, making him think, perhaps, of those left behind him, and the voices of song, and laughter, and happiness from draped, vine-covered windows, loop-holes of agonizing suggestion, made his heart ache with longing.

> "When remembrance wracks the mind,
> Pleasures but unveil despair."

saith the immortal Burns. But there was one feature, either an alleviation or an added pang, as the soldier chose to see it, and that was the hatred which seemed a part of the religion of many of these people, toward whom we felt and demonstrated nothing but kindness. Even the little children were taught and encouraged to heap upon us indignities their elders dared not venture: the ladies (?) really would put themselves to great pains in showing their detestation of the "hirelings" in word and deed. A sweeping aside of skirts, or a detour into the middle of the street, with a flashing of disdainful eyes, was the very least we could expect when meeting one of these, and a decent regard for the feelings of my lady readers forbids the recital of some of the demonstrations of these impassioned daughters of the South.

Here is an experience more pleasant. On a fine evening you pause in hearing of a flood of melody from one of those open windows, the long unheard piano mingling its rippling tones with those of sweet, girlish voices, and taking you back, perhaps, to hours when you stood entranced beside a form you cannot forget, and watched those white fingers tripping over the keys, thereby forgetting to turn the music, until reminded by a look and smile, and perhaps you remember how after that you forgot quite often, just to be reminded in the same pleasant way, and you're not a soldier at all any more, and don't know how you are grasping the railing and looking with all your eyes right into that window, where you don't see anything at all, and don't expect to, till, all at once, you are called back to the present by a change in the performance. You have been seen, Mr. Hireling, or "Mudsill," or whatever your name may be and it is for *your* especial edification that "My Maryland" peals out with all the strength of rich voice and thundering accompaniment.

"Flanked, by Jove!" perhaps you exclaim, but the words aren't very bad, considering how they come, and the music makes you forget them, for the air is really grand, and stirs you with as much enthusiasm and ardor as it does the "fair singers," so you "face the music," and, as it is meant for you, hear it out, and perhaps go away singing it over to yourself. Perhaps all are not aware that "our erring sisters" can only claim the words of the song so popular with them until after the battle of Antietam, but such is the case. "O, Tannenbaum!" is a song familiar to many Germans, who recollect that their fathers sang it a century ago, and the words of "My Maryland," without the air, are anything but good. Instance the following:

> She's neither deaf, nor blind, nor dumb,
> See how she spurns the Northern scum,
> My Maryland! My Maryland!

Captain Noyes, one of Gen. Doubleday's staff, in his interesting work, entitled "The Bivouac and the Battle Field," a book, by the way, which reviews the campaign of our corps through the "battle autumn" of 1862 in a most truthful manner, gives his experience as follows:

As we walked through the streets of Fredericksburg, it was evident that we were among foes. The negroes were full of welcome, greeting us with a smiling courtesy which needed no interpreter, but the ladies turned away their faces as we passed, or manifested their hostility in ways even more demonstrative. I confess that this sort

of treatment, while it did not hurt my feelings, always astonished me. Somehow I had never been able to get up a feeling of hatred against the Southerner, even after the attack on Sumter,—pitying him rather as the worst victim of an accursed system which surrounds his cradle, and in the companion of his childhood, whose divine origin and sanction are impressed upon him from the pulpit and taught him at the school, entering unquestioned into all the ramifications of his social life. His present suicidal madness had seemed to me only a part of the disease. It was not, then, with any desire for revenge, but solely to restrain him from blindly involving North and South in one common ruin we had come hither, and it was thus impossible for me to look upon these citizens of Fredericksburg as my enemies, but rather as my countrymen, to come back by-and-by, when their insanity was over, to the old fraternal relationship, perhaps forever disenthralled from that system which was the cause of their present madness.

But our Southern friends did not seem to look at it exactly in this light, and so we had to make the best of it. If a flag floated over the sidewalk, the fair dame would sweep out into the middle of the muddy street. If a pleasant face at an open window attracted us as we walked by, what a slamming to of window blinds was there, my countrymen! The men were, however, more prudent, and treated us usually with sufficient courtesy.

In the afternoon, six companies of our regiment being on picket duty, a flag of truce came in from the rebel lines, about one and a half miles away. The bearer, a Major of Infantry, was a noble looking fellow, evidently a *preux chevalier* of the best blood. A splendid gray uniform, trimmed and frogged with gold, set off his handsome figure to advantage, and he managed his jet black stallion with a proud grace, not a whit diminished by the fact that his eyes were bandaged, and his sword-hand clasped in that of a foe, in the person of our Major, who rode by his side, conducting him to the headquarters of General McDowell.

I could not but look with sad regret upon one who, with all his youthful fire and devotion misdirected, might soon add one more to the holocaust of noble victims offered up on the shrine of an unholy cause; a young life quenced in unsanctified blood, to be mourned, not as a country's benefactor, but as one lost forever.

On the next Tuesday the railroad bridge was finished, and the first train crossed it, and now we were certain of sure and speedy supplies, in case of an advance from this point. Next day Sergeant Orville S. Dewey, of "D," received a commission as Lieutenant in the 49th N. Y. S. V., then on the Peninsula, with McClellan, and departed with the best wishes of his comrades.

On Thursday, May 22d, we removed our camp to the elevation on which stood the reservoir, about a mile to the right and rear of Hazel Dell, and within a short distance of the city, the plank road

being just on our right. Down in rear of the camp was the stone wall so obstinately held by the enemy in the battle of the ensuing December, costing us hundreds of lives. A beautiful grove of poplars surrounded the reservoir, and the high, open spot upon which we pitched our tents; two fine springs were near, and just in front was the residence of an old planter, with its surrounding grove of fine old trees, and here the guard stacked their arms, and lounged upon the grass when off post.

We lay here one week, expecting and prepared for a forward movement at any hour. Shield's Division had arrived at Falmouth on the 21st, and was expected to take our place. The enemy were every day growing more and more aggressive. The pickets were almost constantly skirmishing, and "bushwhacking" parties and scouting cavalry made frequent attacks upon the picket line, making that duty anything but insipid. Our line in front at this time skirted the forest out to the left of the telegraph road, crossed it, and taking all possible advantage of the open ground in front, followed the woods down to the point where the railroad emerged from the bluff in front of the Dell, then ran under the cliff by the alum spring, out past the mill, and again up through the woods to the plank road. Though disposed to the best possible advantage, the line offered many weak points, and in many places could be approached very nearly without an alarm, and this fact the partisan rangers, with their complete knowledge of the country with its many by-paths, did not fail to use in a most unsoldierly manner, murdering our men wherever they could surprise them. The contrabands came in night and day, and sometimes caused no little alarm to exposed posts, by their cautious approaches under cover of darkness. I remember one night in particular, when a squad of them came suddenly upon one of Company "F's" posts, where stood Johnny Burke, with a couple of comrades sleeping at his feet. John challenged them, at the same time rousing his supporting force, and forming for action, but the bewildered darkeys, not knowing whether they had met a friend or a foe, hesitated until the fatal third challenge was given, and then, *bang* went three muskets, and an unknown number of very much demoralized darkeys went plunging through the bushes in every direction. One of them, in the darkness, ran headlong against a large tree, and was found next morning doubled up at its foot, not much hurt, but very bewildered, and with a head slightly peeled. The tree was not injured, and the darkey's head being bandaged up, he accompanied the boys to the

reserves quite cheerfully, being thereafter still further gladdened by a cup of coffee, and a breakfast of bacon and hard tack, after which he went on his way rejoicing.

Part of our regiment now went out daily on the plank road, relieving the posts from the left, and the old picket returning by the same way. The boys will all remember the spot where we filed off through an old gate into a lane, to approach the woods. That old gate saw many a lively time while pickets were going and coming. An old toll-gate stood within hailing distance down the road, and, with a couple of hay-stacks, afforded shelter to the enemy's marksmen, while our own situation was more exposed. Here, every morning, while the posts were being relieved, the balls buzzed around in a lively way, the gray-backs usually stepping out boldly when relieved, and sending a parting volley, which was sometimes, out of pure courtesy, returned. When night came, we were always cautioned to shift the posts, to avoid surprise, and whether from "good luck" or cautious attention to duty, we did not lose a man during the occupation of this line.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival of the President and Secretary of War.—A Review.—McClellan's Call for Aid.—"The Capitol must be Protected."—General McDowell's Instructions.—On to Richmond.—Massaponax.—A Delay.—The Battle of Hanover Court House, to effect a junction between the two Armies, is Countered by Jackson, on our right.—A Counter-march, described by "Bould Soger."—The Second Day's March.—Making Coffee.—Elk Run.—Defeat of Banks.—From Catlett's to Markham Station, by Rail, and the return march.

DOUBLEDAY'S Brigade arrived at Falmouth on Thursday, May 22d, from Washington, and with it came President Lincoln and the Secretary of War, the apparent object of the visit being a review of the forces on the Rappahannock.

Gen. McClellan, mustering his forces upon the banks of the Chickahominy, was preparing for that desperate struggle which was to end so fatally for him and his brave but insufficient army, and meantime earnestly asking for more troops to sustain his forces, weakened as they were by casualties, sickness, garrisons and guards. But where were they to come from? The President firmly refuses to uncover the Capitol entirely; and, on the other hand, Gen. McClellan assured him that one division added to his army for that effort "would do more to protect Washington than his (Gen. McDowell's) whole force could possibly do anywhere else in the field."

To this, and McClellan's suggestion that a junction should be effected by water, the President responded in substance as follows: That after careful consideration, he was unwilling to leave the Capitol unprotected, and that allowing such a step to be a prudent one, it would require more time to effect a junction between the two armies by way of the Potomac and York rivers than by a land march. In order, therefore, to attack Richmond in strength, without delay, Gen. McDowell had been ordered to effect a junction in the latter way, but charged, at the same time, by no means to uncover Washington.

The following is a copy of the instructions to General McDowell:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 17th, 1862.

GENERAL:—Upon being joined by Shields' Division, you will move upon Richmond by the general route of the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, co-operating with the forces under Gen. McClellan, now threatening Richmond from the line of the Pamunkey and York rivers.

While seeking to establish, as soon as possible, a communication between your left wing and the right wing of Gen. McClellan, you will hold yourself always in such a position as to cover the Capital of the nation against a sudden dash of any large body of the rebel forces.

Gen. McClellan will be furnished with a copy of these instructions, and will be directed to hold himself in readiness to establish communication with your left wing, and to prevent the main body of the enemy's army from leaving Richmond, and throwing itself upon your column before a junction of the two armies is effected.

A copy of his instructions in regard to the employment of your force is annexed.

By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

GEN. MCDOWELL,
Commanding Department of Rappahannock.

Of course, except by rumor, we knew nothing of these instructions, but all understood that the time to move on Richmond had come. I have said that the President arrived on the 22d. Next day our brigade was drawn up in line and reviewed by him. I had never marked such a change in the aspect of any human face within so short a time as was apparent in that of the President since we passed him, by McClellan's side, on the occasion of the grand review at Bailey's Cross Roads, only a few months before. A nation's cares and burdens had deepened the furrowed cheeks and bent the broad shoulders, and a painful consciousness of immense responsibilities seemed to look out with every glance from his restless eyes.

Three days more of picket duty, and then came our marching orders. It was on Sunday, May 25th, and we were to move at two in the afternoon. The enemy had fallen back in the night, and clouds of smoke were rolling up in the South from his deserted camps. On that beautiful Sunday morning, two columns moved out by different roads, the cavalry beating about in advance, and feeling for the enemy.

This, it seems, was a reconnoissance, and the main force on the south bank did not move until next day. On that same morning a magazine left by the rebels, by some accident resulting from

carelessness, blew up, killing William March, of Company "A," 23d N. Y. V., who was guarding it at the time.*

On Monday we broke camp, and taking the telegraph road, marched eight miles, crossing the Massaponax, and, in a rain storm, camping upon a bare hill-top. All around were the still smoking camps of the enemy, and along the roads, in the fields, nailed to the trees and fences, were boards with various messages left by our gray-back friends, addressing us as "d———d Yanks," and informing us that they had pressing business elsewhere, but would certainly return soon. One, in the form of a guide-board, with a hand boldly sketched in charcoal, and pointing South, was thus inscribed,—"30 MILES TO RICHMOND! COME AND SEE US!"

We lay upon this spot until the 29th, wondering at the delay, and then came orders to counter-march to Fredericksburg, *en route* for Catlett's, *en route* for somewhere else, nobody knew precisely where, only that Jackson, or somebody else, had been so impudent as to defy all calculation, and was rapidly getting between us and Washington. I cannot say that we took this disappointment with perfect equanimity, and I fear that the Capital was consigned to an infernally high temperature and the care of "H. S. M.," oftener than strict duty required, on that morning.

In the meantime McClellan had prepared for a junction with our left. On May 26th, learning that a large force of the enemy was near Hanover Court House, (just thirty miles from where we lay), and in a position either to reinforce Jackson or prevent a junction with McDowell, and that the enemy had fallen back from Fredericksburg, and McDowell was eight miles South of the river, he considered it imperative to dislodge or defeat this force. This task was entrusted to Brigadier General Fitz John Porter, commanding Fifth Corps, with orders to move at daybreak on the 27th.

Then followed the battle of Hanover Court House, resulting in a complete rout of the enemy, and our forces holding that place and Ashland until the evening of the 29th, when, says McClellan, "The objects of the expedition being accomplished, and it being certain that the First Corps would not join us at once, Gen. Porter withdrew his command to their camps, with the main army," and while this

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*It was currently reported at the time that some infernal contrivance by the rebels did the deed, but the facts brought out in the investigation of the affair, and which I have from good authority, leave no conclusion but the one I have given.

was being done we were already crossing the Rappahannock. Now let "Bould Soger" speak again.

BIVOUAC SEVEN MILES FROM FALMOUTH,
May 29th, 1862.

EXPRESS:—I say May 29th, but indeed I am uncertain whether it be that date or the 30th. I suppose that the most of those who may read this letter are sleeping while I write; sleeping, and that, too, soundly, between nice clean white sheets, with plenty of bed-clothing on top, a multitude of softly-yielding feathers underneath, and under the head a pillow that would rival that of a babe's. Yes, and I suppose, too, that many of you, when you get up in the morning and come down stairs to breakfast, to your cup of nice hot coffee and thick cool cream, to your hot rolls, to your plate of ham and eggs, are remarking to the lady of the house, that you didn't think you slept so well as you might last night; that there was hardly a sufficient covering of bed-clothes, that you think the maid neglected to stir up the feathers, or that you was forced to the wall in consequence of there being a down-hill side to the bed. And then you don't see why there couldn't just as well be a little larger quantity and a little better quality of soap in the bathing room. You could find no clean towels this morning. This ham is too salty and the eggs are hardly done enough, and you prefer bread to hot rolls. Then, perhaps, you seat yourself in an easy chair, take up the morning papers, read over the tax bill under consideration in Congress, and come to the conclusion that you are one of the purest of patriots, and are, in one sense at least, bleeding more profusely in the cause of your country. And so you may be. Certain it is, you are if you bleed willingly. All of us cannot shoulder arms and serve in the field. All of us cannot pay the taxes and stay at home. If we furnish the bone and muscle, you must furnish the other sinews of war. If we do the one and you the other, I'll toss up a penny with you to see who is the best patriot. But I was speaking of that downy bed of yours, and the vision was forced upon me by reflecting upon our own situation. The day I mailed my last letter we moved six miles out on the telegraph road, and encamped near the place where a few days before was situate the camp of the rebels. The next morning, Companies "A" and "H" relieved two companies of the 20th N. Y., then on picket duty. The Companies of the 20th had been sent out the previous night, and were therefore forced to establish their picket line without the aid of daylight. The next morning they found themselves facing the camp of their friends, instead of the enemy's country, and instead of being a protection to us, they had only isolated themselves from our support. So easy is it for one to become bewildered and lost in the woods; and how is the bewilderment increased when darkness makes even the open field more of a labyrinth than are the woods in day time!

This morning we picked up our several establishments and moved towards Fredericksburg. It is generally understood that we are to move to Catlett's Station. Further than that, none of us who are not in high place, have anything definite. We reached the city, moved through it, crossing over the river, down the hill into Falmouth, up the hill out of it, and I write seven miles this side of the place named. We were detained in Falmouth by the baggage trains passing through the streets, and we improved the time by filling our canteens from a well in the garden of a house, opposite to which the head of the column had halted. It was a fine mansion, a

beautiful garden, and they who lived there were evidently fine people,— polite and obliging. One of the ladies trembled for the life of some favorite plants, and with all the gallantry that my northern education would permit, I offered my service in an endeavor to keep the men from tramping upon them. Another member of the regiment coming in shortly after, lent his aid, and, between us, the plants are still a thing of beauty. Our efforts o'er, of course we paid our respects to the ladies, who stepped forward to thank us. Another of my comrades here joined us, and we three conversed with the two ladies. The first of my companions did the most of the talking on our part, and where there is a lady in the case or in the conversation, I defer most humbly to him, and stand demurely by, content to be within the charmed circle of his conversation. Our talk, though, was cut short by a brief and summary sentiment and response. The elder lady was indeed a fine, noble-looking old Virginia mother, and she rather boasted of two sons in the 32d Virginia regiment, The younger was of Scotch parentage. "My father was a Scotchman, and he always loved his *native* land the best. I was born in Virginia." That was very neatly said. The elder lady put in, "Yes! and I was born in Virginia. I am a true Southerner. and I love *my* country,— VIRGINIA."

"Yes, ladies, and I love *my* country, *America*." And three bould sogers bowed low, turned upon their heels, and left the two ladies to their narrow love. "I *do* love *turnips*," exclaimed an old lady whose husband "lay a-moundering in the ground." "Can't you find something more worthy of your love?" growled an old bach. But our march. When we set out this morning, we were forced to wait over an hour for a baggage train to pass, and several times to-day have we suffered from similar causes. The day is very warm, the roads very dusty, and the most of the way we have marched by the side of the wagons seven miles this side of Falmouth, and we marched it without a halt. When the regiment arrived here in this field, it was after nine o'clock, and so exhausted were the men, that they literally dropped where they stood, and were sleeping in almost an instant. Hardly ten shelter tents were pitched. The men were very thirsty, but it was very dark, and they knew not where to find water. One can hardly walk about the field for fear of stepping upon some tired soldier. A few moments since, I walked out towards the road, and stepped square upon a soldier sleeping in the tall grass. He never spoke, never moved, so soundly did he sleep. And I am sitting upon four rails, with my checker-board writing-desk on my knee, telling you all about it. And I am thinking of that nice feather bed of yours, the soft side of a rail for us. I think I'll have to be a little selfish, and claim that this requires the most patriotism. It may be hard to pay heavy taxes, but these rail-fence beds and out-door bedrooms are taxes on the years of a man's life. And so, good night to you; and when you come down to breakfast in the morning, to the ham and eggs, hot rolls, and hot coffee, think of those who lie on the rails, on the ground, and eat hard bread for breakfast.

We had marched but fifteen miles that day, but we did not leave our advanced camp until afternoon. The day was hot, terrible hot for a march, and we were delayed some time in Fredericksburg. There was a contrast in the manner of our first entering that place and our leaving it. We entered with the evening shadows, noiselessly; we departed at mid-day, with a

flourish of trumpets. When we entered, the streets had seemed deserted; now they were lined with faces in which beamed gladness at our departure, and anything but a God-speed.

There was one exception. A lady in deep mourning stood at a street corner, weeping bitterly as she watched the passing columns.

One man, of what regiment we did not learn, dropped down in the hot street and died.

Next day, the wagons having come up, with our rations, the bugle sounded to strike tents at nine, and we marched on. That day's march was most severe. The bright, dazzling sky, arched above us like a great burning-glass, through which the sun's rays poured down in condensed fire upon our devoted heads. Painfully we toiled along, vainly essaying to ease the weight of knapsacks by slinging them upon our guns, fighting for water at the wayside springs, few and far between, and every few rods some exhausted fellow staggering to the roadside, "played out." We took the same road by which we had at first approached Falmouth, and the few inhabitants skirting it, aware of our approach, annoyed us as much as possible, chiefly by pitching bucket and windlass down the well, and thus cutting off our supply of indispensable water.

Soon after noon, heavy cloud banks rolled up from the South-West, and after a short interval of refreshing coolness and shadow, down came the torrent. The flood-gates were up, and the afternoon's march was but little pleasanter than the morning. We halted at four, in a pine wood, planting the brigade tri-color to collect the stragglers, and made a cup of coffee.

Made a cup of coffee! A very unimportant operation, perhaps you think, my citizen friend. Not so! Next to that when he drops his heavy knapsack, the soldier's happiest moment is when he makes his coffee, and *that* experience he remembers with most pleasure, the first is only a relief, to be thought no more of when the fatigue is over,— the last is a pleasure of which the dwellers in walled cities have little notion. Your fragrant mocha, smoking in its Sevres cup of white and gold, with a lump of crystalized sweetness, and its rich amber toned down with just the right quantity of golden cream, may be an important item in your morning meal but you are never deprived, and, shared with your other luxuries, it loses its zest. Now observe that soldier. Did you ever see one of those men whose strong arms built our railroads and excavated our canals, and who now form so large an item in the armies of the nation, pausing in his work, beside his up-tilted barrow, and filling the little black

"dudheen" which is so rarely from between his lips. See him carefully place it between his teeth, draw forth his knife and his solid black "plug" of tobacco, hold it daintily between the thumb and forefinger, and shave the little slices into the upturned palm, grind them carefully between his horny hands, his honest face glowing with anticipation of their balmy ignition, and finally, the operation ended, right his barrow and trundle it away with new vigor? I have. And I have never been able to settle rightly in my mind upon which part afforded him most gratification, the anticipation or the smoke, remembering that, in most of the labors we devote to a selfish end, we take more pleasure than in the end itself. But while we are talking our soldier proceeds to business, for he has no time for abstraction. Like our Irishman, he is taking the sweetest and least substantial part of his evening meal, for you must know that in the army no meal is considered complete without its coffee.

Having unbuckled his haversack, he takes from the strap, where it has hung all day, gathering dust and tinkling against canteen and bayonet sheath, his old, black tin cup, crusted with the smoke of many camp fires, and fills it from his replenished canteen. He has gathered a few dry sticks and lighted a little fire, around which a squad of comrades gather, each adding *his* little pile of fuel, and producing his cup. And now the little flecks of ashes which the flames have cast into it begin to move upon the water, and then hurry to and fro, and round and round, a ripple bubbles up around one edge, another bursts up in the centre, then one side heaves up and combs like a billow's crest, over upon the other; and now is the propitious moment for the mingling of the Arabian berry with the wave, from which shall spring a Lethean draught which Jove might sip.

Hastily diving into the haversack, he fishes up a stocking — *What?* Why, a *stocking*, tied up with a supernumerary — shoe-string,— a *clean* stocking, of course,— "what's in a name?" and the woolen fabric better protects the aromatic grain from heat and damp, and from it withdraws a handful of the rich brown contents, and pours them into the cup. The surface levels again, but for a moment, then a few bubbles round the edge, the mass heaves and darkens, and, as the billow rises again, disappears, to be seen only in separate grains, as they whirl madly round this pigmy maelstrom. Now it rises in a frothy tide, and threatens to inundate the ministering fire, but the careful eye sees, and the quick hand

snatches it away, and it is safe. A little more boiling, to make it strong, tending the fire carefully, and it is done, only requiring a dash of sugar, which comes from another stocking, and it is ready. Black, but oh! how fragrant; its bitterness just qualified by the sugar, and dispelled with such certainty and speed, with a trifle of hard tack and bacon, that "goneness," or sensation of vacancy which made your belts seem so loose an hour ago.

Then you light your pipe — the leaf tobacco we found in that last dry-house is very good — and "blow a cloud" after which you bathe your burning, aching feet, that you may be well in the morning, and then you "roll up." The coffee, and that last pipe, have done your business. Your quivering nerves, sore with the day's exertion, are quiet, and you sleep calmly and soundly, to rise refreshed at daybreak, with the first blast of the bugle.

We halted for that night's bivouac near Elk Run, having marched twenty-two miles.

Next morning we broke camp at seven, and marched to the Run, a distance of about three miles, where we halted while Augur's brigade passed us towards Catlett's, where they were to be shipped in advance, for Manassas Junction, and from thence to Front Royal. Here we received a mail, which had followed us in care of Jimmy McCabe, our post boy, and with it papers of a late date, from which we learned the particulars of the movements of Stonewall Jackson on our left, which we were now on our way to intercept.

The enemy had made a desperate push upon Harper's Ferry, placing Gen. Banks in a critical position, and necessitating the immediate withdrawal of troops from the Rappahannock for his succor.

At the time when the division of General Shields was taken from him to swell our advancing column in its demonstration on Richmond, General Banks was at Sharpsburg, with about six thousand men. On the 23d a rebel force of between seven and ten thousand men fell upon one regiment and two companies, guarding the bridge at Port Royal, destroying it entirely, crossed the Shenandoah, and on the 24th pushed on to get North of Banks, on the road to Winchester. The latter General reached the place first, and next day a battle ensued, in which Banks was overwhelmed and driven in full retreat towards Martinsburg. Stonewall Jackson, with ten thousand men, was near Front Royal, following up and supporting the pursuing force, and another force of ten thousand were taking the same direction from near Orleans.

Still later, Banks was holding Jackson in check at Harper's Ferry, with the assistance of a force detached from our corps and sent by way of Washington, together with regiments and batteries from that place and Baltimore. Our own force, under McDowell, of twenty thousand men, moving upon Front Royal, and General Fremont with his entire force, from Franklin, on the march from Harrisonburg, were to get in the enemy's rear, and if possible cut off his retreat.

Now that a fair prospect for some fighting lay before us, the excitement of anticipation rose to a pitch we had not felt since the memorable days of that July at Fort Runyon. Fighting was actually going on and we were wanted; and behind the swift engine would soon be rapidly approaching the scene of our first "trial by sword."

A herd of cattle had been driven up during the morning and were being slaughtered, and three days' rations dealt out to the men, a third of it being put immediately into the kettles, and the rest dealt out raw. This meat, cooked before the animal warmth had left it, almost before the fibres had ceased to quiver, and without sufficient salt, would have been a disgusting meal at any other time, but hungry, as we were, we devoured it unhesitatingly, though many were made sick in consequence.

At four that afternoon, in a rain storm, we marched on to Catlett's Station, two miles from the Run; and after standing in the mud and rain for about an hour, the train was ready. We were packed into freight cars, each containing one company, and as there was hardly standing room in ours, and no amount of ingenuity and good humor could effect a comfortable arrangement, I with others climbed upon deck, and, being very tired, rolled myself in my rubber poncho, and tightly clasping the foot-plank, along the centre, slept soundly. The rain fell all night, and I awoke at daybreak in about four inches of water, collected in the hollow of the old, sunken deck, but refreshed and in better condition than those of my comrades inside, whose somewhat haggard faces told the story of a hard and sleepless night. We had halted at Manassas Junction, that is, four cars with Companies "B," "D," and "F," had been detached from our train, and the rest, with the field and staff officers and the remainder of the regiment, had gone on.

We followed at eleven next morning, it being Sunday, and the first day of June. The sky had cleared up, and the sun came out pleasantly; all crowded upon deck, the better to see the beautiful

country through which we were passing, and eagerly on the watch for anything denoting fun ahead. Through the wild Thoroughfare Gap, winding almost impossible curves, like a snake in a bramble, our train "dragged its slow length along," the scene alternating on either side in cultivated fields, rocky slopes, wooden ridges, a dark romantic glen with its old mill, mossy and dilapidated, and then a perpendicular cut, rocks and trees, more angles, and while you are calculating the necessary degree of speed required to hurl you from the deck — as the train whips round one of these corners — against the opposite wall, and the possibility of avoiding the car-wheels in your subsequent evolutions, flash! you are out in the sunlight again. Then come beautiful country homes, with glimpses of fine-looking women; and there are pigs, and poultry, and other "game" of the like kind, perambulating in unconscious security, which is enough to make one's heart ache for their safety, if the train should stop; but it don't stop, and, at five, we halt, and dismount at Piedmont, having passed the locality of last night's murderous accident,— which I leave "Bould Soger" to describe,— stopping here all night, and moving on next morning at eight, to Markham, where we joined the regiment. "Bould Soger," with his company, was in the advance train, and thus describes the excursion:

May 31st, we took the cars at Catlett's Station, ran down to Manassas Junction, lay there until morning, and started, as we supposed, for Strasburg. At about three P. M., June 1st, we arrived at Markham Station, got off the cars, and took dinner on the place of the rebel Colonel Ashby. The previous night, the train containing, I believe, the Brooklyn 14th, ran into the train of the Sharpshooters, killing one, and wounding forty of the latter. Riding on the rail through an enemy's country, and where the trains are not regulated by a time-table, is not a very safe or pleasant mode of traveling. The train of the Sharpshooters was at a standstill, with a signal lantern at the rear. The train of the 14th came speeding round the curve, a man took the lantern from its place to make the signal for the approaching train to stop. In doing this the light went out, and we pass a newly made grave by the roadside, and look in at the house where lay some forty of the wounded. Of course we visit the house of the famous Ashby, and down in the cellar, overhauling a heap of old papers, we find some interesting relics, and pocket them. We found an old and very neatly kept ledger belonging to the house of Ashby & Stribbling, of Alexandria, and bearing date 1821. There are accounts with the Washington family and John Marshall. I do not know as to the fact, but a correspondent of some, I believe, New York paper, states that the latter once lived at this place. Then this account must have been with the famous jurist, and it's mine, sure. John Marshall — Dr. "To two quarts whisky." "If the Court knows herself, and she thinks she do," then John Marshall and his "two quarts whisky," existed in those primitive times when

good things in moderation — even liquor — were universally used, approved of, insisted upon.

After dinner we again got aboard of the cars, and started for Front Royal. "Down Brakes," toots the engine whistle, the train runs slower, a man jumps aboard the engine and jumps off, after saying to the engineer, "Go on without stopping for wood or water; they are fighting up above." All very well to say go on without wood or water, but this iron horse won't stir unless you give him plenty to eat and drink. The train stops, and the prospect of a fight makes plenty of wood heavers. The tender has its load of wood and water in a moment, and away we go. Manassas Gap! winding — winding around the mountains runs the track, and we are entering the Gap. Three hills of solid rock have been cut through; there are short intervals between the hills, and the distance from the entrance to the end of the Gap is about half a mile. From the track to the top of the highest hill is perhaps fifty feet. Blue Ridge Ruts! the hills and mountains, thickly wooded, are piled one above the other, and inspire an inexpressible feeling of grandeur — sublimity. But everything makes a different impression on different minds. While I am thinking how beautiful, grand, is this land of mountains, my chum, Bill Coldweather, who sits by my side on the tender's wood pile, is thinking of the utility of the design. "Bould," he exclaims, hunching me in the side with that sharp elbow of his, and thereby disturbing my meditations, "how very loosely this dirt was thrown in." Wretch! I could almost wish the fireman would mistake you for an uncut stick of wood, and chuck you into the furnace. But the fireman is a small man, and Bill has worked on a farm, and dug an oil well. "Ah, yes! Bill, how about that dry oil well? How very loosely the oil in that country was thrown in." I guess by the red in Bill's face that I shall not again be disturbed by that sharp elbow.

We are passing round a sharp curve, on an embankment fifty feet high, and the top as wide only as the track. There is a perceptible jar, something beside the shake of the usual motion of the cars. We think nothing of it, but our careful engineer whistles down brakes. The next day we learn that on that grade a rail was found loosened, having probably been tampered with. One mile from Front Royal and an engine ahead of us is off the track. It cannot be got on, and so General Augur orders us to remain here in the cars all night. And how came we subject to General Augur's orders? Only two regiments of Patrick's brigade got aboard the cars at Catlett's. Ours was the first. In our regiment were nine companies. Company "C" was left on duty at Fredericksburg. Before we left Catlett's, a number of cars, containing four companies, were detached from the train, and only five went on to the Junction. Somewhere between Markham Station and where we are to pass the night, cars containing three more of our companies are detailed. General Patrick is not with us, and so the remaining two companies are under General Augur. The balance of the regiment is somewhere on the road, and probably but a short distance in the rear. One of General Augur's Aids steps into the car, and gives an order to our Colonel to be ready to move on at three o'clock the next morning, as orders had been received to proceed on to Strasburg by rail. So we pass the night very near the battle-ground of the 1st Maryland.

In the morning at daylight we move on, but not more than a mile. The railroad bridge over the Shenandoah is partly destroyed, and the cars cannot pass over it. It is indeed strange. Ordered to go on by rail to Strasburg, where it is known that the

bridge over a wide river was partly destroyed several days before, and there is no knowledge or certainty of its having been repaired.

There are strange stories told of how our engineer was ordered to run on at three A. M., and how he absolutely refused; how when he stopped the train before the bridge he trembled from head to foot at what is by many considered to have been a very narrow escape; and much more, in a similar strain. This is certain — we passed the night less than a mile distant from that bridge. The bridge, and all the country round about was and had been for several days in our possession. There was no lack of facilities for communication with the troops then at the bridge. Any man could have walked there and back in half an hour, and ascertained the truth. We ran down expecting to cross and go on to Strasburg.

If we had attempted to have crossed, hundreds of us would have been murdered. Just before we reach the bridge there is a very steep, down grade. This is certain. It was an escape; how narrow I am not prepared to say; but it was an escape, and somebody is to blame. This also is certain, and very certain. Just as fast as government shoes will allow, I want to get into some other portion of this State.

June 2d.

We returned by rail to Haymarket. I cannot speak of the return trip, for I was oblivious to everything except ague, fever and quinine! King's Division is now here,— twelve miles from Manassas Junction, and we are to move early in the morning.

Once more Jackson had slipped through our fingers and got clear away, and nothing to do now but take the back track again with the best possible grace. So with many groans and some swearing, the engine was reversed, and, at Thoroughfare Gap, some time in the afternoon, we were unshipped, with the 35th, to await the arrival of the train with the rest of the brigade. When it came, we found that we had been dumped in the wrong place, and, notwithstanding the fact that our shelter tents were pitched for the night, and many of us had our supper on the coals, we were ordered to fall in immediately, and march five miles farther, while our comrades on the train passed on. With much naughty talk, the packs were slung again, and, sore as we were with our two days' journey in the packing-case-on-wheels, denominated cars, we started off down the railroad for Haymarket.

Many fell out, too tired and hungry to go farther, and straggled to the farm houses for something to eat, as nearly all were still in money sufficient to afford the luxuries of hoe-cake and milk. The rest of us arrived at Haymarket weary and wet; for a thunderstorm raged during the last hour, and did not hold up until some time next morning. In the wet grass, cold and miserable, we lay that night. Next morning we received rations, and in the afternoon moved to a wood beyond the village, where we again pitched our

tents, and lay in the rain for two nights and days. Our Irish linen, by long use, had become old and rotten, and was but a slight protection against the merciless beating of the rain.

Thursday, at midnight, came orders to march on Warrenton at four next morning, June 6th, but as we were falling in, orders came for our regiment to remain as a guard to the supply depot at Gainesville. So we marched about a mile, and again pitched our tents, near the depot, while the balance of the brigade went on.

At this place we lay until June 9th, when we again started for Fredericksburg. It rained during the greater part of the day, and at three we halted at Catlett's, having marched twelve miles over a rough and muddy road, and obliged to ford the numerous streams. We lay at Catlett's in the mud and rain, until the morning of the 11th, when we again moved on, joining our brigade at Elk Run near noon.

Here lay our division, and here we remained until the 13th, when we again broke camp, and marched about three miles in the rain, encamping again at Town Run. Next day we received the mail which had been withheld for nearly three weeks, in consequence of the uncertainty of our whereabouts.

On the 21st we marched about eight miles, and encamped on the north branch of Deep Run. Here, on the 23d, we received our pay for March and April.

Next morning at six we were again on the march, and arrived at our camping place, opposite Fredericksburg, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, it being Tuesday, June 24th, and a rainy day. The last of our "easy stages," a good fifteen miles, had been accompanied by a soaking shower, which continued through the night.

CHAPTER X.

Camp "Rufus King."—Jackson's Escape.—McClellan's Change of Base.—Pope assumes Command.—July 4th, 1862.—"Sargeant Delaney, do you mane that?"—Our last Church Service at "Rufus King."—We Cross the River for the third time."—A Successful Raid.—Company "C" has a Fight.—Preparations for an Advance.—Recapitulation.

ON FRIDAY, June 27th, we removed our camp to a spot about two miles back from the river, where about ninety acres of fine meadow, gently rolling to the South from the forest in our rear, afforded us a splendid drill ground. General Patrick established his headquarters near the front of this ground, where the various regiments of his brigade, encamped side by side along its rear, might be constantly under his eye.

On this beautiful spot, which we named Camp Rufus King, we lay until July 28th, just one month, the weather terribly warm for most of the time, and our duty very severe. Brigade drill in the morning from five to seven, then breakfast, guard-mounting, company drill, usually in skirmishing, and a batallion drill and parade in the afternoon, was the regular order of the week. On Sunday we had the usual inspection, and after parade, church service, in which General Patrick, as usual, took a leading part.

The audacious and successful Jackson having safely accomplished his diversion on our right, drawn the greater part of the Army of the Rappahannock away from its field of co-operation with that of the Potomac, thus leaving brave Little Mac to flounder alone in the boggy borders of the Chickahominy, and to relinquish step by step the ground so painfully gained, was now marching again across our front, but so far away that we could not know his exact whereabouts, or where to expect his next blow. Pending such knowledge, we held almost the previous line of defence, our forces so disposed as to equally give all its points a chance of speedy help in case of an attack. In the meantime McClellan, having driven the enemy at Hanover Court House and at Fair Oaks, was unable, from the state of the roads consequent upon severe rain, to follow up the advantage thus gained. The Chickahominy flowing

between his right and left wings, and swollen by the rains, carried away in succession all his bridges, and threatened to destroy entirely all communication, and thus expose him to the risk of a defeat in detail, while unable to support an attack on either flank. For this reason it was determined, on the 26th of June, to make a change of base to the left bank, and use the James River route as a line of attack and supply. The inability of McDowell to co-operate, confined as he was to the defence of Washington, and unable to do more than hold Jackson in check, exposed McClellan's right, and the long line of supply from the White House to the Chickahominy, to the enemy, and forced the immediate change of base across the Peninsula. At this time Jackson made his appearance, and then followed the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Allan Farm, Savage Station, Glendale, and Malvern Hill, McClellan slowly and stubbornly falling back to Harrison's Landing, his fast diminishing forces fighting their fate with a heroism worthy of a better, against fearful odds, while we, unconscious of their need, waited by the Rappahannock for the long wished for word that should send us to their assistance.

It is not our aim to write a history of the war, but in considering the part our little regiment took in the achievements of the day, it is not amiss to speculate upon the possible results which might have followed a different management. The impartial future must decide, if blame rests upon any one for the terrible disasters of those days, never to be forgotten by those who saw and felt them, or how they might have been, instead, the portion of our foes.

On the 26th day of June, Major General John Pope, by special order of the President, assumed command of the Army of Virginia, that army, according to his report, being constituted as follows: First Corps, under Major General Fremont; second, under Major General Banks; third, under Major General McDowell. In addition to these three corps, a small and unorganized force, under Brigadier General Sturgis, was posted in the neighborhood of Alexandria, and was then in process of organization for field service. The forces in the entrenchments around Washington were also placed under his command. All the disposable movable force consisted of the three corps first named. Their effective strength of infantry and artillery, as reported to him, was as follows: Fremont's corps, eleven thousand five hundred strong; Banks' corps, reported at fourteen thousand five hundred, but, in reality, only about eight thousand;

McDowell's corps, eighteen thousand five hundred, making a total of thirty-eight thousand men.

The cavalry numbered about five thousand men for duty, but most of it was badly mounted and armed, and in poor condition for service. These forces were scattered over a wide district, not within supporting distance of each other, and many of the brigades and divisions badly organized and ineffective. According to Pope's report, from which I take this estimate, thus far *verbatim*,— this was particularly the case with the corps of Major General Fremont, a sad report of which was made by General Sigel when he relieved General Fremont in its command.

Gen. Pope's first labors were directed toward the re-organization of some of the brigades and regiments of that corps, and supplying the whole of the force with requisites for effective service in the field.

Banks and Fremont lay in the valley of the Shenandoah, between Winchester and Middletown, the bulk of their forces being in the vicinity of the latter place; one division (Rickett's) of McDowell's corps lay at Manassas Junction, with its advance thrown forward to Catlett's Station; the other (King's) was posted opposite Fredericksburg.

McCall's division, of our corps, sent to aid McClellan, had embarked on the tenth of June, and within three days joined him on the Chickahominy, taking an active part in all that followed.

The wish of the Government, that he should "cover the city of Washington from any attack from the direction of Richmond, make such dispositions as were necessary to assure the safety of the valley of the Shenandoah, and at the same time so operate upon the enemy's line of communication in the direction of Gordonsville and Charlottesville as to draw off, if possible, a considerable force of the enemy from Richmond, and thus relieve the operations against that city, of the Army of the Potomac," Gen. Pope immediately prepared to carry into effect.

Gen McDowell was now in command at Fredericksburg, and one regiment, the 76th New York, had been sent over to guard and patrol the city. Thus we were relieved from picket duty for a time. Gen. Patrick was determined to employ this interval to the best advantage, and, regardless of the intense heat, we were drilled almost to the limit of endurance. No one of us doubts, now, that the discipline of Camp Rufus King was just what we needed, and of unestimable value in fitting us to endure the fatigue and meet the emergencies of the coming time of trial, the bloody autumn of 1862;

neither can any of us forget the blinding heat of those July days, when the very turf seemed to smoke and crisp beneath our feet, and we toiled through complicated evolutions in brigade and batallion, while the sun wheeled his batteries into position and poured down upon our devoted heads a merciless fire at his shortest range, and no cloud squadrons interposed their flying masses to relieve us.

But when cool evening came, with its quiet lull, after parade, when our day's work was done, and the dew fell upon the parched ground, the delights of the hour made amends for the fatigues of the day.

Friday, the 4th of July, was hailed by us with a new ardor, a new reverence, born of fiery trial and threatened wreck to all those dearly bought and cherished associations whose birth-hour returned with the day, and with a chastened dependence upon the promises of Him whose justice will not see the righteous forsaken. There was joy, too, in this return of the time-honored day and its recollections of former jubilees, and the thought of our dear ones at home renewing them, and glorying in the successes of the descendants of those sires who fix the day in its immortal place upon the nation's history. Little we thought that even then fate was preparing for us a bitter blow, and in our gladness we already seemed to hold the certainty of triumph within our reach, and looked upon the hours that stood between as already numbered. I remember that the burden of the speeches to which we listened on that day was the almost certainty that our victorious van had already entered the rebel capital, and upon that we built the chiefest glory of our rejoicings.

A stand for the speakers, beautifully decorated and canopied with boughs of the "evergreen pine"— the tree of the North, and chosen by our hardy ancestors as the fittest symbol for freedom's standard — had risen at sunrise upon a gentle eminence to the left of our drill ground. At nine the four regiments of the brigade drew up around it, each in hollow square, presenting its front to the stand, which had been draped with the storm flags of the brigade. Prayer was offered by the Chaplain of the 20th, and the Declaration of Independence was read by our own, and then followed the speeches. Our General, the Colonels of the brigade, others of the officers, and a few of our visitors took part. The speeches were brief, but excellent, and with a point. Capt. Hayward made his in the following bit of experience, which he related in a manner impossible to render by any orthographical effort however cunning.

He had been, he said, one of a court-martial on duty at headquarters, lately, for the trial of various offenders against military laws. Among these was an Irishman, a private in a neighboring regiment, charged with having lain violent hands upon his Sergeant, and resisting him in the exercise of his duty. The Sergeant himself appeared in court with his face fancifully variegated and patched, one eye in mourning, and other evidences of the hardness of Pat's knuckles. Being allowed to tell his story, Pat related how, having been on guard the day before, he was taking the rest allowed by the regulations, and having a quiet game of "ould sledge" with a comrade, when, says Pat, "Up comes Sargent Delaney, yer Honors. An' he says to me, says he, 'Pathrick O'Flanagan, fall in fur dhrill.' An' thin I says to him, says I, 'Sargent Delaney, I'll not fall in.'

"An' thin, yer Honors, he knocks the keerds from me hand, an' he says, says he, '*Pathrick O'Flanagan, wud ye fall in fur dhrill?*' An' I sthands up, an' I says to him, says I, 'Sargent Delaney, I'll *not* fall in fur dhrill!' An' thin, yer Honors, *he knocks me down.*

"An' thin, I stands up forninst him, an' I says to him, says I, 'Sargent Delaney, do yees *mane* that?' An' thin, yer Honors, *he knocks me down again.*

"An' I says to him the second time, says I, 'Sargent Delaney, *do yees* MANE *that?*' An' thin, yer Honors, HE KNOCKS ME DOWN AGAIN! An' thin,— I bate him, yer Honors."

Captain Hayward told his story in connection with a review of the relation between North and South, which had led to the war. Again and again, he said, the North had come meekly up to the mark, to ask of some distard blow, "do you mean that?" and again and again the blow had been repeated, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and at last the South, like "Sargent Delaney," came in for a "bating," and a good one we would make it, too.

The Captain was often interrupted by cheers and laughter, and, "Sargent Delaney, do you mean that?" became one of the by-words of the camp.

Poor Hayward! That was the last "speech" he ever made.

In the evening we had quite a display of fireworks, and military dignity unbent while we enjoyed a frolic that taps, after several persistent repetitions, could hardly silence.

The following letter we cut from the *Buffalo Courier:*

CAMP RUFUS KING, July 22, 1862.

King's division lies quietly on the banks of the Rappahannock, ready to move at an hour's notice, in whichever direction its services may be required. Occasionally it stretches out its *feelers* in the shape of a regiment or a squadron of cavalry to scour the country, and watch the approaches. Stonewall Jackson, it is said, is bent on making another demonstration on Washington, and our Generals are on the *qui vive*, and seem to think that he will make his appearance on his old stamping ground. Should he attempt another raid in that direction, I fancy he will find more formidable obstructions than stone walls to check his progress.

A few days since General King sent out the Harris Light Cavalry to make a dash at a station known as Beaver Dam, on the Virginia Central Railroad, about twenty-five miles from Richmond, where the rebels were said to have a depot. The expedition was entirely successful. Marching all night, the cavalry reached the place early in the morning, tore up the railroad track, and destroyed a large amount of commissary stores, capturing the officers in charge and several privates, returning without the loss of a man. I am constrained to believe that the cavalry force of the Army of Virginia will be kept more actively employed than formerly. It might be made very useful in cutting off the communication that is kept up by the rebel leaders and their friends within our lines. Mails are received at Fredericksburg from Richmond two or three times a week, and Richmond papers have been received there less than forty-eight hours old. I apprehend that Jeff. Davis himself would find little difficulty in reaching Washington via Fredericksburg. It is easy to see that the emissaries of the Southern Confederacy can pass through our lines and take the European steamers without difficulty.

Patrick's brigade is encamped about two miles from the river, and as far from the rest of the division. The location is pleasant and healthful. The transfer of General Augur to the First Corps gives this brigade the right, and the Twenty-First Regiment the head and front of the division. Orders were received some time since to be ready to move at an hour's notice, and thus are we hanging by the eyelids, expecting every hour to hear the bugle note to strike tents, and now no one knows whither. These orders, however, are not allowed to interfere with our military duties and keep us in idle expectancy. The brigade and battalion drills are continued morning and evening. A review and inspection takes place regularly every Sunday morning.

We are watching with much interest the response of the loyal States to the recent call for additional troops. That they are wanted there is no doubt, and that speedily; but it seems to me the regiments already in the field should be filled up before creating new ones. Raw recruits soon become good soldiers by being associated with those who have seen some service, and they almost insensibly fall into those habits which months of the severest discipline will fail to promote. This brigade, which ought to have four thousand men for duty, does not muster more than half that number. There are now on detached service from it over seven hundred men. Many of these have been detailed to serve in the batteries, some have gone into the cavalry, others in the Western gunboat service. Disease, death, and those discharged for disability, have thinned the ranks of the old regiments, and they ought to be filled by recruits immediately or consolidated.

The South is paying dearly for having forced this unnatural war upon the country. Famine and pestilence must soon follow on its desolating track. Seed time and harvest have passed, and the planter finds his barns empty. The standing grain has rotted in the field for the want of hands to gather it in. Oh ye who live in the quiet of your peaceful homes, with all the comforts of life within your reach, and know little of the horrors of war, strengthen our ranks if you would have us stand between you and an earnest, determined foe. Rely not with too much confidence on the ability of the army to beat back the hordes that are arrayed against us. Every able-bodied man in the South is in arms, and they are terribly in earnest.

Not so with us. Our policy, hitherto, has been to conciliate rather than destroy our foe, and as we advance, looking upon the inhabitants as friends and allies until they prove themselves to be enemies. We have been deluded into the belief that there is a strong Union sentiment in the revolted States. It may be so, but it is very slow in manifesting itself. Few, indeed, have the courage to come out boldly and sustain the Government, while the vast majority do not hesitate to proclaim their preference for the Southern Confederacy. The mass of the population are ignorant to a degree that is startling to a Northerner. It knows little that transpires in the world beyond its immediate circle. It believes implicitly all that is told it by the leading spirits of the neighborhood. The very dialect of the mass betrays its ignorance — differing in no respect from that used by the slaves. And yet these men are told that the Northern mechanic and laboring man ranks no higher in the scale of civilization than the negro, and that it is the yoke of these Northern mechanics and laborers that they are fighting to throw off.

Our policy of conducting the war is to be changed. It is time. We are in the enemy's country, and those who inhabit it should be treated as enemies until they yield prompt obedience to the Government. But it is time to close, as the mail leaves in a few minutes. More anon.

X.

On Sunday, July 27th, after parade, the brigade was assembled around an old oak on the right of our line of encampment, for church service. It was the last time our unbroken lines ever would gather at the Chaplain's call, though we little thought at the time that such was the fact. It was in the cool and stillness of the evening, the setting sun was hid behind the woods, and a gentle breeze fluttered the leaves of the Chaplain's prayer book, while he read the words of hope, listened to by many who would never listen again, and who might well treasure them against the coming hour when earth should lose its hold.

The General rose, as often before, and again we heard his voice raised in solemn warning. He told us that we might never again meet thus, as a brigade, that it might be his last chance to speak, and ours to listen; and then he bade each hearken to the still small voice in his own heart, and prepared for that which follows death. He told us, too, how noble it were to die for man's good upon the

battle field, and begged that none might, in dying thus gloriously, forget his own salvation.

Twilight fell while still, with hushed breath, we listened, and then, when he had ended, one of his aids rose to read the hymn; but his voice faltered.

"Give me the book," said Patrick, and with his deep tones full of the believer's fervor, he read the hymn beginning,

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

And a thousand voices rising on the evening air, told the woods and hills how Christian soldiers prepared for the day of battle.

Perhaps, at that moment, some valley only a few miles away, heard voices as earnest in devotion, raised by hearts as true and faithful as any, but whose prayers to heaven, if heard would make ours of no avail. So it must ever be until millennial light dawns upon earth, and truth stands revealed to all its children alike.

Next morning at six, we broke camp, and, for the third time, crossed the river, pitching our tents again at our old encampment on the poplar crowned hill of the reservoir. This time our brigade alone held Fredericksburg, and the Twenty-First was immediately sent out on picket duty, this time establishing the line somewhat in advance of the old one, from the plank road to the South, and the right and left wings doing duty alternately.

On the 5th day of August, a large force, artillery, infantry and all the cavalry of our division, made a demonstration upon the line of the enemy's railroad communication between Richmond and Gordonsville, which they succeeded in cutting. While this was being accomplished, one of the supply trains following the expedition was attacked by guerrilla cavalry and taken, while too far in the rear to be protected. Immediately upon hearing of this, Col. Rogers sent out "B" and "D" on the Bowling Green road, to the scene of action.

Companies "C" and "I" were sent out on the 6th to escort a supply train for Hatch's brigade. They took different routes, "C" with part of the train going out on the telegraph road, and "I" with the remainder of the wagons, going towards Spottsylvania. While crossing the Po river near three in the afternoon, "C," under command of Captain Washburn and Lieutenant Remington, was attacked by a superior force of the enemy's cavalry, and had, as

they said, quite a lively little time, succeeded at last in driving back the enemy, and saving the train.

Tired and hot, they had halted, a little in advance of the train, at the river, which is here quite narrow, for rest and refreshments, both of the inner and outer man. Some were seated under the trees investigating the contents of their haversacks, and beginning to transfer said contents to a more secure receptable, while others were enjoying the luxury of a bath in the rocky bottomed stream, and innocently disporting in its lucid waves. The last three wagons of the train and an ambulance with a sick soldier bringing up the rear, were descending the hill behind. This sick soldier has his musket with him, and suddenly he brings it to his shoulder and blazes away at a "solitary horseman" who has just unconsciously turned into the road in the rear and very near the ambulance. The midday echoes reply drowsily, the solitary horseman curses and "clattawa's" up the road as though suddenly impressed with the idea that somebody is hooking his dinner, over the hill, and on the bank, the nice little party thus rudely disturbed are huddling their duds together and falling in. Down came the wagons at top speed. Remington with a few files is already half up the hill, and deploying them as skirmishers, while the rest are forming and preparing for action. The skirmishers reach the top, each levels his piece instantly and fires, and then all turn and run down again, loading as they come. Washburn is moving rapidly up with his reserves, a few are still struggling wildly with their clothes, and hurrying up in the rear to reach their places in line, and one, reduced to the barest of extremities, rushes frantically along with his don't-mention-em's in one hand and his musket in the other, ever and anon making spasmodic but unsuccessful efforts to "put his foot in it," without being at the same time left behind. Half up the hill the retiring and advancing forces meet, combime, and form for action A moment of suspense, and over the hill they come; first a long line of glancing sabres and waving arms, then a row of slouchy hats and brown faces, which open and give vent to a volley of screeches, and simultaneously the heads and tossing manes, and then the bodies of their steeds. From our little line, which is disposed to the best advantage the ground affords, a rattling welcome greets them, replied by their carbines and revolvers. The front rank of horsemen breaks, right and left, a few steeds plunging riderless away; the next delivers its fire and whirls back, and then the next; but no nearer do they come than just in neat range for the little

Springfields, which are popping away in the grass and behind the trees like a full grown Fourth of July, and by and by they forget to come up at all.

The wagons are safe in front, and so is the irrepressible sick man who fired that first shot; and our only loss is that of one team-horse shot through while crossing the stream and tinging its current with his blood. Only one man, Joseph Sauer, was wounded, and he not seriously. Thus ended the battle of the Po. Victory perched upon our banners. The "insulting foe" had tried Company "C" and had not found them wanting, and Adonis was *inexpressibly* satisfied at getting his walkers once more safely into the light blue.

Company "B" and "D," on the night of the 5th, reached the valley of the Massaponax, where we found the bridge crossing that stream a smoking pile of timbers. About a mile farther, after deploying and advancing in line as skirmishers for some distance through the woods and fields, we were ordered back, and lay that night at a farm upon the telegraph road. Next morning we marched back, joining "C" on the way, greeting them boisterously and looking with immense respect and envy upon these fellows who had seen a fight, and who bore their honors so modestly. We had learned the particulars of the affair from the solitary wounded man, who passed us in an ambulance some hours before.

Burnside, with his army, from North Carolina, had arrived August 4th, and on the 8th they crossed the river, and the 79th N. Y. V. (Highlanders), came up to relieve us. We had received good large tents two days before, and had just finished laying out a fine camp and making ourselves comfortable for a long stay or a short one, as luck pleased, and, of course, after the pains we had taken it was sure to be the latter.

However, the "Highland laddies" fully appreciated our labors, and we solaced ourselves with the thought that we were perhaps leaving inactivity and ennui to them while we took *our* turn in the field.

Our time had indeed come, and here ends the period of our probation, so wearisome and prolonged. With our next chapter begins the record of the "bloody autumn," and as a fitting period to this, we give the following recapitulation of the changes thus far made in the Twenty-First:

The regiment, at this time, numbered about six hundred men for duty. Various changes had been made in the positions of the companies, in line, as resignations and promotions made one or another the senior captain of the regiments; and at this time

"H" under Captain Hayward, held the right, "K," Captain Layton, the left, and "F," Captain Clinton, was the color company of the regiment; Wm. H. Drew had been promoted from Major to Lieut.-Colonel, May 6th, 1862, and Horace G. Thomas from Captain Company "I" to Major, same date; Lieut.-Colonel Adrian R. Root had been transferred by promotion to the colonelcy of the 94th N. Y. S. V., May 5th, 1862.

Company "A" was still commanded by Captain Robert P. Gardner, with Levi Vallier and John E. Ransom as first and second lieutenants, the last named officer receiving his promotion about the time of our leaving Fredericksburg. At this time the company had lost none of its members by death. One man, George W. Morgan, who was transferred to the gunboat Mound City, in the winter of 1861, was killed in action on board that vessel on the 18th day of June, 1862. Nine men had been honorably discharged. William Munro had been transferred to Company "E," September 10th, 1861, and Joseph M. Estabrook to band, October 1st, 1861; seventeen men had deserted, whose names will be found in the muster out rolls which close this history.

Captain Henry Gaylord, of "B," resigned his commission August 9th, 1862, and Lieut. Algar M. Wheeler was promoted to the command instead; James J. McLiesh and John W. Davock were at the same time commissioned as First and Second Lieutenants. The company had been reduced by the following numbers; eleven men honorably discharged, two deserted, and four deceased — Sergeant Egbert B. Wallace, who died November 3d, 1861, and whose death has been previously spoken of; John Savage, of typhoid fever, at Annapolis, Md., July 19th, 1861; Garrett B. Lockwood, also of typhus, at Fredericksburg, May 8th, 1862; and Warren Lowry of the same, and at the same place, June 30th, 1862. The following transfers, not previously mentioned, had been made; Charles H. Bidwell to be 2d Lieutenant 49th N. Y. S. V.; Greig H. Mulligan, to be 2d Lieutenant 90th N. Y. S. V.; Henry H. Halsey to be 2d Lieutenant in Company "K," of "ours," April 29th, 1862. These promotions were all well deserved, and that especially of Lieutenant Halsey, in our own regiment, gave general satisfaction.

In Company "C" more changes had been made. Captain Washburn was still in command; 1st Lieutenant Allan M. Adams had been promoted to the captaincy of Company "E," December 17th, 1861, and Lieutenant George L. Remington was commissioned in his place on the same day; Morris H. Alberger had been made 2d Lieutenant at the same time, being promoted from Sergeant Major, but from his having resigned, Sergeant George Hurst was promoted to the 2d Lieutenancy, May 20th, 1862; Lieutenant John Canfield had been transferred to Company "I," August 7th, 1861; nineteen men had been honorably discharged, four had deserted, none had died. The following transfers had been made: Private Horace Dunlap to be Captain 50th Illinois Volunteers. September 1st, 1861; private Charles Lanagan to Company "K," 21st N. Y. S. V., September 1st, 1861; private Charles O. Shepard to be 2d Lieutenant 82d N. Y. S. V., March 1st; Sergeant Harrison Wells to be 2d Lieutenant 78th N. Y. S. V., May 20th; and private Robert E. Pomeroy to Company "E," 21st N. Y. S. V., July 1st, 1862.

Company "D" was in command of Captain George M. Baker, Alberger having been promoted to Lieut.-Colonel, and transferred to 49th N. Y. S. V., September 22d, 1861. Lieutenants Byron Schermerhorn and Henry C. Beebee were

commissioned at the same time. Eighteen men had been honorably discharged, four had deserted, and one — Abner W. Chase — had died, April 2d, 1862. The following transfers were made; Captain Wm. C. Alberger and Lieutenant William F. Wheeler, the former to be Lieut.-Colonel and the latter Captain in 49th N. Y. S. V., September 22d and October 1st, 1861; Morris H. Alberger promoted to Sergeant-Major, and then 2d Lieutenant Company "B;" John A. Barney to be 2d Lieutenant Company "F," June, 1862; Sergeant Daniel H. Blatchford to Company "K," May 1st, 1862; William H. Devening to Company "B,"— date not recorded; Orville S. Dewey to be 2d Lieutenant 49th N. Y. S. V., May 20th, 1862; Oliver C. Houghton to be Lieutenant 25th N. Y. S. V., October 29th, 1861; Henry G. Lansing to be 2d Lieutenant Company "K," August 3d, 1861; James E. Mackay to be Lieutenant in 63d N. Y. S. V., December 6th, 1861; Stanley Porter to Company "I," March 1st, 1862; Willet H. Fargo to be Sergeant-Major 21st, February 1st, 1862; and William Porter to 49th N. Y S. V., November 1st, 1861.

Captain Allan M. Adams was in command of Company "E," Captain James C. Strong having been appointed Lieut.-Colonel and transferred to 38th N. Y. S. V., November 1st, 1861; Charles E. Efner was 1st and William L. Whitney 2d Lieutenant, the latter having been promoted from Sergeant, November 1st, 1861. Twelve men had been honorably discharged, three had deserted, and the following had died; George A. Hamlin, March 13th; Franklin Steiver, April 17th; Godfrey Hermann, July 22d; and Edward Cook, August 5th, 1862. Lieutenant Thomas Sloan had resigned, November 1st, 1861. The following transfers had been made: Captain James C. Strong as above; Corporal George Peterson to be 2d Lieutenant 116th N. Y. S. V.— date not recorded; and sixteen others were transferred in arrest to the Rip Raps, by order of General McDowell, August 20th, 1861.

Company "F" was still commanded by Captain George D. W. Clinton, with John A. Barney as 1st and Samuel McMurray as 2d Lieutenant. 1st Lieutenant Thomas B. Wright had resigned, June 15th, 1862, and 2d Lieutenant Samuel P. Gail had been transferred to "K" Company, with rank of 1st Lientenant, April 29th, 1862. Seventeen men had been honorably discharged, two had deserted, and two had died — Charles I. Dutton, of typhoid fever, at Fredericksburg, June 8th, 1862; and John Galligan, April 28th of the same year, from injuries received in the service. The following additional transfers had been made: Albert F. Ransom, to Quartermaster's Department, as Quartermaster-Sergeant; Clark Dodge, to same, as Commissary-Sergeant; David L. Aberdeen to "D" Company; and Frederick C. Parke to Battery "G," 5th U. S. Artillery.

Company "G" had but few changes in its officers to this date. Captain Edward L. Lee and Lieutenants Daniel Myers and Jacob E. Bergtold had retained their places since the organization of the company. Six men had been honorably discharged, eight had deserted, and the following had died: William Mathews and John Layh, of hydrophobia, in August, 1861, at Fort Runyon; and John Bump, August 2d, 1862, of typhoid fever, at Camp Patrick, Fredericksburg. The following transfers had been made: Charles Navel to be Fife Major 49th N. Y. S. V., September 1st, 1861; Philip Kepler to Company "D," October 2d, 1861; William H. Sherman to 2d U. S. Cavalry.

Company "H" still retained its noble Captain, Elisha L. Hayward. Lieutenants Samuel Wilkeson and Hugh Johnson had been transferred, the former to Van Allen

Cavalry, October 1st, 1861, the latter to the 6th U. S. Infantry, August 20th of the same year. Sergeant Frederick Minery had been promoted to the 1st Lieutenancy, May 6th, 1862; and Quartermaster-Sergeant Peter C. Doyle to be 2d Lieutenant, October 1st, 1861. Six men had been discharged, three had deserted, and three had died — Corporal Edward Bowman, near Hunter's Chapel, December 26th, 1861; and Sergeant James Cunningham, at Camp Rufus King, July 1st, 1862. Four men had been sent to the Rip Raps, August 20th, 1861, and one had been dishonorably discharged.

John H. Canfield commanded Company "I," *vice* Horace G. Thomas, who had been appointed Major, May 5th, 1862. James S. Mulligan was 1st and Patrick Hickey 2d Lieutenant. Lieutenant Abbott C. Calkins had been transferred to Company "K," June 1st; and Lieutenant William O. Brown had resigned, August 7th, 1861. Nine men had been honorably discharged, eleven had deserted, and two had died — Frank Aigne, drowned at Elmira, June 2d, 1861; and Christian Hermann in hospital at Washington, July 31st, 1862. John W. Comstock, had been transferred to "K," January 21st, 1862.

Company "K" was still in command of Captain John M. Layton, with Lieutenants Samuel P. Gail and Henry H. Halsey. 1st Lieutenant Augustus N. Gillett had resigned, August 1st, 1861. Peter C. Doyle had been appointed, but received no commission. Henry Lansing had been appointed 1st Lieutenant from the ranks of "D," his commission dating from the resignation of Gillett; he resigned December, 1861. Lieutenant Abbott C. Calkins, transferred from "I," resigned April 29th, 1862. 2d Lieutenant John Nicholson resigned August 6th, 1861. James S. Mulligan, appointed from "B" in his place, was transferred to "I," January 1st, 1862. Sergeant Henry P. Morse was promoted to the vacancy, and resigned April 29th, 1862, being succeeded by Halsey. Eight men had been honorably discharged, one had deserted, and James Wilson died at Upton Hill, March 4th, 1862, of congestion of the lungs.

The following are the names of the recruits received since leaving Elmira:

COMPANY "A."— Sergeant Francis Myers, December 15th, 1862; Corporal John Schmidt, September 28th, 1861; James Bell, September 19th, 1861; James Brown, March 29th, 1862; Michael Cauley, September 21st, 1861; John W. Doney, September 14th, 1861; John Heyer, November 20th, 1861; Joseph H. Jones, September 14th, 1861; Michael Kriffer, September 19th, 1861; Peter Klein, September 13th, 1861; Jacob A. Langmyer, September 25th, 1861; Louis J. Reichert, February 12th, 1862; Peter Bieber, October 14th, 1861; Anthony Dasher, September 11th, 1861; Christian Henry, September 28th, 1861; Stoughton C. Moore, October 17th, 1861; William Munro, September 10th, 1861; William R. Bassett, November 1st, 1861; Samuel Brown, February 12th, 1862; William C. Carter, September 16th, 1861; Josephus Cheeney, September 14th, 1861; George Smith, September 10th 1861; John J. Smith, November 1st, 1861.

COMPANY "B."— August Bommell, September 23d, 1861; Michael Broughton, April 5th, 1862; Charles A. Buchanan, November 4th, 1861; Hugh Donaldson, October 18th, 1861; Marvin Luke, September 13th, 1861; James Mahar, March 31st, 1862; George Meaner, October 18th, 1861; Daniel Morningstar, September 12th, 1861; Louis Reihl, September 12th, 1861; Orrin Stickney, November 4th,

1861; Orson Stone, September 24th, 1861; Edward Van Orman, October 25th, 1861; Henry M. Hill, November 23d, 1861.

COMPANY "C."—Eugene Dickinson, September 12th, 1861; William Fox, October 21st, 1861; Elbridge O. Gary, October 18th, 1861; Ezra C. Hull, November 19th, 1861; Willliam McDonald, November 7th, 1861; Charles Peterson, October 18th, 1861; George L. Pantler, March 19th, 1862; John Raleigh, March 4th, 1862; James G. Remington, October 18th, 1862; Reuben A. Scofield, October 9th, 1861; Conrad D. Stabler, September 12th, 1861; John G. Suor, February 19th, 1862; George Tremper, January 3d, 1862; Francis A. Valentine, September 11th, 1861; George Williams, September 13th, 1861; George Yuncker, March 10th, 1862; Curtis W. Rose, October 22d, 1861; Charles R. Peck, November 19th, 1861; William G. Rice, September 23d, 1861; Lova M. Fuller, November 2d, 1861; Charles Kingman, September 14th, 1861.

COMPANY "D."—Sydney Foose, April 5th, 1862; Heman Guild, drummer, August 1st, 1861; Benjamin F. Hemstreet, September 12th, 1861; James L. Hill, September 28th, 1861; Walter B. Hubbard, Frank Robinson, William B. Taylor and Burt Woodworth, September 12th, 1861; Michael J. Birsch, October 30th, 1861; William R. Deacon, September 12th, 1861; Robert W. Deacon, October 9th, 1861; Peter Foster, November 8th, 1861; Reuben Holden, April 11th, 1862; George N. Merrill, September 12th, 1861; Henry C. Stevens, September 16th, 1861; Almond Welch, April 3d, 1862; John Brazill, September 12th, 1861; Michael J. Coan, September 12th, 1861.

COMPANY "E."—Daniel Barst, December 18th, 1861; John Moore, November 9th, 1861; Benjamin Adamy, December 19th, 1861; Lawton D. Bancroft, April 10th, 1862; Homer M. Choate, November 4th, 1861; Henry Howell, January 20th, 1862; William H. Hause, September 13th, 1861; Frederick Krauthause, March 26th, 1862; Jacob Lanberger, March 29th, 1862; William G. Monroe, September 10th, 1862; Jacob Randall, December 4th, 1861; John Hermann, December 18th, 1861; George W. Proctor, September 10th, 1861; Charles Bertch, April 10th, 1862; Wilder Vantine, November 12th, 1861; George A. Hamlin, November 9th, 1861; Franklin Steiver, November 6th, 1861; Godfrey Hermann, November 4th, 1861; Edward Cook, November 4th, 1861; William Chambers, September 17th, 1861; Byron Chaffee, November 5th, 1861; Nathaniel A. Hewitt, February 10th, 1862; Henry Collingwood, March 29th, 1862.

COMPANY "F."—Franklin Averill, Walter E. La Montagne, James R. Lewis, John G. Mayer, Milton D. Moon, Alfred Sweetapple, Peter Besor, James McCarty, James Wilson, William W. Bennett and George Mauley, all on September 20th, 1861.

COMPANY "G."—George E. Cross, February 8th, 1862; Amos Dacre, February 7th, 1862; Sydney Hall, January 27th, 1862; Philip Hessinger, September 24th, 1861; James Hickmott, January 31st, 1862; Henry H. Kinskey, October 15th 1861; William Purcell, February 4th, 1862; Charles W. Myers, September 10th, 1861.

COMPANY "H."—Michael Biller, February 12th, 1862; Sanford Freeman, September 10th, 1861; George Hewitt, March 11th, 1862; Joseph E. Peate, February 28th, 1862; William Senff, March 11th, 1862; John Trigg, October 11th, 1861.

COMPANY "I."—Edward Irwin, June 6th, 1861; Joseph Lasson, October 2d, 1861; Jacob Hart, June 15th, 1862; Frank Knopp, June 8th, 1862; Adam Keel,

September 13th, 1861; Henry Muncie, September 9th, 1861; C. A. Dougherty, October 19th, 1861.

COMPANY "K."—John J. Brush, re-enlisted, December 11th, 1861; John Hutchinson, January 8th, 1862; Barney Brennan, January 14th, 1862; Philip Herbold, drummer, October 5th, 1861; Alanson Bulson, October 9th, 1861; Casper Bleiler, September 25th, 1861; Edward V. Babcock, October 5th, 1861; Marcus Fields, October 7th, 1861; Adam Hutchinson, January 13th, 1862; William C. Hubble, October 8th, 1861; Joseph Kerrin, September 23d, 1861; Wilbur Mitchell, September 23d, 1861; John McKibbin, October 5th, 1861; Louis J. Ottenot, July 1st, 1861; James E. Reed, October 4th, 1861; Joseph Reed, re-enlisted, September 23d, 1861; Albert Zimmerman, September 19th, 1861; Chauncey B. Mathewson, September 23d, 1861; Jacob Nubholz, January 11th, 1862; William H. Moore, October 19th, 1861; Charles Morselow, October 5th, 1861; Thomas H. Mahama, October 14th, 1861; James Kelley, September 8th, 1861; Joseph Prior, October 4th, 1861; Conrad Klein, October 14th, 1861.

CHAPTER XI.

Again "On the March."—Pope's "Order No. 5."—The Ravages of War.—Battle of Cedar Mountain.—"Too Late, as usual."—A Battle Field the day after.—We encamp upon the Mountain.—Waiting for Orders again.—Dismal Rumors.—The balance trembles: Fate decides against us, and "up we go."—The Storm gathers.—Night, and the "Retreat" begins.

ON THE 9th day of August, King's division left Fredericksburg to join its corps under McDowell, at Culpepper, where the Army of Virginia was then concentrating, under Pope.

We marched at five in the morning, by the plank or wilderness road, pressing on rapidly, although the morning was warm, and reaching Chancellorsville near noon. Here we halted to await the arrival of the division. The knapsacks had been carried thus far in the wagons of a few farmers, who, with their teams, had been pressed into the Quartermaster's service for the day. In the afternoon, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Culpepper, and we knew that bloody work was going on in that quarter, while we chafed at the delay which prevented us from taking a part.

In the night, while we still lay here, awaiting our orders to move, foraging parties were sent out and at day-break returned with supplies and wagons for the transportation of the knapsacks.

The bugle sounded the "fall in" at five, and again we moved on into the wilderness. At ten we reached the Rapidan at Germania Ford. The river was unusually high, but we forded it without mishap, and in our soaked garments, steaming in the sun, moved on at a lively pace. The route through the wilderness is memorable for its wild and picturesque roughness, the road alternating in painful climbings up and precipitate descents, full of immense boulders, over which it seemed hardly possible for the wagons and guns to pass, and here and there a stretch of bog or causeway, fringed by the deepest tangles of rank undergrowth where the frogs croaked at mid-day.

Near noon, we halted to rest and make our coffee, expecting to move on again presently. Then we were ordered to wait until six, when the remainder of the division would be up and ready to move

on with us. Before that time a heavy thunder storm came up and we lay "in soak" until nine, when we were ordered to make ourselves comfortable for the night, as we were not to move yet.

Next morning, August 11th, General Hatch's brigade passed our bivouac at sunrise, and we immediately followed. That day was intensely warm and we made few pauses, the columns seemed more connected, and everything indicated our approach to the scene of the expected conflict. Rumors of the battle already fought met us constantly, with various estimates of advantage gained by our forces, but all agreeing in claiming a victory for us. On that day we began to see the practical working of Pope's "Order No. 5" all along the line of march.

Horses and mules had been appropriated by the men wherever found, and many of the infantry regiments would have puzzled a novice in deciding, from their appearance, what arm of the service they belonged to; half of the men being mounted, and others leading sumptor horses or mules upon which were packed all the worldly gear of entire squads, together with quantities of defunct fowls, pigs and sheep, destined to further martyrdom over the evening's camp fire. "General Order No. 5" was almost universally misconstrued, the men taking it as a "carte blanche," given them by the commander, and the officers overlooking or favoring the abuses that resulted from such an indiscriminating license.* However, in our own brigade the evil was less apparent, General Patrick having explained to all the true intention of the order, and directed that any unauthorized foraging be strictly

*The following is "a true copy" of this famous order, which exposed General Pope to so much unmerited censure:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
WASHINGTON, July 18th, 1862.

General Orders No. 5.

Hereafter, as far as practicable, the troops of this command will subsist upon the country in which their operations are carried on. In all cases supplies will be taken by the officers to whose department they properly belong, under the orders of the commanding officer of the troops for whose use they are intended. Vouchers will be given to the owners, stating on their face that they will be payable at the conclusion of the war, upon sufficient testimony being furnished that such owners have been loyal citizens of the United States since the date of the vouchers. Whenever it is known that supplies can be furnished in any district of the country where the troops are to operate, the use of trains for carrying subsistence will be dispensed with as far as possible.

By command of Major General Pope.

GEORGE D. RUGGLES,
Col., Asst. Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

Official:

C. A. MORGAN,
Col. and Aid-de-Camp.

forbidden, and that the officers immediately and summarily punish any soldier who should presume to forage without permission.

The result was, that, whatever the men did *sub rosa*, our column was not disgraced by such sights as were but too common along the line of march.

Of the order mentioned, General Pope, in his official report of the operations of the Army of Virginia, under him, says :

"The order requiring the troops to subsist upon the country in which their operations were conducted, has, with a wilful disregard of its terms, been construed greatly to my discredit, as authorizing indiscriminate robbery and plunder; yet the terms of this order are so specific, as to the manner and by whom all property or subsistence needed for the use of the army, should be seized, and the order is so common in the history of warfare, that I have been amazed that it could have been so misinterpreted and misunderstood. It is therefore submitted here for the calm examination of the government and of the public.

"I believed then and believe now, that the policy there laid down was wise and just, and was well calculated to secure efficient and rapid operations of the army, and in case of reverse, to leave the enemy without the means of subsisting in the country over which our army had passed, and over which any pursuit must be conducted. The long delay and embarrassment of the army under General Lee, in its subsequent movements towards Washington, occasioned largely by the want of supplies taken from the country under this order, fully justified its wisdom."

That the order, if rightly used, was just and wise, cannot be doubted. It had become too apparent that we were in an enemy's country, and the destructive policy of protecting and sparing him to strike us from behind, and saving his goods for the use of an opposing army, was abandoned none too soon. The evils growing out of this were becoming too great.

We reached Stevensburg shortly after noon, and here a halt was sounded, for the day was intensely hot, and the weary laggards refused to be urged. Straggling increased every moment, and word was sent to the front that it was impossible to keep the rear closed up. So right and left into the green fields the brigades and regiments turned from the road and stretched themselves upon the grass for an hour's "nooning."

The trains were not uniformly in their places in the column, the Quartermasters had not perfected their arrangements for supplies,

so many who had exhausted their haversacks and felt the cravings of hunger, scattered in search of food. At the door of a tumbled-down, deserted looking farm house, myself and a comrade asked for food, offering our scanty remnant of the money received on last pay-day for a bowl of bread and milk. The old lady, who, with a grown up daughter, and two or three ill-looking men,—who glowered at us from the interior of the room—were the only occupants, set before us a pan of "clabber," the Virginian name for thick sour milk, saying that she had no bread in the house, it had all been taken in the morning, but would bake some if we could wait, an offer which we were obliged to decline. We finished the milk and again offered our money, but the dame refused it, saying that she had two boys of her own in Lee's army, and hoping, with tears in her eyes, "that they might never want for so poor a meal." Poor mother, she had listened for days to the booming of the cannon, and her heart ached for the safety of those sons.

"They say it will be a glorious thing for us to get our independence," said she, "but they can't give us back our sons when they have killed them."

At about three o'clock we again fell in, as an order had arrived, hastening us forward to the field. From the heights of Stevensburg we could see the far away, forest-crowned Cedar Mountain, but no token of its dreadful tragedy was revealed by that serene distance. The sun glinted warmly upon its green dusky sides, and we only felt that its forests hid dark secrets in their merciful bosom.

All the long afternoon we toiled toward that land-mark, watching and listening for the first gray cloud or distant rumble which should warn of the coming storm of death. The sun waned and sank, and still we toiled on, and when twilight overtook us the dark height loomed close upon the left, dim and silent as the thousands of graves above which it rose in cairn-like grandeur.

At the railroad crossing, as we neared the field, we met William B. Williams and Daniel W. Jenny, both of "D," who had been detached as clerks, for duty at McDowell's headquarters, some time before, and they brought us the details of the fight. Many of the regiments with whom we had held neighborly intercourse in times past, and among which we numbered hundreds of old and dear friends, were fearfully thinned upon the mountain there, and nearly every "Twenty-Onester" had the same question to ask concerning some one of these, and the answer was too often the same. Colonel Donnelly, of the 28th, was mortally wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel

Brown had lost an arm, and Major Cook was reported killed, all in the same fierce and deadly charge upon the wheat field yonder; Captain William Warren was shattered by six balls, and scores of the rank and file of the brave little rifle regiment were sleeping the last sleep where they fought so well.

It was near nine o'clock when we took our position in a stubble field to the right of the road, stacked arms in column by division, and laid ourselves down to take a good night's rest, and prepare for the battle on the morrow. We had marched forty miles in thirty-six hours, enduring terrible heat, short rests, and thirst,— for this part of Virginia is but poorly supplied with good water,— and now even hunger could not delay the needed sleep. All night, the ambulances, with their ghastly loads, approached in long files from the front, and passed our bivouac toward Culpepper. By mutual consent the two armies had suspended hostilities until the ground could be cleared of its harvest of suffering, that another might rise where it stood the day before.

There was no noisy reveille next morning, but silently we were aroused and began our preparations for the expected battle. Troops were moving in every direction, to their allotted places, trains of wagons that had accompanied our march were sent to the rear, among the lines of stacked arms the men were preparing their breakfast, and squads were hastening, burdened with canteens, to and from the ditches in our rear, where, plunged to the knee in mud, they disputed with the horses of the cavalry a portion of the precious water.

Jackson had drawn back, on the morning of the 10th, to Cedar Mountain, about two miles in front, too much weakened by the repulse of the night before to risk another attack, and our pickets had moved forward at daylight and occupied the field. All day, on the 10th, the two armies had laid inactive, from fatigue and the intense heat, Jackson ready for an attack, and Pope awaiting the arrival of King, from Fredericksburg: and now, although his entire force was hardly equal to that of the enemy, Pope had determined, after giving us one night's rest, "to fall upon him at daylight on the 12th, on his line of communication, and compel him to fight a battle which must be entirely decisive, one way or the other."

But, to our disappointment, and the delight of those who felt the need of rest after our severe exertions of the three days past, news arrived of the sudden night retreat of the enemy across the Rapidan; and we were soon preparing our bivouac in the edge of

a wood near where we had passed the night. Hardly had we interposed the slight defense afforded by our worn shelter tents, when down came one of the most sudden and severe of those thunder-driven showers which rise so quickly and pass so soon in this hilly country, albeit they usually manage to discharge quite as much of their aqueous burden as the slower showers of the plains.

Considerable foraging was done in the afternoon, and fresh beef, pork and mutton, were plentiful at every camp fire. Feasting on these and the green corn from the neighboring fields, cleaning arms and accoutrements, and sleeping: so passed the day. We were beginning to lose much of our interest in what was going on beyond the circle of our own observation,—to believe in and anticipate nothing but that which our eyes and ears made physically palpable,—to confine our attention to the immediate cares and events of the hour and place. This is the inevitable result of long months of alternation between excited anticipation and discouraging disappointment, the lot of every soldier, and which must, sooner or later, educate him into a stolid indifference to all but his own personal duties and surroundings. He learns that he is but a machine, an infinitesimal unit in the mass of power that moves but to work out a problem of which he knows not the key, of which he can but dimly see the bearings, though the result involves his own being in its success or failure. So he learns complete submission to the will that governs him, with the philosophical determination not to trouble himself about that which he can not control or foresee.

On Wednesday, the 13th, we removed our camp to a hill-side, a mile farther back toward Culpepper. Three day's marching rations were still to be kept constantly on hand, and orders to march were hourly expected. Next day we were ordered to prepare for a review of the division by General Pope, our introduction to the new commander whom we had not yet seen. At ten o'clock the line was formed, in a field near the centre of the division, and, shortly, General Pope, followed by his staff, made his appearance. After the usual salute he rode along the lines, each regiment presenting arms, and each band striking up a welcome as he passed. Very little enthusiasm greeted his appearance, all seemed to study intently the man who was henceforth to wield our destinies, and few were inclined to take him on trust. One year before, it would not have been thus, but we had learned to wait for deeds, instead of relying upon promises.

He completed his round; for one instant he had met, eye to eye, the earnest looks of ten thousand strong men, to whom, henceforth, his will was law, looks that sought in him something upon which to place that fullness of confident reliance which is the commander's strongest hold upon the power he directs.

Marching in review, by battalions, colors dipping and officers saluting as we passed the position he had again taken in front, and then back to our camps, to compare notes and define our first impressions of General Pope.

General Reno, with his division, numbering about 8,000 men, from Burnside's Corps, joined us the same day, and rumor heralded the approach of still further reinforcements from the same source, some believing that the entire corps was already on its way. Next day, General Banks mustered the survivors of Saturday's battle, to be reviewed by General Pope. Those who witnessed that review describe it as a saddening sight. Decimated regiments, without a field officer left, companies numbering eight or ten files, and in command of non-commissioned officers, such were the apparent results of that bloody day. But how soon were such sights to become so common to us as to pass without remark!

Orders arrived that evening, to march at 8:30 next morning. Worn out clothing, shoes, tents and other equipments had been replaced, and the requisition was made none too soon, for many of us were in rags and badly shod, if so lucky as to be shod at all. The sick had been sent to the rear, and the indications seemed to point to an advance. Report said that Jackson was again advancing from the Rapidan, and that we might meet him near the ground of the previous battle.

At the appointed hour our birgades were again in column and headed South. Previous to starting, however, our brigade was formed in close column, at half distance, the 1st and 2d battalions faced by the rear rank, and General Patrick read an order, which had just been received from General Pope, explaining the intention of Order No. 5, and condemnatory of the abuses which had resulted from its misapplication. Our good General also gave us an order of his own, a "clincher" to the above, and in which he took even stronger ground; and the grim satisfaction with which, in a few well-pointed remarks, he did justice to his feelings and the occasion, was intensely apparent. The very curl of his grizzled moustache seemed to say, "put *that* in your pipe and smoke it." And we all knew him too well to doubt the consequence of disobedience.

On this morning we lost our band. Just as we reached the Madison Turnpike, they turned back from their place at the head of the column, and passed to the rear with a light step, and satisfaction in their faces. An order had just arrived for their dismissal, and, hereafter, but one band would be allowed in each brigade. The boys looked with anger and regret upon this deprivation of one of the dearest of their few remaining comforts, and our adieux to those who had so often contributed a sweet relief to the tedium of camp life were more energetic than courteous. We did not blame them; the inducements that prompted their enlistment with us no longer held their power in the face of danger. The position of a non-combatant on the field is not an enviable one; still we resented their eagerness to depart. Not a single farewell strain could the poor fellows stop to give us, like a flint their faces were set northward, and we saw them no more.

With them departed half the remaining romance of our lives. No more stirring strains to rouse from morning slumbers, no more when the weary march was beginning to tell upon the strongest should some well remembered quickstep carry back the roused intelligence, to dwell upon happier days, and cause us to forget our fatigue; no more sweet echoes play among the hills, as we watched the sunset, or gathered around the evening camp-fires; no more "sounds from home" launch our weary spirits into dreamland as we drew our blankets between us and the stars.

Our line of march was along the Orange Court House Road, which leads to the right of Cedar Mountain, and the scene of the direst of that day's struggle. After crossing Cedar Run, where it trails along the edge of the forest, and rising the slope in front, the bare brow of the mountain, where the enemy had planted his heaviest batteries, sweeping, with a resistless storm of iron, the plain below, came in sight. We passed the trodden corn fields, on the left, where Geary fought so bravely, and the wheat fields on the right, with their scattered and broken sheaves, dark with the blood of the wounded whose bed they had been, and the long dark lines of fresh earth above the trenches, where slept others who should "never waken to glory again" (and why should they who sleep so gloriously?) the thousand braves who fell from the ranks of Crawford and Gordon, in the three desperate charges against yonder wooded ridge. The fence which bounds the upper edge of this field, like all those that remain, is torn and spattered with bullets. Here our own brave 28th struggled as if for very life,

actually carrying with its unsupported line the fence, with its swarm of equally brave defenders, driving them at the very point of the bayonet, back into the wood, until the impetuous force of their charge was mastered by the fearful odds, and, like a rock-broken wave, they swept back, leaving direful wreck-tokens upon that beach of death. In the woods, the countless shallow graves, with their occupants sometimes half exposed in ghastly unseemliness, as though earth grudged the poor remains their scant covering, attested the handiwork of our veterans, and the cost of that position to the enemy. Torn and bloody clothing, blue and gray, littered the ground, and the trees were scarred and barked and splintered by shot and shell.

Right and left we pass silently the sleeping dead. Peace to their ashes. Here shall our children come in happier days, and weep above them, and strew with flowers the consecrated earth. No need of granite shaft or sculptured marble to mark this spot. A nation's grateful memory is their more enduring monument, and History, as she writes the story of their unselfish sacrifice, shall blot the page with tears. They died not in vain. No! for the martyr's crown is that endurance which turns not back from death though the gate be of fire, and its brightest jewel is the sacrifice of self, for right.

That day the army encamped on both flanks of the mountain to await the approach of Jackson. Our position was just at its foot, our corps holding the centre of the line; with Sigel on our right, his right resting on Robertson's River; Reno on our left, his left near the Rapidan; and Banks, with his mutilated divisions, in reserve at Culpepper. In this position we lay until August 19th, hourly expecting the order to prepare for action, and vainly endeavoring to comprehend the reason of the delay, though quite content to rest while we might.

On the morning succeeding our advance, our regiment marched up the mountain and occupied the site I have mentioned as the position of the rebel batteries. It was immediately in front of and around the residence of Philip Slaughter, a Virginian clergyman, a man of substance and family, and who had here surrounded himself, in a spot nature had made beautiful, with all that taste and comfort could demand, doubtless expecting to pass quietly, and in peace, the evening of a well-spent life.

Vain hope. His political position had been regarded with jealous eyes by the rampant faction with whom he could not cast

his undivided sympathies, the occupation of a prominent office in the Virginia Colonization Society had drawn upon him the stigma of abolitionism, and the final blow had culminated during that phase of the struggle between right and wrong which had transpired in full view of his own threshold. We found the mansion deserted, except by marauding squads of soldiers, who were appropriating what they chose from the general wreck.

These were dispersed, and our Colonel immediately established it as his headquarters. The house had been gutted from roof to cellar, and an attempt made to fire it, which failed in the haste of the retreat. Fragments of a splendid library littered the grounds around, with the remains of a thousand household treasures. The collection must have been the work of more than one life time, judging from the stray leaves of rare and almost priceless works that made the ground white for rods around. In one corner of the yard the cavalry had apparently bedded their horses with these remains. Among them I found a number of engravings from a large folio in the Italian; a history and minute description of the Vatican, copies from the undying works of Angelo, Rafaelle and the many immortals to whom that structure owes its brightest treasures, defaced, torn, but still with enough of their original beauty to make them treasures to me. They went, with many another valued relic, and my hoard of sketches, when we were ordered to throw off our knapsacks on that disastrous retreat of the following days.

The ground around was ploughed deeply in many places by the answering fire directed against this spot. I was surprised at the quantity of unexploded shell lying in every direction, and which had evidently been fired from our guns. Most of them were the improved "percussion" shell, and had not struck in a proper manner to explode.

To gather them up and put them out of the way of accident, was one of our first cares. A needless precaution it came near being, in one case. A couple of the irrepressible sons of Ham had converted a small pile of them into an impromptu fire-place, and were preparing to make their coffee. A few minutes more, and the "bone of contention" would have been less by a trifle, when a soldier happened on the scene of action, and took in "the situation" at a glance.

"What are you doing with those shell?"

"Dem shells, sah? Gwine to make a fiah, sah! Dem shell done used up, I reckon."

When informed, in terms more forcible than choice, that a single spark applied to one of those exposed fuses, would considerably hasten their anticipated expedition to "Canaan," "or words to that effect," they turned pale, almost, and abandoned that base of operations with commendable haste, thus declaring their preference of the "overland route" to a short cut in the direction referred to.

We pitched our tents upon a kind of natural terrace in front of the mansion, the finest camping ground it had yet been our lot to occupy. Below us spread like a map the scene of the late battle, to the far East the eye swept a boundless expanse of undulating, forest tufted country, while Northward, and to the West, the dim, cloudlike ranges of the Blue Ridge and Bull Run Mountains, with here and there a sharply defined peak standing out boldly by itself, bounded the vision. The landscape was heavenly in its beauty, most so at sunset, when the Western sky, blazoned with glory, tinted the woods and hills, and masses of brown and gray shadow relieved the outline of rocky piles with their matchless broidery of foliage, and nestled softly in the valleys, while but for the lines of blue, and glittering steel, visible here and there upon the plain, and the tap of drum and scream of fife at "retreat," nothing told of war and carnage, and all was serenely and gloriously beautiful.

There we passed a few pleasant days, enjoying the deceitful calm, regardless of what it presaged. This was one of the green spots in our desert, one of those pages in the record of every soldier, where memory turns down the leaf, and to which in retrospective moments we all love to turn back. For this was one of the last of our camping places before death moved many a good comrade to his last bivouac.

By the morning of the 18th of August, General Pope became satisfied that nearly the whole force of the enemy from Richmond was assembled in his front, along the South side of the Rapidan, and extending from Raccoon Ford to Liberty Mills. Our cavalry had captured, on the 16th, near Louisa Court House, the Adjutant General of the rebel Stuart, who himself narrowly escaped. Among the papers taken was an autograph letter of General Robert Lee, to General Stuart, dated Gordonsville, August 15th, which manifested the position and force of the enemy, and their determination to fall upon and overwhelm us before any portion of McClellan's peninsular army could reinforce us.

On the 18th, it became apparent to General Pope, that this advanced position with the small force under his command, was no longer tenable, in the face of the overwhelming forces of the enemy, and he determined, accordingly, to withdraw behind the Rappahannock with all speed, and, as he had been instructed, to defend as far as practicable the line of that river.

Clouds of dust, rising above the forests on our left, had told us on that morning of a movement among Reno's forces; but we little thought that the retreat from this blood bought position had already begun. At that moment his trains were already on their way to the Rappahannock, while his whole corps, with the exception of the cavalry left at Raccoon Ford to cover the movement, would soon follow. During the day, rumors of the intended retreat, rumors which had been idly circulating for days past, but which no one cared to believe, gained credit; and finally, when we learned that General Banks had already dispatched his trains (by way of Brandy Station), and that ours of the third division were preparing to follow them, all doubt was at an end. Then we were ordered to prepare for a forced march, knapsacks were packed, everything superfluous rejected, rations of hard bread and coffee stowed away in our haversacks, with a trifling quantity of bacon, and it only remained to strike and pack the tents. In the warmth of the summer afternoon the men stood in little groups discussing the news of the hour, or wandered aimlessly around the spot soon to be relinquished to the foe, or hurried to the spring for a last supply of fresh water. At last came the tap of the drum and the bugle call for parade, and, while the lines was being formed, came the order to "strike tents;" already the troops were gathering in masses at the foot and rear of the mountain, awaiting the hour when the trains should be safely in the distance, to take the same route.

Slowly down the mountain side, in the full blaze of the setting sun our column took its way, then halted, closed up in column by division, stacked arms, and settled down upon the plain to wait for the darkness. The sun went down in what seemed a broken mountain of fire, with a sea of blood at its foot, and then darkness hid the horizon, and the hills, and the woods; and we could only hear the hum of the thousands overlying the plain.

Soon a camp fire twinkles in the distance, then another, and another, and now they multiply as though a detachment of vagrant stars, wandering inland from the horizon, were making their bivouac with us. And now they cover the plain as far as the eye can reach,

the more distant glimmering dimly through the smoke, which lifts lazily in the damp night air; men magnified into shadowy giants pass and repass before them, and phantom horsemen seem to stalk between.

Near us, in an orchard, barrels of salt beef stands where they were unloaded, the wagons have gone, and we help ourselves, for what we leave will fall into the hands of those whom we do not care to feed. Over some of the fires are huge kettles, brought from the neighboring farm houses, and around others are groups of men, watching their tin cups, in which a savory morsel is boiling and steaming, and slowly attaining a condition of gastronomic practicability. Others are making coffee, and along the line of stacked muskets, with knapsacks for pillows, and swathed in blankets begemmed with fallen dew, lie rows of sleepers, dreamless as those whose covering is the emerald sod. But many are sleepless, for the hour seems made for thought, and coming events perhaps cloud not a few of the dark faces around these fires; others beguile the hour with song and jest, but chiefly song; and what so likely as that the singers should choose old themes, fragments from many past happy hours, and that many a soldier listener should silently turn his face from the light, with something upon his cheek heavier than the night dew. How many of us will look back to this, as the last social hour passed with some one who watches by no more earthly camp fires!

At twelve, a scarcely apparent stir passed like a wave across the fields; there is a subdued bustle as of preparation, and the lowering fires flare up brightly. The retreat has begun. The fires are replenished and multiplied to deceive the wary watchers who may chance to be in our front,* and silently as possible, "left in front," the column begins to form and move away into the darkness. The sleepers are roused from under the stacks with a few judicious kicks and shakes, and rise to their places without a question. But our time is not yet come, so again we stack arms, and lie down. All night men are rising by regiments, and moving silently and swiftly to their place in the line and passing to the rear, and when the morning dawns they are not yet all gone. So we cook our breakfast, and eat it, and smoke, and lie around, and make ourselves

* We afterwards learned that the advance guard of the enemy, took our brightening fires and other demonstrations, for the signs of an intended advance against them, and immediately fell back five miles to a stronger position. To this fact we owe the accomplishment of the unmolested retreat of the main force to our new line.

as comfortable as though we were not a rear guard, waiting for the line to get out of our way, and a hot-footed enemy coming somewhere between us and the sun.

At about nine o'clock, we again fall in, sling knapsacks, "take" arms, and bid good-bye to Cedar Mountain.

CHAPTER XII.

A weary march.— Night, and a halt.— No postponement on account of the weather.— Behind the Rappahannock.— The Buffalo at bay.— Battle of the 21st of August.— Guarding fords by night.— A demoralized contraband.— March to Warrenton.

THIS was Tuesday, and the 19th day of August, on which we took our place in the rear of our division, and followed on toward the Rappahannock. Weariness, trial and suffering were before us; all knew it and husbanded their resources. And behind, grim and relentless as fate, we knew the rebel hordes were already on our trail, and eager for our destruction.

A short rest, just before we reached Culpepper, the canteens were filled, and then we waited while Sigel's corps, which had followed in our rear thus far, passed on, to take a different route, as we soon discovered, thus leaving us the extreme rear guard of our own. *

Again the knapsacks were resumed, and for the remainder of the day, and most of the succeeding night, we did not again lay them down. No halts were allowed, except when some obstruction checked the speed of the line, far in our front, and caused a few minutes delay, during which we sometimes got a breathing spell; but these were rather spoiled by the necessity which immediately followed, of increasing our speed for some distance, until the column was again closed up. Evening approached, but no halt. Still we plodded wearily along, our knapsacks growing heavier with each step, until it seemed as though the tired feet could no longer bear their weight, and hunger began to gnaw at our strength; but still no halt. Again the stars came out and looked down through the

* Reno had taken the Stevensburg road, by which he came, and which led him back to Kelly's Ford, some six miles below the railroad crossing. Sigel, after following us to Culpepper, took the Warrentown Road to the White Sulphur Springs crossing, six miles above the railroad. Banks' corps had preceded ours by way of Brandy Station, and thus it was that ours became the rear guard of the line. Bayard's Cavalry alone remained to cover the rear guard, but this we did not discover until next day.

trees, as we threaded the forest of pines, and the cool air of night helped to eke out the last remnant of our energies, as we still moved on, some staggering like drunken men, and all nearly at the point where duty and habit alike succumb to physical necessity.

Finally, near midnight, after a succession of abrupt halts and ineffectual efforts to keep the line closed up, we filed off by companies upon the grass by the roadside, and were told that we would be allowed a short time for rest, while the right of the line should cross the river.

I have a faint recollection of an order to stack arms, but no one could obey. For myself I can only say that I shall never forget the intense effort that accomplished those last few steps out of the road, or the blissful relief in allowing, all at once, every muscle to relax to its utmost, as I sank upon my musket,— my loosened knapsack falling by chance just beneath my head,— and resigned myself to oblivion. Had my grave yawned there I must have fallen just so, and my sleep could not have been deeper.

We might have lain thus for an hour,— it could not have been much longer,— when the bugle sounded the "fall in," but it might as well have been blown in a grave-yard. Here and there, indeed, an officer whose ruling passion, duty, proved strong even in sleep, arose dreamily, distributed a few inconsequent kicks and incoherent curses, which might as well have been expended upon so many logs, and then, like a sensible man, settled himself with a grunt for another nap. It was of no use. A pursuing army might have broken their shins over our prostrate bodies, and we should have been none the wiser. So the bugler went to sleep again, and it was not until the gray of the dawn that we at last arose, satisfied and refreshed, and drenched with the chilly officiousness of the night dew.

We fell in, without waiting to breakfast; for no supplies could be got this side the river, and, except a ration of coffee, and perhaps a few hard-tack, our haversacks were empty. It was not far, and by sunrise we had reached our position behind the bluff at Rappahannock Station, the rations were drawn and distributed, and we broke our long fast.

There, within a mile around us, lay the different divisions, crowded together in what seemed inextricable confusion; for, in the hurry of the arrival, and with the necessity of interposing the river between us and our officious friend General Lee, little attention had been paid to proper grouping. And we were none too soon.

The last of our brigades has just crossed, and the cavalry, Bayard's detachment from one of the Ira Harris regiments, make their appearance, emerging from a belt of wood not more than a mile away. A few scattering shots are heard. Suddenly they wheel, and their sabres flash in the sun as with a wild yell they go charging back. A rattling discharging of carbines, and then another line appears in the smoky front of the wood, and rapidly bears down to meet them.

By this time the high bluffs which shelter our position, are quite crowded with eager lookers on. It is a glorious sight. We have hardly time to realize that those are really our long expected foes, that it is all in earnest, and not one of those sham charges with which our division drills at Bailey's last year made us familiar, and which it so much resembles, when, with a shock and a clash they meet. We can not see much of what follows for the confusion is dire; but sabres flash in the smoke, and, here and there, a riderless horse gallops away; and one line has turned back: — it is not ours, — and the trees hide the rest, except a few dismounted men limping away or being helped upon a comrade's saddle.

They returned, not long after, covered with dust, and their tired horses showing unmistakable marks of the severe service they had done during the last forty-eight hours. It had been necessary to repeat this manouvre of charging and falling back, many times, to check the enemy's advance, and give our tired footmen time to reach this shelter. And now our pickets were drawn in, the cavalry crossed the bridge, and, at last, the entire army had, without severe loss, reached its new line of defense.*

That day, August 20th, was passed in disposing the troops regularly and to the best advantage. It was desirable that the Rappahannock should be held as long as possible, to gain time for the troops coming up the Potomac to join us, and particularly those coming by way of Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg, who would be liable to be cut off, should we give up the river before their arrival.

The Rappahannock, says Pope's report, above the mouth of the Rapidan, is an inconsiderable stream, and fordable at most seasons, every few miles. The third corps (ours) was posted at and above the railroad bridge, which had been so arranged as to serve for artillery and cavalry.

* Our regiment lost one man, Joseph Alexander, of Company "K," killed on the 19th, by the upsetting of one of the wagons. He was buried on the spot.

Sigel's corps was on our right, and Banks and Reno occupied the left, the extent of the whole line, at the time, being about six miles. All the strong positions were held by our batteries, with heavy supports of infantry, and, along the river, the pickets of the two armies grimly regarded each other across the narrow stream. By night-fall, it became apparent that the whole rebel army was swarming in the woods beyond, and preparing, like ourselves, for a day of severe trial.

Just at sunset we were ordered to fall in, and marched about a mile north of the station, to our place in line. It was about half a mile from the river, and a few belts of wood and low hills were between, where lay some of our batteries, in sheltered positions, ready to wheel into their places and belch destruction upon any hostile approach, at a moment's notice.

Next morning, August 21st, we were ready by sunrise, with a good breakfast of bacon, hard-tack and coffee, stowed away under our belts, and a hundred rounds of cartridges to each man.

Just in our front was a ford, called, I think, "Newman's," and the first above the railroad crossing. A battery and a regiment of infantry from Banks' corps had been sent to guard this on the evening before. There, about day-break, the enemy made his first attack. The battery was disabled, and, with its supporting force, driven back by the fury of the onset, the enemy gaining the woods and a corn field in our immediate front. At this moment we were ordered forward. We had heard the firing, but were totally ignorant of the fact that the enemy had crossed the river, until, emerging from a wood which had masked our advance, a troop of cavalry, and a battery, showed themselves momentarily, hurrying across an opening in our front, the cavalry to cover, and the guns destined to take position in the corn field I have mentioned. Our regiment had advanced unsupported thus far, and now formed in line of battle, fronting the apparent position of the enemy. Hardly was this accomplished when it was discovered that the wood on our right was also full of dismounted cavalry, threatening an attack on our flank.

Back, through the woods again, and, while forming line for the second time Colonel Rogers received orders to support a battery which had taken position upon our left.* It was necessary to cross a meadow to reach the position, and while doing this the enemy

* Reynolds'.

opened upon us with musketry from the wood where the right of our first line had rested, but at too long range to do much execution; although the first ball narrowly missed our Colonel, who had not dismounted, and then passed through the colors. Hardly had we reached our place in rear of the guns when the cannonade became furious. The shell screamed through the air over our heads, striking almost invariably just in rear of the slope upon which we lay, or tore long furrows between our lines, throwing up the earth and sending their fragments whistling above us in a most uncomfortable manner. One struck among a group of stretcher bearers who were hurrying after the ambulances, as they sought a sheltered position, and the ground and lofty tumbling that immediately followed was intensely amusing, especially as no one was injured.

I know of no more severe introduction to field service than that we were just then experiencing. In the rush and whirl of the charge, or the more slow and steady advance of the skirmish line, or even in standing where the fast thinning ranks hold their place in the face of the rattling musketry, and the bullets sing around the ears, suggesting swarms of angry bees blindly seeking a victim, there is infinitely more of danger; but the excitement of active participation hides it from the soldier. Not so when he lies, exposed, and with nothing to do but to listen to the horrid rush of shot and shell, waiting with the expectation that the next one will want to make a path just where he lies.

But soon there is relief for a few of us. The enemy's sharp-shooters in the cover of the woods have got near enough to begin picking off our gunners. One ball narrowly misses a little group among the guns, our good old General, Colonel Rogers, and Colonel Lord of the 35th, striking, and instantly killing the horse of the latter officer. General Patrick cooly turns and calls for "some of the boys who are good marksmen" to come up to the fence in front and try to pick off "some of those fellows." Half the regiment are instantly on their feet, but only a few can be sent from each company. At the same moment Captain Layton is ordered out with his own company, "K," and "H;" the latter under Lieutenant Minnery, Captain Hayward having been sent to hospital, from Fredericksburg. These two companies deploy immediately by the right flank, and the long snaky looking line disappears in the woods.

The scene grows more and more exciting as the hour wears on, and we get accustomed to the situation. The fence is lined with those of the boys who liked the fun of practicing at animated targets, even with the slight drawback occasioned by the necessity of caution in its indulgence. Some are interestedly watching the effect of the shot fired from that section of the battery in our immediate front, and others run with cartridges from the caissons.

About noon the rebels, beginning to find their quarters too hot, suddenly limber up and make for the river, leaving two pieces, or rather their fragments, as evidences of the accuracy of our practice. Our line is shifted to the woods on our right again, and the cooks who have been waiting for a lull in the melee, bring up kettles of boiled beef, upon which we make a hearty dinner, with a dessert from the huckleberry bushes among which we are lying. All the while the batteries across the river are sending random shots whistling and crackling among the trees, but none of them fall near us.

At about two P. M. we are ordered down to the river again, to oppose an expected attempt of the enemy to cross a second time. Layton and Minnery, with their little line of skirmishers have been doing nobly, as we shall shortly see, and now we hasten to join them, where, ranged along the fence of the corn field skirting the river, they hotly contest the possession of the ford.

The Twenty-Third and ours occupy each a side of ravine, the foot of which is the threatened point, and protected by what I may call the shoulders of the ridge, on either side, from the enemy's sharp-shooters. Our own are still exchanging the courtesies of warfare with these all along our right, and, occasionally, some grayback who has a secure berth in a commanding tree top, sends a reminder of his good will whistling among our heads, upon which we all bow, very politely, if not with dignity, the latter being entirely unnecessary on these occasions, though some fellows will persist in the most ludicrous efforts to maintain it.

Our position here soon became anything but comfortable. Several batteries were brought to bear, and, in trying to get our range, swept the ravine with a perfect shower of projectiles. Several attempts were made to carry the ford under cover of them, but each succeeded only in clogging the shallow stream with the victims of our sharp-shooters, who were jealously watching it.

About dusk General Patrick discovered that the enemy were planting a battery in a position to rake us with murderous effect,

and immediately gave the order to fall back to the position we occupied in the morning. As we rose to obey, the battery opened fire, with such precision as to plant two or three shell apparently in the very midst of the Twenty-Third, who were moving in double column to the rear up a slope of about thirty rods, cutting one man in two and wounding many. We were more fortunate. With that calm readiness of conception which accompanied his perfect comprehension of the bearings of any emergency, however sudden, a quality which can not be too much admired, and which won the entire confidence of his men, Colonel Rogers determined, instead of moving directly to the rear, to make a flank movement so as to retain the shelter of the ridge until we could reach that of the woods on our right, which ran across the rear of the ravine. We were in double column at half distance, the center division being in front, and it was necessary to deploy so as to expose but its width of four files, while we marched by the right of the column. But to deploy, the first regular movement of the manouvre, would have been to expose the whole left wing to the enemy's fire. All this passed through every mind in a second of time. But we were in the hands of a man equal to the occasion.

Battalion, right face, forward march! — The regiment moved in this order perhaps fifty paces, when the Colonel gave the command: — *Right companies, by file right, left companies follow in their order* — and, marching by the flank, in five minutes more we were in the friendly shelter of the woods, not a man scratched.

It was one of those inspirations which come only with the pressure of dire necessity, when the brain is strong enough to sustain its poise and look the dilemma calmly in the face. It is laid down in no military work, and might never be appropriate again: it belonged to the time, the place and the man. Even General McDowell, who saw it from the distance, clapped his hands and exclaimed "well done,"* a great deal for him to say in the way of commendation, as those who know him well will testify

Thus ended the first engagement in which we had participated, as a regiment, and not perhaps without some credit to the Twenty-First, though it was but a farce to what we were destined to see. Owing in part to good fortune and partly, perhaps principally, to skillful handling, we had come off without the loss of

* So says Captain Craig Wadsworth, then on McDowell's staff.

a man; though other regiments, no more exposed than we, suffered severely.

That night we lay upon our arms in supporting distance of the picket at the ford, which might be again threatened under cover of the darkness. Without blankets, in the mud to our ankles, and in a cold misty rain, we passed a most uncomfortable night, although so fatigued, with the exertions of the day, as to find rest and even sound sleep, exposed thus to the pouring rain and with but a few rails from the fence to keep us from smothering in the mud.

About nine, companies "H" and "K" came in and joined us, and we learned the details of their work. After deploying, they had moved to the right for about a mile, and then, facing to the front, and wheeling somewhat to the left, the line moved down upon the wood before mentioned as the cover of the cavalry, who had dismounted and were acting as sharp-shooters. A quick and determined advance soon cleared the wood, the butternuts mounting their horses and retreating across the meadows toward their battery. "Jabe" Valentine of "K," took one prisoner. He had got in advance of the line in his hurry, and "winged" the fellow by bringing down his horse; collared him, and led him to the rear. Pushing forward to the meadow, a few volleys were exchanged, and then our boys charged again, as the cavalry made for the ford, and reached the edge of the corn field just in time to see the battery leaving the other side. Along this corn field, on the edge of the river, they had been skirmishing all the rest of the day, with immense advantage in position and severely punishing every effort of the enemy against this point.

No attempt was made to cross, that night, for which we have probably to thank the weather. Stretching our stiffened limbs at daybreak, we prepared our coffee, and had barely swallowed it when we were again hurried away, to support some batteries planted upon what seemed hastily constructed earthworks, farther to the right and front of our ground of the preceding day. The ball had opened again with renewed and increased fury, the gunners of both armies seeming determined to revenge the discomforts of the night upon each other. The shell were already flying hotly around us, when we were met with orders to return to our tents, as fresh troops had been sent to relieve us. Still we retired slowly, and I observed that the wary watching and dodging of the day before was nearly forgotten; the men looking almost with indifference upon the solid shot and shell that came *ricocheting* along the ground. Their

experience of the day before, had convinced them of the uncertainty of artillery firing at long range, and they had gained proportionately in confidence, the chance of being hit seeming about one in a hundred, or even less; a fact which soon reassures even novices.

We were very glad to reach our shelter tents again, and resigned ourselves to the enjoyment of plentiful coffee, pork and hard-tack, with complete unmindfulness of the fact that battle was raging with increased clamor, so near that an occasional shell fell even among the tents, and were hissing and cracking anywhere and everywhere, with a most reprehensible carelessness on the part of their projectors, and throwing dirt about in a most abandoned and provoking manner. One little incident in connection with this subject is worth mentioning, being the cause of no little fun among the lookers on.

A supernumerary darkey, making himself useful about camp, was "toting" a box of hard-tack on his head toward the cook-fire of one of the companies, when a sly joker of a shell came with a horrible screech, knocking the box in splinters, and scattering the crackers like a pack of cards in a gale of wind. For one awful moment the horror stricken Clem stood irresolute, then suddenly turned and fled

> "As who pursued with yell and blow,
> Still treads the shadow of his foe,
> And forward bends his head,"

and the last we saw of him he was still marking time in the dim distance, the tail of his government coat erect at an angle of forty-five degrees with his shoulders, and frantically flourishing a fragment, which had remained in his hand, of the demolished cracker box.

During the day several men were injured, and I saw our surgeons, Wilcox and Peters, busy at their post; doing their best for whoever came. All through the day before, these men, belonging to a class than which none can point to a brighter record of brave and self-sacrificing deeds, had exposed themselves with us, ready to give instant succor to any poor fellow who might require it.

In the afternoon Burnside passed our rear, to the right, with his long train of heavy siege guns. Banks was reported to have it all his own way on the left, and the movement of columns visible from the high ground in front, and lines of dust rising above the

trees, across the river, seemed to indicate that the enemy, failing to beat us back at this point, was moving to turn our right. Next day this became evident. The firing had almost ceased, except at desultory intervals, when it would rage furiously from point to point along the line, for a short time, and then die away. It was apparent that the greater part of the enemy's force was withdrawn from our front, and when, at ten o'clock, orders came for a forced march, no one was surprised.

The enemy had already crossed at Sulphur Springs, some six miles above, and was rapidly moving on Warrenton; and, unless we could succeed in again heading him off, the result could not but be serious. It was a sultry day, and a rain storm of the preceding night did not at all tend to improve the road; like all others in this part of Virginia, a mere bed of sticky clay after every shower. We were short of rations, too, and not a few had been content, *per force*, with coffee alone at the morning meal. But we were assured that beef had been drawn, and was being cooked for marching rations, and would overtake us somewhere on the road. Sure enough we passed old Craig, the Quartermaster's factotum, and a general favorite, about a mile back, busy over their kettles; but not a morsel of the savory contents did we get until late that night, and it has always been a wonder to me how even our experienced Craig ever got through the hungry hosts in our rear, with his precious charge.

I think this was one of the hardest day's marches we ever experienced. General Sigel, now, by our change of front, in advance, was to have intercepted the enemy; but, for some reason had not been able to come up with them, until they had crossed the river at the Sulphur Springs. Where we might meet their cavalry was a question not yet solved, and once when we had marched perhaps six miles, we were met with rumors of their near approach, and prepared to receive them. This proved a false alarm; but we took the occasion to rest, and fill our canteens. The scramble for water, where the supply happened to be limited, was always a lively one. First, a rush for the bucket, which was sent clattering to the cool bottom, while an eager, thirsty crowd elbowed and clawed for the best place, and gloated over the limpid coolness as it rose sparkling nearer and nearer, until, seized by a dozen hands at once, a score of tin cups would clash above it, some getting a little of the precious nectar, only to have it distributed like a shower of diamonds by the unlucky elbow of some half choked comrade, and

the more fortunate running aside to decant the priceless cupful, and again rush in for more. And the bucket is dragged back and forth in the swaying crowd, now upon the ground and again overhead, as all essay to secure a share until it is empty, and the scene is repeated.

The officers are usually too tired to interpose, but often do I remember seeing the lamented Hayward, himself as tired as any, patiently standing at the windlass, dealing out a cupful to each soldier, and thus supplying a large number in half the time that a single squad would have consumed in the way I have described. But this was ended by the bugle summons to fall in, and again we hurried on. The day grew hotter as the sun approached meridian, and many fell out by the road side, too much exhausted to march a step farther. Threats and force were of no avail; hungry, thirsty and tired out, they doggedly sat down and were left behind. Some were picked up by the ambulances, and those who only needed a little rest were left to overtake us while we halted for the night.

A heavy thunder storm, soon after noon, drenched us completely, and rendered the roads almost impassable; the soft clay kneading up, under our feet, and the wheels of the artillery and wagon trains, until each government shoe represented *almost* a cubic foot of the sacred soil.

Almost as completely used up as when we halted that first night on the Rappahannock, we entered Warrentown at dark; cautiously, as we were the advance guard of the column. Our bivouac that night was upon a sort of common, near the Warren Green Hotel, which was made the headquarters of the corps, being occupied immediately by the Generals and their staff. No fires were allowed, as the enemy were supposed to be near, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry having left the town just in advance of our arrival. They had made a successful raid as far as Catlett's, destroying some of the supply trains and capturing about one hundred prisoners, together with General Pope's personal baggage.

Our own supply trains had been dispatched in that direction, and our last rations were exhausted. Late at night the Quartermaster's carts came up with the beef promised in the morning, and about half a pound was dealt out to each man. A better Quartermaster than ours never issued rations, and we fared better on this occasion than most of our neighbors; so there was little grumbling, and crawling under our shelter tents, "out of the wet," we forgot our troubles.

No rations were to be had next morning, and we must await the arrival of a train from Warrenton Junction. A large force had been at work on the railroad all night, and supplies might arrive over this route by noon; so in the meantime we foraged. Few were so fortunate as to get any thing better than green corn, hardly safe diet for men hungry as we, although there was little danger of our getting too much of even that. So we boiled, and roasted, and gnawed it, in defiance of colic, which, after all, could not be much worse than our condition of semi-starvation.

About nine, we received orders to move forward in the direction of Sulphur Springs. I must admit that the preparations were made with considerable grumbling, but we drew the buckles of our waist belts a couple of holes tighter than usual, and when fairly under way and threading the streets of the rebel city, we forgot our grievanaces and put on our best faces for the edification of the inhabitants, especially the fair portion thereof, who could not resist peeping at the lines of good looking "Yanks" who were filing past. So we struck up "John Brown's body," and the song was caught up, and flew from rank to rank until the whole city re-echoed the refrain,

"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on."

While in the course of the song we melodiously declared our stern intention of suspending Jeff. Davis from a "sour apple tree," we happened to be just in front of a parsonage, and the expression of intense disgust in every lineament of a gray-headed butternut who stood at the door, was intensely funny. Still I must condemn the disrespectful remarks with which some of our rough diamonds greeted the venerable F. F. V. Quoting from the immortal Doesticks, they called him "lemons," and told him to "go in" (which he didn't do), also interrogating him as to the price of skulls in the Richmond market, whether his last consignment paid well, and whether he wouldn't like a fresh Yankee for breakfast; upon which the fine old fellow's nose suddenly assumed such an altitude that we seriously apprehended he wouldn't be able to shut his mouth for a week.

As far as we could form an opinion from our observations, the citizens were all sympathizers with the rebel cause, many of them frankly admitting as much. However, in the main, they were wise and courteous enough to refrain from any demonstrations of their

ill will, although a few of those whose sex bars all retaliation to petty insults, seemed to forget themselves, in emulation perhaps of their patriotic sisters of New Orleans. The reader will possibly think that our songs, and such taunting quips and jests as those instanced above, may have quite justly provoked the ire of our fair enemies; that if they had only been "let alone" we would have had nothing to complain of. Not so! As a rule, I am proud to say that our own men were gentlemanly in their deportment, careful not to insult by word or deed, or in any way to verify the prejudices imbibed by a people who had been accustomed to hear the basest of motives ascribed, and the vilest of epithets applied to the invading forces of the Union. Yet some there were among us who lacked, perhaps, that steadiness of purpose and dignity of self respect that should have held them far above the level to which they must descend, in bandying coarse wit and petty insults with those who chose to give us such greeting.

We had commenced the morning's march, expecting to reach the Springs or meet the enemy some time during the day. But we were not to have our endurance so severely tested. The heads of the "Q. M." Department came in for a plentiful share of anathemas on that morning, for a hungrier lot of fellows probably never slandered a Quartermaster; and our long suffering stomachs were grumbling various mutinous suggestions when relief was just at hand. General Patrick had just been informed that some unfortunate rebel in the vicinity was the owner of a fine herd of cattle which had been spared by the Confederate forage-masters. The officer whose duty it was to take possession of supplies, and issue the vouchers, was not to be found; but our need was pressing, and, though ordinarily a great stickler for form, no man could more easily or summarily dispense with them when the exigencies of the service required it, than General Patrick.

"Tell Blank not to wait for the commissary, but to *take* those cattle, and issue double rations to the men *im-me-di-ate-ly*."

There was an instant lifting up of sullen faces, and a spontaneous cheer, mingled with the cries of "bully for you," assured the General of our hearty approval of his action in the premises; upon which he gravely turned in his saddle, and said in his slow and emphatic manner, "Yes, my men; you shall all have your bellies full when I can help you to it," and rode on to select a halting place. Our "beef rations" soon walked into camp upon their own legs, and we attacked them with all the fury of hunger; a couple

of dozen were soon knocked on the head, and dissected, double rations served out raw, and the rest plumped into the kettles.

We marched no farther that day, as we had only removed far enough to get the division out of town and into good camping places along the road, in readiness for the moment when we should be needed in front; and the day was chiefly passed, as the boys said, in making up for lost time, every man seeming to think it his duty to eat all his arrears of rations, if he died in the attempt. This sort of improvidence is characteristic of the soldier, exposed as he is to all the vicissitudes of fortune, to-day rioting in plenty, with no care for the morrow, which may chance to be a fast day, and thoughtlessly intent only upon this, which he is determined to make the most of while it lasts, "eat, drink and be merry," while death may stand waiting at the threshold of the next.

Monday, the 25th, we lay all day listening to the booming of Sigel's cannon in the South-west, and held in instant readiness to move forward. Our camp was upon the brow of a wood-crowned ridge near "Fisher's Forks," upon the Sulphur Springs road, in one of the loveliest parts of this favored portion of Virginia. From here the eye opened upon a wide expanse of gently undulating landscape, the warm sun brightly developing the rich brown, and yellow, and distant deep purple of the autumn, burnishing bright spots in the dull gold of the trampled fields, deepening the green and darkening the dusky interior shadows of the cedar copses, and adding another touch of color to the heather on the hillsides. Yes, the autumn was coming fast. September would soon shake down the chestnuts, and strew the ground with dry leaves. Death was already stretching his hand toward the beautiful children of the year, and they were putting on the sober raiment of decay, satisfied with their work, and ready to mingle with the dust, until another spring-time should come and call them up in new forms of beauty.

And if, in looking upon the scene, and thinking such thoughts, we are reminded that the grim harvester may select, ere many days, some from among *us* to fall with the leaves, yet we know that

> "—the seed lies safe below
> The fires that blaze and burn,"

and that in good time it will spring up and bear its fruit, and we shall not be forgotten.

CHAPTER XIII.

To Sulphur Springs.—The "Flying Dutchman," and his work.—A Rebel Picket presents arms to our General.—The ball opens.—Skirmishers to the Front.—The "Twenty-Onesters" develope a capacity for "keeping a hotel."—Outflanked by night.—Forced march to Gainesville.—The battle of August 28th.—Jackson repulsed.—Too weak to risk another trial, we fall back to Manassas by night.

WE HAD been ordered, the evening before, to prepare to march at an early hour, and soon after daybreak on the morning of Tuesday, August 26th, we were in line and ready. We had packed and slung our knapsacks, expecting to carry them, but, at the last moment, were ordered to throw them off, that they might be loaded into the wagon trains just starting for the rear.

That we were not allowed to take them with us was significant of the fact that we were preparing for severe service, to which what we had already passed would seem, comparatively, but play; such, it is now evident, was the expectation of those who were qualified to judge and direct, by a better knowledge of our surroundings than we in the ranks could have; and the sequel proves that they were correct.

So, hastily removing our blankets and tents, and slinging them over our shoulders, we piled our packs, and, thus disencumbered, gaily took the road. The route from Warrenton to the Fauquier Springs is famous for its picturesque beauty, and we could not but be delighted with its ever shifting panorama as we filed over and around the low hills, and through the beech and maple groves, fresh with the dewy breath of the morning, and vocal with the songs of birds. A lovelier day for a stroll through these pleasant scenes the enraptured tourist of the "piping times of peace" could not have desired; and though ours was, in nature and intent, anything but a pleasure excursion, yet I doubt if this road had ever been trodden by a more jolly, rollicking set of youngsters, or feasted more appreciative eyes, since "the Spring," became a place of fashionable summer resort.

About nine o'clock we struck the forks of the road, near Henn's house. Here we saw a broken gun carriage, and other traces of

Sigel, who had driven the enemy across the river the day before, and then hurried to the right to oppose him at Waterloo Bridge. "The Flying Dutchman," as our boys christened him, had in his erratic way been making himself generally useful during the retreat, embarrassing the enemy with his artillery, and driving him back successively at Kelly's Ford, Freeman's Bridge, and Waterloo; and now could be still heard at intervals pounding away on our right, where we supposed the main force of the rebel column to be. Our General had received orders to advance with his brigade across the river, and feel for the rear of that column, our object being merely a reconnoissance, and no one imagining that we should find this point still in possession of the enemy. We soon came in sight of what seemed a village of some size, or (judging by the local standard, which dignifies every cross road corner, with a grog shop, two or more tumble-down log houses, a hay stack and a sign post, with a high sounding name,) a town even, and larger than many a one we had seen that could boast a charter as old as the reign of the Georges. At a nearer approach we were struck by its air of desolation and unnatural quiet. No living thing was in sight, and the smoke, that at first seemed to rise from chimneys, among the trees, dimly revealed broken walls and charred timbers slowly smouldering among the ruins. Along the principal and almost only public street, we passed riddled and broken brick work, scattered furniture, partly in fragments, open doors and windows revealing naught but bare and defaced walls, charred and withered trees, smoke, ashes and desolation; telling a tale that war writes over and over again, and men as often forget. Would to God the brave but misguided youth of the "Old Dominion," could have turned forward to the page this day has written in the history of their State, while there was yet time to save her from such a fate. Our regiment holding the right of the column was the first to enter the place. General Patrick, with his staff, was a short distance in advance. He had understood that cavalry would precede us, so rode on confident of being informed in time should we gain the enemy's vicinity.

The two large hotels which, with their extended establishments, comprised the bulk of the place, were just on either side of our colors as the head of the column began to descend the slope toward the river, when suddenly the deathlike stillness of the place was broken by a rattling volley at the bend of the road, just in front, where it crossed the river. The sound had hardly ceased to reverberate among the ruins, before every musket was loaded, and

the line ready to advance again. In the meantime an aid came galloping frantically past without his hat, with orders for the artillery in our rear; and then our General, for whose safety we had at first trembled, came coolly riding back, followed by his staff, as though nothing unusual had occurred.*

We were now sent into the corn fields on the right of the road, and ordered to hold them, falling back on the buildings for shelter if hard pressed in our somewhat exposed situation. A line of skirmishers was instantly deployed along the bank, where a few trees afforded a sort of cover for our sharp-shooters, and the rest lay down upon the hill side. Hardly as much time elapsed as I have taken to relate this, when, with a hoarse screech, the first shell came crashing among the buildings, and, as if by signal, three batteries opened upon us from the opposing hill-tops, at just the right range for effect. At the same time the fences and lines of brushy wall across the river, seemed to take fire in a hundred places. The bullets came singing and skipping along the ground, and over our heads; while the sharp crackling of the rifle muskets of our skirmishers made instant reply, and the reserve grouped in the most sheltered places, to pick off the gray-backs who now began to show themselves, running from cover to cover, toward the river, and becoming every moment better marks, while the increased accuracy of their firing made us hug the ground.

But the combined effect of shell and bullets soon made this place too warm for comfort, and the Colonel gave the word to fall back upon the cottages. A long row of these extended rearward from each wing of the main hotel, in a semi-circle, meeting near the river, and enclosing, perhaps, twenty acres of ground.

Just at this instant a thunderous discharge shakes the ground in our rear. It is our own batteries, which have reached good positions, and are now hurling back the favors of our warm friends

* It appeared that the enemy's pickets occupied the banks of the river, some of them on this side, when General Patrick, all unconscious of their presence, rode up to the very bank. So intent was he examining the condition of the bridge and ford, that he did not notice the presence of persons on the bank. The rebels appeared much surprised, and, as the General wore a gray felt hat, evidently took him for one of their own officers, as one presented arms to him, while several others, coming out of the bushes, directed his attention to the crossing place or ford. One of his officers spoke to him several times without attracting his attention, when one of them spoke up loudly and said "General, these are gray coats!" The whole party immediately turned, and the rebels, by this time discovering who and what they were, immediately fired a volley after them, but, very fortunately, did not hit one of the party. The escape was a most remarkable one. Had the rebels kept under cover, the General and his party might easily have been taken prisoners.—*Extract from a letter written by Colonel Rogers.*

across the river, thus drawing a share of their attentions from us. Thus we lie between the two fires all day, the gunners having the best of the play all to themselves, and we just enough exposed to make the game interesting. At about eleven, the 2d regiment of Berdan's sharp-shooters are deploying along the river with ours, other regiments move down upon our flanks, and the musket firing becomes continuous.

Up to this time we have seen no one hurt, although hair-breadth escapes are plenty; but now, two of the Berdans come up from the river, bearing a stretcher upon which is something, in human form, covered with a blanket, and from it the blood is slowly dropping as they pass. At noon there is a slight lull; but the ever watchful marksmen along the river take good care of their chances, and a rattling discharge from time to time, tells of danger to some unwary grayback.

What are the men of the reserve doing here among the buildings! It is time for dinner; and a soldier's stomach has a good memory, generally ignoring any risk its fellow members may incur in satisfying its demands. So, among the smoking ruins of the hotel, we stir together the embers and the unconsumed fragments, and blow up a blaze, each one for himself, over which our old black coffee cups are soon simmering. Meantime, while one eye watches the coffee, the other is kept warily "to windward," for an occasional misdirected shell or "tumbler," sends a few yards of brick wall crashing down among the rubbish, causing some sudden changes of base on the part of those who chance to be near, and flavoring our coffee by adding a dash of lime, brick dust, and cinders. Then, in groups we crouch under the trees and discuss our simple meal, the contrast between the present and past, accustomed scenes of the place, coming vividly to mind.

In the old times here, many a gay party met around the board, with its offering to luxury and taste. Fair women smiled, sparkling wine went round in honor to ruby lips, mad wit flashed and rippling aughter answered. The fountains tinkled and cooled the evening air, the trees whispered together above happy lovers, and music timed the tread of dancing feet. *That* is past. Here are now only groups of dark and bearded men; rough fellows with nothing of the butterfly about them, seated among ashes and upon the scorched grass, eating hard-tack and drinking black coffee, to the music of the booming cannon. The fountains are silent, murderous men crawl along the paths where the lovers used to walk, the trees rustle

drearily and clash their withered leaves, and the mad rush of wailing, screeching shot and shell is the hideous substitute for the lively music of the dance.

The afternoon sun marches slowly toward the West, and still, with little change, the tragedy of the day progresses. Now and then, a battery changes position, but the cannonade is almost uninterrupted, and the line of sharp-shooters is augmented by many stragglers from the rear, who have come up to the front to see the fun. Many of the reserve, too, tired of lying under the trees, and dodging among falling walls, are taking a hand in the game, which shortly becomes interesting. A body of the enemy, perhaps two hundred strong, succeed in reaching a sort of natural rifle-pit near the river, and immediately all our attentions are directed to this point. The rebs soon discover that they are in a tight place, for our fire is rapid and certain, and our position sheltered. Not a man can leave the trap; some essay a sudden break to the rear, and the crack of the Springfields knells their doom, and the rest find it exceedingly unsafe to show their heads.

Just at this interesting juncture there is a call for Major Thomas, and a report that a flag of truce is approaching. We are ordered to cease firing, the batteries have already done so, and there is a gathering of both sides, an eager, interested crowd, at the bridge. What it can mean, all are curious to know, and while we watch and wait, our friends in the trap rise as one man, and scud up the hill. There is a deprecating yell as we take in the ruse, and shouts of "Come back, rebs!" and "Here: that ain't fair!" follow this breach of all military justice. We dare not fire while the truce is pending, and so we look on while our boasted Virginian "chivalry" take to their heels and the shelter of a cowardly breach of faith, confiding in the fact that we "mud-sills" will not break ours.

The ostensible object of this deputation, was to return a woman, one of the "vivandieres" of Sigel's corps, whom they had captured the day before. Her dress was the usual infantry uniform, and she presented, in that respect, not a shade of contrast to the guard who conducted her to the rear. Even her fair hair was clipped close to her head, and she looked as capable of good service with a musket as many of the juniors in our ranks. Altogether, I thought as she marched along in her air of perfect unconcern, she would have furnished a good reply to the romantic notions of some of our dear girls at home, who, in their enthusiasm would have marched to the field with their fathers and brothers.

While the truce lasted our friends in gray were busily engaged in lugging off their dead, but when the firing recommenced, they did not seem to care for a renewal of the close work of the morning. The batteries, however, were as busy as before, until with the approach of darkness the din of conflict gave place to becoming quiet.

Not doubting but that ere morning we should have to repel an attack in force, we lay down in line upon the inner circle of pavement which surrounded the grounds, our trusty muskets in our arms, and our "harness" still upon our backs. Much need we had of sleep, for many a weary day the sun would rise, and set, and rise again, before another night of unbroken rest would be ours.

At an early hour next morning we were ready to begin again. The sun rose in his glory, and still we waited. Seven o'clock, eight, and still a suspicious silence brooded upon the opposing hills; not a gray uniform or slouched hat, not even the smoke of a camp-fire visible. What did it mean? Could it be a trap for our advance, or had our enemy risen in his strength by night, and — run away? No way was left, but to reconnoitre and see for ourselves. So a line of skirmishers deploy along the river, cross as best they can, and slowly, under cover of tree, and rock, and bush, creep up the steep ascent, while their comrades look on with anxious eyes that watch for the instant expected leap of flame from the top. Our gunners have already sent shell after shell, screaming defiance and crashing among those trees, without any answer but the grumbling of sleepy echoes, and now stand at their pieces waiting and watching. They gain the top, and are lost to us among the trees. Anxious moments pass, but no rattle of fire-arms sends back warning, and finally they are seen again, slowing coming down the road, and we know that here we have nothing more to do.

The brigades hastily form and move into the road, and by nine we are again under way, retracing our steps of the day before. It had been ascertained that the force we had met, a division of Anderson's, and the last to leave Richmond, had followed the main body up the river. "Another move in the flanking game" had commenced, directed upon Thoroughfare Gap, through which, though we did not then know it, the enemy's advance had already passed to attack our communications at Manassas. Sigel had already left Warrenton, and the other divisions, Reynolds', King's and Ricketts,' were to follow on in the order in which they are named, the object being to hurl back those advancing columns.

The fatigues of that march none of us will soon forget. The first day was intensely hot, the sand took the feet into its burning depth at every step, and there were no halts by cool wayside springs. Our regiment was again the rear guard, and parties of "flankers" were kept at a safe distance on either side to watch for possible cavalry. These were relieved every few miles, until we reached Warrenton, where we passed the division of General Ricketts, and the duty devolved upon them.

Short rations had been given us that morning, and fatigue wore proportionately fast upon us. There was a short halt soon after dark, and a search for water, after which we again plodded on.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, eyes seeing nothing, and the feet moving only by habit, while the ear dulls to the clanking of bayonet and canteen, until roused by the hoarse "Close up," or still less agreeably, by a smart thud from the musket of some sleepy comrade; or stumbling upon the heels of your file leader; or your rear man upon yours; habitual duty working hard to keep down rebellious nature, and feverish dreams mingling wierdly with your snatches of waking recognition; you will recall them all, reader, if you have ever made a night march when hours were so precious that even those God has given to rest were taken from you by the hard hand of war's necessity.

Some time after midnight we made a halt of a couple of hours near Gainesville. Many slept soundly until time to fall in again, while others hurriedly boiled their coffee and secured its refreshing sedative before they sought to snatch a little rest. Up again long ere daybreak, a paltry ration of hard bread is given each man, and again, on. Hunger is the most powerful of demoralizing agents, and the full force of this fact became apparent before long. This was the time when Sigel was heard to say, "A biscuit just now is worth more than a bayonet," and he was right.

We marched through Gainesville, and almost over the spot where we lay upon our return from that fruitless chase after Jackson, early in the day. Shortly before this we passed a squad of rebel prisoners, who had been captured that morning by Sigel, at an old church on the road. They claimed to be the rear guard of the rebel column which was said to be shortly in our front.

Firing was heard in front from time to time, but we had ceased to interest ourselves in every noise that spoke of battle, as was once our habit. If those fellows ahead chose to waste powder and make fools of themselves, it was no concern of ours, and we said so. Most

of our feverish anxiety to get into battle was gone. True, we had not yet seen any very severe fighting, but we had seen enough to content us with just as much as fell to our lot, without grumbling for more. Recruits might do that and welcome, but as for us, enough was just as good as a feast.

So we loped along, wondering where the next rations would come from. Green corn we might have, and our prisoners had lived on that for a week; why shouldn't we? But it was poor fare, and indulgence had unpleasant consequences, so we looked hard and long at it before we ate.

At twelve o'clock we halted to give the men rest, and a chance to make their coffee. A forest on the right of the road afforded a grateful shade from the heat of the sun, and we bathed our blistered feet in a little stream that rippled through its cool shadows. In front was a stretch of open, furzy meadow, commanded by a hill beyond. Here Reynolds' division had met the enemy in the morning, and a light engagement ensued. A battery opened upon his advance from the hill, and here he had deployed his column.

"After a short but sharp action, the enemy retired, and when our skirmishers occupied the hill, he was nowhere to be seen. Supposing from the movements of this force that it was some rear guard or cavalry party, with artillery, sent out to reconnoitre, the march of the division, after caring for the killed and wounded, was resumed, and it turned off to the South of the road, to go to Manassas."

The paragraph I have just quoted is from General McDowell's report, which may be found in that published by Major General Pope. The traces of battle were still apparent when we arrived. In an old log house which stood in the edge of a corn field, lay the mangled bodies of those whom their comrades had not time to bury, and in a corner was a collection of those chips the surgeons make in "squaring the ends" of poor fellows who chance to get them "rough hewed" by the dire hand of battle.

Tired as they were, and desperately careless of the risk they ran of capture or sudden death at the hands of skulking bushwhackers, many of the boys strayed out in search of something to eat. We knew that we were setting aside all discipline in so doing, but our necessity was our warrant; we knew we must fight soon, and fighting on an empty stomach is hard work.

I had nearly reached camp, with my haversack and arms full of green apples and corn, when I was a witness to one of those incidents

common to war time, and illustrative of the fact that "hunger knows no law."

A rascally sulter, one of that harpy tribe who follow an army as long as a greenback (or its equivalent) remains in the soldier's pocket, had somehow got through from Centreville, with a large load of eatables, tobacco, and whiskey. The latter commodity being contraband, would by right have caused the regular confiscation of his load, but the boys would not have informed on him. The wretch knew that the men were "short" of rations, and, relying upon protection by the officers, determined to reach a profit that should make that load a good investment if he never sold another.

Finding that it would take about half a month's pay to get enough of his "bolognas," bread, and cheese, to satisfy a hungry man, and many being reduced to the dregs of their last pay, the boys grew angry, and when some one raised the cry of "clean him out," there was a rush. The harpy flew heels over neck from his roost, the canvas cover disappeared, there was a momentary swarming of blue jackets and caps, and then cheeses, loaves, jars, chains of sausages, and black bottles flew in every direction, so that all might share, and in less time than you have been reading it, all was over; the wagon stood empty and folorn, and the crowd had dispersed.

A Major of Gibbons' brigade rode round the wagon, presenting his revolver, and calling upon the men to desist. But no one seemed to see him, and I saw that it went against his heart to fire upon men in such a strait of hunger, and somehow he didn't think to cock his revolver until the wagon was effectually stripped.

Little satisfaction our friend of the hooked beak got when he went to complain to our Colonel. None of the officers could tell which of their men had left the stacks, and he of the speculative eye went on his way, full of ungodliness and wrath.

The sun had rolled half down the West ere we were again called to shoulder our muskets and take the road toward Groveton. Our army was now converging toward Manassas, the different corps forming a line from the Manassas Railroad to some distance left of the Warrenton and Centreville turnpike. Partly in the fields, but mostly in the woods, our own division following the turnpike, McDowell's corps was moving on in the general direction indicated. Distant cannonading reached our ears, but we paid little attention to the accustomed sound, and marched on unsuspicious of danger.

It was near sunset, and we had left Gainesville perhaps three miles behind. Tired and hungry, the soothing coolness of the hour

was a balm to our senses, and drowsily we swung along the grassy roadside, taking in the soft beauty of the scene, and no one dreaming that danger and death lurked in those quiet woods, so beautiful with the soft radiance of the sun's last smile.

Suddenly the roar of cannon broke the spell, and woke the peaceful landscape to a scene of carnage and confusion. The shell fell with deadly accuracy among the troops just in advance. A rebel battery upon a hill just in front and upon our left having got their exact range, and with the first note of warning piling the men of Gibbons' and Doubleday's brigades right and left upon the road. For a moment all was confusion, and then, while we paused and formed our line, the brigades in advance moved hurriedly on, and into the shelter of the woods. And now the shell begin to fly over us and knock up the dust in the road. Anxiously we wait for orders to move on and join our comrades, whose battle-cry comes mingled with the sudden roll of their musketry, from beyond the woods. Aids gallop across the field, and the smoke rolls up from the batteries, and lines are seen momentarily swaying back and forth, while sheets of flame flash in the shadows of the forest, and still the unceasing cheers come to our ears. And now our own position is growing hot, and the rebel bolts drop thicker and faster all around. A line of skirmishers is sent out to the left, and the balance of the regiment moved into the woods upon the right.

Night approaches rapidly, and still the combat rages, and silently we wait until the foe in our own front shall be unmasked. But darkness comes apace ; an hour passes and we do not move, while gradually the din grows fainter, and merges into a slow, irregular succession of discharges, like the firing of a line of skirmishers. And now comes a call for volunteers to help in the wounded on our right. An hundred willing voices respond, and our little detachment hurries down the road. The signs of battle soon thicken. First a disabled battery, slowly hauling to the rear ; then we begin to pass the ambulances, with their moaning loads, and the sickening smell of blood steams up from the road. Groups of the slightly wounded, still able to help themselves off, and only wanting water, come next, with bearers stooping under the burden of their loaded stretchers, upon which, mangled and distorted in agony, or happily unconscious of their grievous wounds, others are being carried to the surgeons. There, in a corner of the fence, lies a slight boyish form in the arms of two comrades ; the face is white and peaceful, the eyes are closed, and one stoops with his ear to the faintly moving lips, catching

perhaps a last sacred message to those who wait in vain to welcome him in his far Wisconsin home.

He is past help, from us, we must step over the stream of his life, wetting the thankless soil, and seek for those who are not. We find them in plenty; and for a sad half hour are engaged in giving such assistance as we can, and then we hasten back to find our regiment.

Patrick's brigade has been ordered to the right to relieve the wearied men of Gibbon and Doubleday upon the field; so we meet our column upon the road and fall into our places. When the column has reached the cover of the wood it is faced to the front, and then, that the enemy may be deceived into the belief that reinforcements have arrived, cheer upon cheer is sent up as we move into the pitchy blackness of the woods. At every step the line is broken to admit the wounded and their helpers, and we stumble upon the dying and the dead. At the front of the wood our line is formed, commanding the open ground in front. The arms are stacked, a picket is detailed, and then, weary, hungry, and almost disheartened, the rest lie down to seek a little forgetfulness in sleep.

It is my lot to be among the watchers, and as I pace my beat I must guard my uncertain steps, for here in solemn state lie two of our dead heroes, and yonder are more of them, and out in front they are lying thick as forest leaves where they fell; and anon I hear that awful sound, the cry of some abandoned sufferer dying in agony alone. Sometimes there comes a sound, the most horrid I have ever heard; breaking the deathly stillness of the night with a long unearthly wail,—that freezes the blood with its tone of horror, and I know that some noble beast that carried its rider bravely into the thickest of the fray, is calling in his extremity for help. Now and then a light twinkles faintly out there in front, moving slowly and uncertainly, as if held at each step to pale damp faces which I seem to see, their eyes stony and fixed as if the soul had passed out thence, and they still watched its flight toward the eternal gates. Poor clods, they must wait long ere kind hands will give back their earth to earth; no comrades will follow with slow step, no "farewell shot" over their graves cause the cold heart to leap once more in its sleep at the remembered sound, no brother's tears glisten upon the fresh turf.

At one o'clock the sleepers are roused with a shake and a whispered warning to fall in and take arms without noise; silently, like a line of shadows we form and move into the road; the brigade

is already in motion, each regiment filing into its place, and once more we are retreating. Our belief that we had fallen in with Jackson's entire army had been confirmed by the examination of prisoners taken during the night. General Ricketts had also engaged the enemy on our left, near Thoroughfare Gap, holding him in check and forcing him back; but finding him crossing above on his right, at Hopewell Gap, and threatened with being turned on his left, he had fallen back at dark to Gainesville. Here he found General King, and, learning his intention to retreat at one o'clock upon Manassas, determined to do the same by the way of Bristow. Reynolds and Sigel still held a position near Groveton, and our present movement would bring us upon their left and in a position once more to confront the enemy in line, and protect our communications by way of Centreville.

If our marches heretofore had been accompanied with extreme suffering, what shall I say of this one. For many days we had endured short rations, and for the last of these we had almost lived on unripe corn. Few were free from the exhausting debility resulting from such fare and undue exertion in the August heat, and, to crown all, for the last two days we had been without rations and almost constantly upon our feet.

We left the turnpike, almost at the point where the action had commenced, and took the road for Manassas Junction; and so silently had all been conducted that no suspicion of our movement occurred to the rebel hosts who lined our front, and who might have blown away our weak lines like chaff. The audacity of our attack had misled Jackson into the belief that he had met the entire army, and to that mistake we owed the privilege of living "to fight another day."

The "wee sma' hours" lengthened out wearily, and at last morning dawned to find us far on our way. It had rained in the night just enough to clog the road and spoil our footing, and when the sun got up and beat down hotly upon us, the vapors oppressed our laboring lungs to suffocation. I shall never forget the haggard, almost hopeless faces that met my eye as I looked around among my comrades when daylight came. Even one night works rapid changes when men get near the end of what nature can bear. Some were missing, and the huddled up figures of desperately exhausted men who looked with listless eyes upon the passing line, suggested their whereabouts. Knapsacks, clothing, blankets and shelter tents, and even extra cartridges, were thrown aside and littered the road.

Ambulances crowded with pale and bloody men hurried past. Now we would pass a broken one, its inmates patiently waiting to be helped upon the horses, or resigning themselves to be left behind at the farms; again it was a new made grave perhaps, with a stained stretcher lying beside it; and all these scenes mingle in the memory of that morning's march, more like the remains of some delirious dream than the ineffaceable impression of actual occurrences.

At ten we reached the Junction, halted in an open field to the left of the railroad, near the old rebel earthworks, and spreading our remaining shelter tents upon the stacks, lay down in the mud to rest our exhausted frames. Most of the supply trains had been destroyed, but by dint of exertion our General succeeded in securing some hard bread and coffee, and the opportune arrival of a drove of cattle supplied fresh meat, and soon our hungry fellows were gladdened by the issue of a plentiful ration. We were obliged to scoop up the yellow, muddy water from the shallow trenches of the old potato field in which we lay, and the result was that when boiled, our coffee bore an unusual milky appearance, which we were fain to make believe was a great improvement.

I think I never tasted coffee so good, and surely such beef as that we made pretence of cooking over our little fires, and such superlatively palatable hard-tack, we thought we had rarely seen. Luxuries they were, in good faith, to us, and we appreciated them fully; but the satisfying of one demand of nature only increased the importunity of the other, and many were soundly sleeping again almost immediately.

It was near noon when a succession of hearty cheers roused us, to wonder what could call such enthusiastic demonstrations from our dejected troops. A straggling line of mingled artillery trains and infantry columns, marching along the railroad in the direction of Gainesville, was apparently the recipient of this welcome, and soon the cry of *McClellan's troops!* informed us of the reason.

The words were like an incantation. Weariness was forgotten, and all rushed to the railroad to welcome the men for whose safety we had undergone the fatigues and dangers of the last twenty days, and whom we now greeted as drowning men greet the life boat. For no one doubted that our old comrades were marching *en masse* to our aid, and that in the union of our long disunited forces we should find victory.

There they came, the men of the Chickahominy, the skeletons

of the fine regiments who had left us in March, bearing in their thinned ranks and war beaten aspect, the handful of tatters that remained to the never relinquished staffs of their colors, and their gaunt and scarred faces, the unerring record of their bravery and their sufferings. All we could learn was that this was the corps of Fitz John Porter, and whether the balance of the Peninsular army was at hand they could not tell us.

Capt. Noyes, whose interesting book I have already quoted, says, "The reason, I presume, why the sight of these reinforcements made so strong an impression, was this: that the frequent excitements and want of sleep had to some extent demoralized our troops, officers and men. A man, hazy from fasting and sleeplessness, loses self reliance, does not stand so firmly upon his feet, becomes dejected and indifferent, offering a service perfunctory rather than whole souled and enthusiastic. I know that personally I felt almost exhausted, for the bodily machine was pretty well run down. I am convinced that there was not half the fighting value in our brigade as if one day's rest and one night's sleep had been permitted us after the late fatigue."

What the brave captain says of his brigade and himself, applied to all the others. At home, and not a man of us but would have been considered a fitter subject for a sick bed and attentive nursing by his anxious friends, than we now were for the field and its trying scenes. Yet our time had come again, and it was with some hopefulness that we again fell in and lifted our muskets with aching arms. And here I may as well give the remainder of the paragraph quoted above.

"Imagine our disappointment when, as we were finishing our coffee, orders came for the division to move forward to meet the enemy. The second battle of Bull Run had already commenced, and every man was needed. Our men had not had time enough to cook and kill their fresh meat, and so it had to be abandoned. I confess that I pitied the men as they relunctantly packed and slung their knapsacks. I pitied my tired mare as the orderly brought her up. I pitied my tired body as I slung myself into my saddle. All the usual excitement naturally attendant upon a march to an expected battle field was merged and lost in mental and bodily prostration."

CHAPTER XIV.

Commencement of the Second Battle of Bull Run, Aug. 29.—March from Manassas Junction to the Dogan House.—Fighting in dark.—"Friend or foe."—A bivouac among the dead.—"The red morning" of the 30th.—Grim array of battle.—The tide begins its flow.—Our position.—"Prepare to charge."—"Twenty-First! *Forward!*"—"The gates of Hell."—The tide begins to ebb.—Defeats and darkness end the day.

THE flags of war like storm birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near the good for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

Whittier.

THE never to be forgotten "Battle Autumn" of the year 1862 began, we all know, with disaster and defeat to the army of the Union; its prolonged struggle was a fearful sacrifice to precious lives, and as the tidings of each passing day swept northward, a wail of sorrow went up from thousands of desolated hearthstones, and the land was draped in funeral weeds. Yet the end was glorious; who will forget Antietam and the merging of that sorrowful wail into pæans and thanksgiving songs, when at last the days of trial were over, and the hand of Providence smote the powers over which it had almost seemed extended to protect, and they were weakening before us, and our newly heartened hosts hurled them back in dismay from the very threshold of our homes. It was a glorious victory, and future generations of eyes will brighten at the tale, long after all those that saw that day are dust-dimmed and forgotten.

Yes "it was a glorious victory," and though the results seemed to leave us hardly where we commenced, and certainly weaker by thousands than when our ranks were marshalled in the spring of that bloody year, yet in experience and the confidence of ability our

handfuls had become hosts, the boasts of our enemy had been turned against him, and he had learned to respect that which many a well fought field showed him he had undervalued—the valor of the North. For the source of those disasters, whether we are to look for them in unforeseen contingencies, from ill advised action, incapacity, neglect or treasonable plottings among those entrusted with the most sacred confidence of an imperilled people; whether the narrow issues drawn by the jealousies and bickerings of faction among controlling powers, and men who should have forgotten self and sacrificed personal feeling, and, if necessary, even individual rights, in the face of the nation's peril, those who know either more or less than I must judge for themselves. I shall deal in none but generally accepted facts in speaking of the surface developments of those days, endeavoring to record faithfully the incidents of our own experience, and leave future research and that unvailing hand of time which daily brings to the light old hidden things, to mark and reveal truth and cover up the false.

In the last chapter I have related how, famished and worn, we had reached Manassas on the morning of August 29th, after weeks of fatigue and suffering endurance, to meet our comrades of the Peninsula marching to our relief. The joy of that event was new life to our jaded troops, and but for that I doubt if the march to the field could have been so promptly undertaken by our much suffering men.

We had barely swallowed our hastily prepared meal, and many were still searching for water, when the dreaded bugle sounded the note of preparation, and all hastened to their places and resumed the harness they had just lain aside. General Patrick from his saddle shouted,—"Rapidly my men! Rapidly!" and the listless laggards quickened their motion; although no words from even him could brighten the despondent faces in which the hard actualities of war were drawing lines of premature significance; age forestalled in suffering experience, the protest of nature against factitious demands exhausted too soon the reserve of strength she had prepared to fortify the westward slope of life.

The brigade was soon in line. "My men!" said Patrick, "we *return* to the battle ground of last night. You fight in good company. You follow the regulars. They're my old companions in arms. *You fight well.* I've no fault to find. Keep well closed up, and be prompt to obey orders. Colonel Rogers, lead off by the right flank."

I now turn again to the report of General McDowell. "King's and Rickett's divisions were directed, as soon as they could be placed on the road from Manassas Junction to Gainesville, which runs nearly west, to follow in the rear and close to General Porter's corps. Both these divisions had been on foot night and day, for several days past, had marched the most of the night before, and were separated from their baggage and subsistence. They moved forward, however, cheerfully. The column coming to a halt, I rode forward and found General Porter at the head of his corps, on a slight eminence; in front was an open piece of ground, and beyond it the woods skirting the Warrenton road, down which, as we could see from the dust above the trees, the enemy was moving from Gainesville upon Groveton, where the battle was now going on.

"Just before reaching General Porter, I received a note from General Buford, commanding cavalry brigade, who was on our then left and front, acquainting me with the then strength of the enemy, which he had seen as they passed through Gainesville, then moving down the road. It consisted of seventeen regiments, one battery, and five hundred cavalry. As this was an inferior force to General Porter's, I decided for him to throw himself at once upon the enemy's flank, and as the head of my column was some three miles back, near the Sudley Springs road, I would move it directly north on that road, upon the field where the battle was then at its height."

We had marched perhaps three miles when we were met by General McDowell, and turned back to take the Sudley Springs road. I remember that as we were skirting a grove at its junction, we passed a battalion of raw troops, and a new arrival of "bounty" men, who were marching in close column with carefully timed step and *fixed bayonets*, in the direction of Porter's column. They were singing lustly, and apparently full of unfledged enthusiasm; and the broad amusement with which our bronzed veterans regarded these callow candidates for the "bone yard," was tempted with a sort of half pity for what they had before them.

Northward, along the outer rim of the battle field, sometimes in the road, then through groves and meadows, and anon across some scorching, sandy plain, our column worked its devious way. The afternoon was terribly hot, and no fresh water was to be had, as we passed no wells, and the few streams seemed to be dried up. The roar of batteries hotly engaged, the continuous din of musketry, filled the air; and now and then when we raised our sweat-blinded eyes from the road we saw through some valley or opening in the woods, or

on the distant hillsides, a rolling vail of dim vapors ever newly woven where sudded puffs and dashes of white smoke broke along the earth, and filmed up against forest, and hill, and sky. Parked ammunition wagons snuggled into the near shelter of the hills, ambulances bounced recklessly toward and moved slowly from the front, and the red hospital flag waved from the scattering farm houses in sight.

Heintzleman's corps, with the divisions of Hooker and Kearney on the right of the line, west of the Sudley road, Sigel next, his right extending a short distance south of the Warrenton turnpike, Schenck's division on the high ground to the left of that road, and Reynolds' division on the extreme left, were already hotly engaged. The latter division had assailed the heights above Groveton on the right of the Warrenton turnpike, Cooper's battery, supported by Meade's brigade, coming gallantly into action on the same ridge on which the enemy's right was posted; but by some movement of Sigel's corps, Reynolds' right was left unsupported and he was obliged, the enemy's whole fire being centered upon it, to fall back. Afterward, General Pope, arriving on the right of the line from Centreville, renewed the attack, and drove the enemy back some distance, and again Reynolds moved upon his right and rear, and again the havoc dealing fire of the enemy's strongly posted batteries and lines of infantry drove him back.

"Immediately on my arrival with King's division," says General McDowell, "I directed it to move forward and take position on the left of Reynolds, then still engaged on the left of Sigel's corps, and some of the brigades went forward to do so, when I received your instruction (Pope's) to order the division over to the north of the turnpike, to support the line held by Reno, which had been hotly engaged all day, and the division was recalled, and brought back to the Sudley Springs road, for this purpose."

Our own brigade was already nearly approaching Reynolds from the rear when this order recalled us. As we reached the road and halted until the column should close up, General McDowell again rode up from the left. He was in quite a passion from his own personal endeavors to drive up a lot of stragglers desperate and defiant with their sufferings, and we were hurried forward without delay. We had yet to traverse an arid plain which seemed interminable, and without a human habitation in sight, no fences or signs of cultivation, only a few stunted, dried down shrubs apologizing for the wasted forests that once stood upon the exhausted soil.

Half way across this, and the torments of thirst were becoming unbearable, when a low belt of willows in the distance gave promise of water. A few from each company obtained permission to run on in advance and fill a few canteens before the column should come up. Our brigade was separated from the division and moving under special orders across the field, and as we hurried on others joined until the squad grew to quite a detachment, every one trying to be the first in the race. At last we reached the hollow and dashed in. There, around the low limits of a sunken spring whose only outlet seemed to be the thirsty soil, sat a group of stragglers; stripped to the knees and bathing their feet in the only water to be found for miles around. With a thirsty screech we charged them, and catching up their traps they skulked away; while, too eager to attempt the chastisement they deserved, down upon our faces we went, plunging like thirsty horses our very nostrils and eyes into the cool water, breathing through our ears if we breathed at all, until we could hold no more. Then we began to remember our equally thirsty comrades, and hastily to fill our canteens, and when the head of the column came up and I fell into my place, a dense crowd was pressing into the green spot.

It was near dusk when we reached the Warrenton turnpike, and, after a short halt, while plentiful water was dipped up from a branch of the Bull Run, fouled as it was by the horses of cavalry and artillery, we moved up the pike.

General Pope* had, at half-past four, sent peremptory orders to Fitz John Porter "to push forward at once into action on the enemy's right, and, if possible, to turn his rear,"—stating to him generally the condition of things on the field in front,—and, at about half-past five, when in compliance with this order, he should have been coming into action, Heintzleman and Reno were directed to assault the enemy's left. The attack was made with great gallantry, and the enemy's left doubled back upon his centre, our forces, after a sharp engagement of an hour and a half, occupying the field, with the dead and wounded in their hands.

It was at this moment that our division arrived at the scene of action, and were pushed immediately to the front, along the turnpike, with orders to fall upon the enemy then in full retreat in that direction, from Sudley Springs.

Here, then, was the turning point of the day, it might be of the

*See Pope's Report, page 21.

campaign; a stricken, disheartened and flying foe before us,—and how our pulses bounded and our hearts rose, as hoping to turn the retreat into a rout we hurried on,—cheers rising from the massed columns resting as we pass the positions they have won so well, all fatigue forgotten in the excitement, and our inspirited men moving swiftly on to complete the work, never doubting but that the right is also beaten and Porter's force victoriously pressing on. As our column crests the hill at the Dogan House,* the advance has already engaged the enemy, but that rapid and heavy firing can never come from a flying foe. And now Bayard's cavalry move up on our right, and as the squadrons gallop into line and move on prepared to charge, we see in the now gathering darkness a sheet of lurid flame leap from the black edge of the woods upon our left, sudden shouts, the rattle of hoofs and the crack of quick sharp volleys commingled with the ringing of steel and yells of maddened and wounded men, and then we move suddenly from the pike to the right, into the fields below the house, and all is lost to us but the din. We in the ranks have quite enough to do without watching now for the shifting scenery and new phases of this grand spectacular night tragedy; we must leave that to the staff officers, who will soon perhaps see us approaching from the side scenes to take our own part in the play.

While there is still the faintest glow in the west, we reach a high corn field some distance to the right of the pike. In front of a hill, at its foot a deep wide trench; the brigade is formed in line by columns in division doubled on the centre, the Twenty-First upon the right, in the corn field, and the balance extending leftward toward the road, or "pike." The word is given to advance; it is now pitchy dark, and we grope forward, keeping our lines carefully dressed; there is a slight break as we scramble through the ditch; order is renewed, and then we move up the grassy hill side. The top seemed to be evenly rounded, and when we deployed into line, and lay down to wait for the enemy's advance, we brought the summit dimly between us and the sky, and found that there was only, and immediately in our front, a rise of about a foot between us and its highest part.

Captain Layton now took the lead in deploying a line of skirmishers out upon our right, into the corn fields, to feel for the enemy. It was ticklish work, there in the solemn darkness groping with out-

* The stone house upon the hill, just above where Young's branch crosses the turnpike.

stretched hands to find a foe. General Patrick and our Colonel stood in the centre, and our orders were to reserve our fire until they came between us and the sky. So we hugged the ground, each man glancing along his piece and feeling the accuracy of its level, or trying to catch the gleam of the polished barrel by which to aim. Directly in front was a dark object which I at first took for a rock, until a slight movement and a deep groan showed it to be a horse, probably wounded during the day's fight, and now near his end.

A sound of feet warns of some living thing coming from a direction from which none but foes can come, and each one holds his breath and steadies his hand, and glances eagerly over his ready musket. Something stirs obscurely against the horizon, and the Colonel's cautious whisper restrains the too ready. It is one or a thousand; it comes nearer and we see that he is as yet but one; feeling his way anxiously, nearer, within a few feet, his musket over his shoulder, and now he pauses and again takes a hesitating step or two. "What regiment *be* you boys," and our Colonel who has advanced to the line answers by a whispered invitation to "step in here, and be quiet," and as he comes in reach, two of the boys stretch up and "grab" him; he stoops with shaking knees, drops his piece and pleads for gentle usage.

And while the Colonel examines him, to find that the poor fellow is a stray grayback looking for his regiment, which he thinks ought to be here, we turn our regards again to the front. Almost simultaneous with the return of Major Thomas, to report an approach, we hear them; first a subdued murmur, then the clanking of arms, and the "scuffing" tread of feet in the dry grass, and then the words of command and exhortation. Again we clutch the piece and hug the ground and watch against the sky; and then we clearly hear the "halt" and "close up," echoed along their line, and the subdued voices of angry officers urge up the laggards and the grumblers. Every word is now distinctly audible, but nothing can we see; their line is evidently halted to restore order, and in a moment they will advance again. Suddenly—"*crash!*" and a stream of flame bursts from our left and dashes in repetition along the line toward us, and then comes the reply; and now the bullets begin to hum in myriads just above our heads; there is the steady rattle and roll of musketry hotly engaged, and the sudden blinding flashes which reveal nothing and leave the night blacker; cries go up sharply in the din, orders or agonies, who stops to know? And

now there is a cheer, they have fallen back, and before we hardly take in the idea, word comes in from the right that we are being flanked.

Back with anxious haste, across the ditch, and into the corn field again, and then we hear the balance of the brigade getting back upon the hill at the Dogan House; we move in column toward the left and the order is given, "*On the left, by file, into line!*" which will bring us fronting the line of expected attack. As we file off, a regiment is lying in double column so near that I might stoop and touch its nearest men, as I turn. The movement is but half accomplished, and we are in the worst possible position for an attack, when from our rear where lie those men comes a sudden volley; too high, for the balls fly overhead, and I hear a cry of agony passing me with a rush of a flying horse, shouts of "who are you firing at," and a rattling return from the hill behind us. Each man pauses paralyzed by this sudden and unexplained attack, and then the voice of General Patrick thunders out a few quick commands, each company forms separately and hurries up the hill, between the guns of a battery, in front of the Dogan House, which has been narrowly restrained from pouring a charge of grape into our faces, mistaking us for rebels, and we lie down panting and bewildered.

It was soon evident that a force of the enemy had stumbled there in our rear in the dark, and waiting wisely until chance favored their escape, had fired a parting volley over our heads and into another of our own regiments, provoking from them a volley in return. The left of the brigade had fallen back upon discovering that a strong flanking force was moving down the pike, and in the darkness a terrible melee ensued in the ditch, where it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Our loss in killed and missing was small; many were wounded, among them Lieutenant Bouvier of Patrick's staff, and some were known to be prisoners. We had also captured a number of the enemy.

Our division had been repulsed. Instead of a flying foe they had encountered the fresh forces of Longstreet, who had driven Ricketts back at the Gap on the evening of the 28th, and had now hastened to the aid of Jackson. Porter might have completed, upon the enemy's right, the work so nobly commenced upon ours, before this help arrived;* now it was too late, and the rebel centre stood firm, although his entire left was forced back upon it, leaving the field where Heintzleman and Reno advanced, in our hands, with the dead and wounded of the enemy. Our losses are reported at

* For this failure Porter was cashiered. At this time (1886), Congress and the President have, upon a last review of the case, restored him to the army and retired him.—*Committee republishing these Chronicles.*

between six and eight thousand killed and wounded. Generals Hooker and Kearney, who passed over the entire field to our left on the morning of the 30th, estimated the loss of the enemy as being at least two to our one.

Upon the hill among the guns of the battery, the Dogan House, where Dr. Peters had established his hospital and was caring for the wounded, just in our rear, we lay the balance of the night. The pickets of the enemy were hardly more than a stone's throw in front, so near that ours could hear every word passed among them, and now and then a shot was exchanged. The 23d did the picket duty, and so tired were the men that it was found almost impossible to keep them awake, in the very reach of the enemy. All night the wail of the rebel wounded was heard far across the field, and to those who must keep the weary watch the hours dragged like ages. The fatigue of the day and the horrors of the night had so impressed the minds of all, that sleep hardly sufficed to compose, and dreams of bloodshed and horror stirred not a few moiled brains. One man, I remember, got upon his feet in his sleep, discharged his musket into the air, and then quietly lay down again, unconscious of what he had done.

Morning came, and we stretched our stiffened limbs and looked about us. Here upon the hill lay some of the dead of the day before, and scattered across the field in front were hundreds more.

The sun rose in all its glory; many among us were never to see him set again; many would see him go down upon a lost field, and hundreds were there who then would be couched in agony upon it. But the few hours to come were as unreadable as the sealed book of fate, and "August 30th" was the last date inscribed upon the life book of many a hero whose hand would never make another entry.

Moving a little to the rear of the house, to be out of view of the enemy, we got our breakfast and prepared for the day's duties. Few, of us, perhaps, imagined that these would include much real fighting. All so quiet along the lines, the severe treatment and losses of the enemy the day before, and the need both armies had of rest, seemed to lessen the probability. Our own division especially, after its hardships of the last few days, needed a breathing spell. So, early in the day, we were marched off about a mile to the right and rear and into the woods, where we stacked arms, relieving ourselves of our harness, and selected the best resting place among the trees. On our way, we could see along the

valleys, in distant hollows and upon the hillsides, the long lines of infantry, and scattered batteries, arms gleaming in burnished ranks in the sun. It looked much as though business was again the expected order of the day. Hardly had we got comfortably settled when the shell began to come with their peculiar fluttering whiz, and bounce into the earth or dash against the trees around; the artillery on both sides had commenced shelling the woods, and our lair soon became too warm for comfort. Orders now came for us to move and take position on the right of Sigel, and our Colonel and General Patrick immediately rode away in search of his position. When they returned we "took arms," and moved on through the woods, emerging at last in their rear where Sigel's line should have been, but true to his reputed characteristics, the "Flying Dutchman" had vanished, not a sign of his ubiquitous column was to be seen, and so we again formed in division and lay down. The firing was gradually increasing, and we felt a presentment that we should soon be called for; so a detail was allowed to go to a ravine some distance back to fill the canteens, and the remainder busied themselves in cleaning and putting the arms in order; a duty the experienced soldier will never neglect. For some time each man had carried a hundred rounds of cartridges, forty in the box, and six extra packages stowed in the waist of his blouse. These last were now unpacked and stuffed into the pockets ready for use, and then we again stretch ourselves upon the ground to wait for orders.

Shortly after noon a general movement began among the massed troops, extending as far as we could see to our left and rear, batteries limbered up and moved with infantry columns towards the front, and then came orders for us to join our division, which was forming upon the Warrenton turnpike about a mile to our left.

As we moved down the Sudley Springs road, toward the pike, and neared the Dogan House, a splendid pageant opened to view. All through the vistas and along its slopes were massed the waiting hosts, quietly preparing for their trial hour, standing to their arms in readiness for the word to advance; and the sight thrilled me with something of the olden fire, and at that moment not a doubt darkened the coming hour. The artillery prelude, an ominous voluntary preparing us for the tragic scene upon which the curtain must shortly rise, had already begun, and the shell were hurtling through the air and dropping among us from unseen batteries, as we filed out across the pike and formed in a corn field just to the rear of the Dogan House. Our left rested upon Young's branch of the Bull Run just

where it winds across the pike and between the hills, and in this sheltered spot the surgeons were already busy over prostrate, pale and bloody men, doing their rough but kindly offices. While a last opportunity offered, many of us collected the dry corn stalks, built little fires, and boiled a last cup of coffee; for we knew we should need its stimulus before night.

Generals and staff officers galloped among the lines and grouped themselves here and there upon the hill tops in front; aids rode madly to and fro; and, strange sight for such an hour, a beautiful woman in a tightly fitting habit of gray, with a single attendant, rode slowly across our front, seemingly unmindful of the warning shell, and almost unwillingly moving toward the rear; the wife of one of our Generals they said, and probably the pang of a late parting under the cloud of impending danger was stronger than her woman fears. And then began a shifting and moving of lines, and short, quick words of command were passed, our General rode rapidly up, and at our Colonel's call the line straightened up, we were faced by the right, and shortly took our way up the road, past the Dogan House, and down to a point some distance farther than we went the night before. Here our line of battle was being formed. Across the road and to the right and left they were moving, closing up and lying down in the short grass, for the shell were now plunging thick and madly all around. As our column turned off to the right, we saw here the Zouaves of Duryea, conspicuous among a host, in worn and dirty blue, with their bright red caps and trowsers. Away to the right, just in rear of an old by-road, and to the distant wood, the lines were forming; this was the first, and others were closing in our rear to support the onset.

We reach the woods, and pass to their rear. Over this ground the troops of Schurz, Schenck, and Milroy had fought the day before, and we stepped over bodies in blue and in gray, blackening together in the sun. It was a ghastly approach to the battle hour, a field then spread with the revolting tokens of carnage, whereof the mad flush of danger dared had passed, and from over which the sulphurous, blinding, frenzying battle cloud had floated away, leaving it bare in all its horrors. But we have no time to feel; in eager haste we are hurried on, and our line is formed and shifted, and moved again, while in front the dread stillness and silence of the woods is broken only by rare musket discharges, and we can dimly see our skirmishers gliding from tree to tree, and crawling from cover to cover, while scattering balls whistle past them and over our heads.

Our line is too far to the right, and we march back some distance, then up to the edge of the wood and halt. Our line is already in advance. It is the brigade of General Hatch, who to-day is in command of the division. Patrick's brigade forms the second line; the Twenty-First has the right, then comes the 20th N. Y., their front partly covered by the wood; to the left still farther, the 23d and 35th N. Y.

And now comes the word to advance, and our line has to break among the trees. Here lie the dead in groups, telling of bloody work at this point yesterday,—work with the bayonet. Just within the edge I must step over a spot whose concentrate horrors might haunt an age of dreams, and which I shudder to recollect, and must not describe. Half through this belt of wood, and we come upon a broken line, not of our division, and the Colonel tries to drive them up. An officer explains why they are there, and we pass on. Close up to the farther edge of the wood and we halt, the line is dressed, and we wait. And now the firing on our right grows more rapid, and still faster, and now it approaches; we hear nothing else, we can only see through the trees in front the scattering tops of others tinged with the battle mist, and as yet no tiding or token from our first line. Anxious moments pass; stray balls chip the trees and whiz among us, coming hotter and faster each moment, and not a grayback in sight. A sudden movement in the line, a sharp cry of pain, and one of "B's" men is helped to the rear, the first man hurt.* And now we are ordered to lie down. Higher grows the turmoil, and thicker and louder come the angry messengers. Another of "B's" men straightens out quietly and the death mark is in his face. No time for words, only a mad swelling of the heart and a throb of the brain, and a deadly thirst for answering blood dries up all other feeling as poor Johnnie Hatch is lifted back. Here it comes! Something seems to have loosened the slow wheels of chariots, and a roaring din like the bursting of pent up waters rushes along our front. General Hatch gallops up in hot haste, and screams out an order, and behind him a storm seems roaring down. And then, clear as a bugle above the din, our Colonel's voice sings out:

"*Rise up Twenty-First! Fix Bayonets! Forward! Double quick!* MARCH!"

Oh! the wild thrill of that moment, will ages obliterate its recollection? A look into my comrade's eyes as the bayonets clatter and clash into fixedness, another right and left as at the word our line

*John A Hayward, when convalescent was detailed at Halleck's Headquarters as Clerk.

sways forward, officers leaping to the front and waving on with flashing swords, then steadily into the front with eager gaze. At the edge of the wood is a road, washed deep and banked high on the other side. With a cheer we come out from among the trees, and an answering hell-blast sweeps with sudden fury in our faces. The storm seems in one flash to burst upon us, the air is instinct with sudden life, and volley upon volley peals in our faces. For one awful moment the line struggles in the road, screams of agony and hoarse commands mingle, and all around men are lying down to die. The road is full of the first line men, crowded along the fence and firing through the lower rails. Over them, over the fence, and *on*.

Yes, on! "Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell." Every man leans forward as though breasting a heavy wind. From right, left and front, we feel the pounding breath of batteries, grape and cannister sweep broad gaps in our little line, and it melts like the first snow of winter before this awful wind of bullets. Right and left see them go down; brothers of many camp fires, down with glazed eyes and calm faces, and still, on.

A hundred yards from the fence is their first line, and behind, the hill sides swarm with gray, dimly seen through puffing lines of smoke that drift in our faces. They are in thousands, we are one line. Never mind, *forward!* Ten steps from the fence, and Tom Bishop goes down with the colors. Our company is next them and there is a rush. Hurrah, Dan Sheldon has got them and his noble face is transfigured as he flings out the folds high and free, and strides on. Brave Dan; a ball strikes that forehead and *he* falls upon the dear old flag. And now two stages of ten steps each have cost each a man. Yet there are plenty more. Henry Spicer of "F" is next upon the glorious list, and he too is born to immortality. Half down the slope, and the left is wheeling round to bring our line fronting upon an old railroad embankment that literally swarms with the enemy. Our right has reached it and is hand to hand in the death struggle. The centre nears it swiftly, I have almost reached the ditch, when a stunning blow seems to tear me in two and I find myself doubled up in its dry bed; not dry, it was so an hour ago, *now* it is wet with blood.

How long the battle rages here I cannot say. Like a dream in which minutes are ages, around me I dimly see the shifting changes of the fight. The ditch is deep with the wounded and dead, the living seek its shelter from which to pick off the swarming foe. Our Colonel, cool as on parade, walks along the edge encouraging his

men, who fight with the energy of desperation. All around they are dropping, quietly, or crawling to the ditch, or toward the rear; the thick smoke envelopes all, the ceaseless roar of batteries and musketry, the wail of the leaden tempest, the shriek and crash of shell and shrapnel, the yells of excited officers and blood maddened men, mingle wierdly in my befogged brain, as I lie here between the dying and the dead.

And now they have turned our right; where are the troops that should make the line continuous? it is evident they are not there. A withering blast sweeps the ditch, and hurtles across that rearward slope. Our men are rallying, "few and faint, yet fearless still," where the old flag, torn with bullets and its guardian eagle swept away, still flies defiantly. Spicer fell dead upon it long ago, and more have fallen with it since.

And now comes the order, "Fall back! Twenty-First! Steadily!" and the tide begins to ebb. With fixed bayonets the encroaching rebels force back our weak line. The lines that should have supported us are back at the fence by the woods, firing down past and over us, and helping to keep them in check. As I crawled out of the ditch and make my way painfully to the rear, the balls skip across, follow and meet my way, and shell howl and burst above. A group of three start with me, two supporting one; a charge of grape flutters along and they all go down together. It is horrible to hear the balls strike into the dead, and see them stir with sudden mockery of life. And behind, our boys are sullenly falling back, still fewer. I reach the road, and already it is nearly deserted. The Adjutant of the 14th Brooklyn rides frantically up and down with whirling saber, halting and trying to form the stragglers of his brigade. Here too the bullets cross the way, and the gray-backs swarm in the road just above. And now a comrade gives me his arm; the retreating waves are close behind, we must push hard or we are stranded. Out of the woods, through the lines of batteries, past the stone house, he carries me and I am shoved into the last ambulance. Ten minutes later cavalry and artillery come down in full retreat, and our train starts. I rise upon my elbow; the sun is setting beyond the field in gory refulgence, I can see the rebel artillery taking the positions we have just left, and their shell are already dropping among the ambulances, while our own send back responses from new positions on the hills in front.

The day was done; darkness closed around, and then came black hours of alternate misery and unconsciousness, while the

hearse-like ambulance bumped and reeled over the rocky hills. My marching days were over, ended with those of thousands who went out in their young strength and came back shorn. Here ends my own part in the story of those days, and for the succeeding pages I must draw from the experience of my more fortunate comrades, who saw the campaign through to its glorious end, while I passed long dreary months in the crowded hospital.

CHAPTER XV.

After the battle.—The Fight at Chantilly.—"My Maryland."—March to South Mountain.—Death of Captain Hayward.—Battle of South Mountain, September 14th, 1862.—A Victory, and its cost.—The Rebel Rout.—Appearance of the field.—Pursuit of the enemy.—He is overtaken at Antietam, and we again prepare for battle.

PREVIOUS to, and during the retreat from Culpepper, our regiment had been much reduced in numbers, by sickness and the fatigues of the march; so that we had in all only about four hundred men on the morning of the 30th of August. Out of that number seventy-eight men and nine officers reached Centreville at one o'clock that night. On leaving the field Adjutant Sternberg, who had distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery, had rallied seventy-five men and officers; more had joined on the road, but wounds and the fatigues of the day compelled many to fall behind. Colonel Rogers, Major Thomas, Captains Lee, Canfield and Wheeler, Lieutenants Efner, Barney, Myers and Mulligan, were all more or less severely wounded; Lieutenant Mulligan, mortally. Captain Washburne and Lieutenant Whitney were killed. The number of known killed and wounded amounted to one hundred and sixty men, nearly all of whom were left upon the field, and some sixteen more were still unaccounted for and reported *missing*. From the reports and muster-out rolls I make the following list, which shows a loss of fifty men killed and one hundred and thirteen wounded and sent to hospital, saying nothing of those who were able to stay with the regiment; and the number of those absolutely uninjured was fearfully small, nearly every man having at least a slight memento in the shape of a cut or contusion, some so severe as to necessitate their being afterward sent to hospital.

The following list of our killed, wounded and missing, is from the muster-out rolls, and the report of Doctors Miner and Eastman, who came immediately after the battle, from Buffalo, to ascertain the number and condition of our wounded, and what could be done for them.

Colonel William F. Rogers, received a spent ball in the left groin, but continued on duty as commander of the brigade.

Major H. G. Thomas, severely wounded in both thighs and left groin; sent home.

Adjutant C. W. Sternberg, left leg injured by spent ball; on duty.

COMPANY "A."—Private Jasper F. Richardson, killed by ball in right lung; Sergeant Francis Myers, bullet in right thigh; Sergeant Henry Klein, right arm and side, severe; Sergeant Fred. Sommers, right leg, lay on the field seven days, discharged; private Christian Henry, thigh; private Jacob Breitweiser, jaw; private John W. Doney, both thighs; private Thaddeus M. Fowler, left leg, severe, discharged; private William Mang, right leg.

COMPANY "B."—Lieut. Algar M. Wheeler, thigh, slight; Lieut. Jas. J. McLeish, slightly; Color Sergeant Thomas W. Bishop, right breast; Sergeant Joshua G. Towne, leg, severe; Corporal John M. Lutz, shoulder, severe, discharged; Corporal John A. Balcolm, killed by ball in left breast; private John P. Hatch, killed; private Henry M. Hill, killed; private William Dole, killed; Corporal Jacob F. Shoenthal, killed; private George Krauskoff, right arm, mortal; private Charles A. Swartz, left arm, mortal; private Charles M. Andre, face, severe, discharged; private Edward Van Ornam, wounded severely and discharged; private Henry Gross, back; private John A. Hayward, leg, severe; private Henry Papey, right shoulder; private Frank Stacy, right arm; taken prisoner and paroled; private Louis P. Beyer, both legs; private Frank Stephan, head; private Elbridge G. Fenton, right arm; private John O'Donnell, neck; private Benjamin J. Parker, head; private Newman U. Goodrich, thigh; slightly.

COMPANY "C."—Captain Jeremiah P. Washburne, killed and left on the field; private William R. Jeudevine, killed; private William G. Rice, killed; private Charles B. Stone, killed; private Albert R. Swartz, killed; private Almond B. Darling, breast, mortal; private Charles R. Peck, lungs, mortal; private Horace M. Rose, head, mortal; Lieutenant George Hurst, right hand, finger amputated; Sergeant Robert S. Wilcox, leg; Sergeant John Hoy, ankle; private Isaac L. Gary, leg, severe, discharged; Corporal Charles H. Gundlach, discharged; private Walter J. Gibson, foot, severe, discharged; private Robert Sutcliffe, groin, severe, discharged; Corporal Edgar A. Langham, right shoulder, severe; private Louis Brandell, left foot; private Warren B. Gibbs, hand; private A. Johnson, nature of wound unknown.

COMPANY "D."—Sergeant John M. Brainard, missing since battle, undoubtedly killed; private Marvin Montague, also missing and undoubtedly killed; private Daniel H. Sheldon, killed with the colors in his hands; private Tobias Gasser, killed; private A. Preston Dunlap, lost right arm, discharged; Sergeant James S. Gowans, right hip; private Paul Homelius, leg, discharged; private George N. Merrill, right lung and shoulder, severe, discharged; private J. Harrison Mills left groin, severe, discharged; private John N. Peabody, left thigh and ankle, severe, discharged; private Pierce Hurley, nature of wound unknown; private Frank Robinson, mouth; private John Rehm, arm; private Charles M. Fox, abdomen.

COMPANY "E."—Lieutenant William L. Whitney, shot through both legs, and supposed to have died on the field; Lieutenant Charles E. Efner, breast; Corporal John Hermann, died of his wounds; private John Burke, killed; private William Craw, shoulder, proved mortal; private Augustus Kline, killed; private John Andrews, right leg, unfit for duty during remainder of his term; private Byron

Chaffee, right thigh, severe, discharged in consequence; private Archibald Johnson, right hand, severe, discharged; Sergeant Nathaniel Lindley, right fore-arm; Sergeant Caleb C. McCready, side and foot; private George Peterson, leg badly broken; private George Kaverlein, thigh and leg; private Michael Morgan, leg; private Jacob Randall, foot, missing.

COMPANY "F."—(COLOR COMPANY.)—Sergeant Henry Spicer, killed with the colors in his hands, by a ball in the left breast; Corporal Jacob Bellair, died of his wounds; Corporal John Johnson, died of his wounds; private John Burke, killed; Corporal Lafferty Nellis, killed; private William W. Bement, killed; private William B. Constantine, killed; private George Mahley, killed; private Herbert L. De Puy, wounded and missing, undoubtedly killed; private John W. Moore, died of his wounds; Lieutenant John A. Barney, left thigh, severe, discharged; Sergeant William B. Jewett, breast and thigh, severe, Sergeant Lyman E. Cobb, left thigh, severe, discharged; Corporal Joseph Billanger, Jr., shoulder and throat, severe; private Charles K. Lillibridge, right leg; private James McCarty, side and nates, severe, discharged; private George Dupont, right thigh, severe, crippled for life; private Frank W. Lucas, left thigh; private Nicholas Morris, wound unknown; private Milton Moon, ball through left foot; private Peter Schyer, right thigh, died December 18th, 1862; private Theron Schell, lost left arm, promoted Corporal on the field for bravery, discharged; private Jacob Krettner, Jr., thigh and shoulder; private Michael Whalon, right arm.

COMPANY "G."—Captain (afterward Major) Edward L. Lee, left hip, severe; Lieutenant (afterward Captain) Daniel Myers, Jr., right thigh and arm, severe, sent home; private George Kurtz, killed; private John Shoemaker, killed; private William Miller, killed; private John H. Wolff, killed; private John Beard, thigh, died of his wound; Sergeant Charles Myers, right arm, severe, discharged; Corporal George Weidrich, right arm broken, discharged; Corporal William Hessinger, left shoulder; private Jacob Leonard, ———, discharged; private James Beaton, hand; private Orlando F. Day, left thigh, missing; private Nicholas Gerger, wounded and missing; private Christian Hines, head, missing; private George Partridge, right side; private Frederick Roberts, jaw; private Julius Sheffel, left leg; private Peter Wirt, slight wound; private Michael Zurbrick, right leg; private Frederick Wright, nature of wound unknown; private T. Davis, nature of wound unknown; private John Knowl, right thigh.

COMPANY "H."—Private Charles Stoddard, killed; Corporal Kurt Rinckleben, missing ever since, supposed to have been killed, known to have been severely wounded while bearing the colors; private Charles A. Ewers, missing since and supposed killed; Sergeant James B. Cole, abdomen, died of his wounds; private Frederick Schuchert, died of his wounds; private Christian Brackenlicker, unknown, severe wound; private Alexander Petrie, leg; private Frank Huber, side and arm; private Sanford Freeman, right arm; private Francis Ottenot, right thigh; private Alexander Johnson, right hip; private Michael Biller, right fore-arm; private Moses La Point, shoulder; private Charles Stever, wound unknown; private Kratz Lapeer, wound unknown; private Solomon Weatherwax, bayonet thrust in ankle and thigh.

COMPANY "I."—Captain John H. Canfield, ball through left foot, disabled and discharged; Lieutenant James S. Mulligan, left lung, remained on the field five days, taken home and died of his wound; Corporal Stanley Porter, killed; private

Charles Benzino, killed; private John Diegle, killed; private John W. McKay, killed; private Charles T. Shiels, left groin, severe, disabled; private Charles Dougherty; private John Brunk, neck, missing; private Jacob Hart, right leg; private J. Hewes, right arm, missing; private Peter J. Falb, both legs; private Peter Brunnel, left shoulder; private Jacob Hodick, face; private Charles Haggerty, lost left little finger; private Henry S. Holmes, right leg; private David Loughrey, index finger, right hand; private George Quinton, left arm.

COMPANY "K."—Sergeant John W. Comstock, bullet fast in right shoulder, disabled and discharged; Corporal William E. Hubble, face; private William H. Moore, side and arm, discharged; private Edward V. Babcock, thigh; private Alfred F. May, foot; private Charles Morselow, struck by a shell and a bullet wound from right shoulder to hip, discharged; private Philip Mallion, wound unknown.

The report of Doctors Miner and Eastman closes as follows:

We take great pleasure in saying that these wounded soldiers are very kindly attended by both physicians and nurses, and in their hospital quarters are very comfortable, being supplied freely with clean shirts and drawers and white clean bedding. Their wounds are properly dressed, and their food is nutritious and regularly supplied. We have been careful to examine their wounds, and judge for ourselves as to their prospects for recovery, and shall be happy to give any friends who may call upon us full particulars of the condition of each one visited. They are generally cheerful, and hopeful, and upon our appearance and an explanation of the object of our mission, we were greeted with many expressions of gratitude, a smile of joy lighting up the sad countenances of those in the greatest pain and distress. It has been a tiresome and sad, but by no means a thankless task; the soldier has made many expressions of gratitude, not only thanking us, but those through whose thoughtfulness and generosity we visited them. It has been a great pleasure for them to feel that they were remembered by the people of Buffalo. They wear the unmistakable marks of most heroic bravery; have won for themselves imperishable honor, and will ever be remembered with pride by their many friends.

SANFORD EASTMAN.
JULIUS F. MINER.

To enumerate the instances of personal bravery shown upon this ill star-red field, would take more time and room than we can spare; let the record of our loss tell how our regiment strove that day, and who can ask a more eloquent panegyric? The dead sleep well, and of the living we can only say, what will most gratify them, that each man *did his duty*, and did it well.

The following extracts are clipped from letters by Colonel Rogers, published in the *Buffalo Courier:*

Our regiment formed the second line of battle, but for some cause or other it was denominated the third, and manœuvred as such while advancing into the woods. Under the orders of General Hatch, the lines advanced steadily through the woods, on the outer edge of which was a roadway and a rail fence. At the distance of about one hundred yards from the woods, and running diagonally with its front, was a railroad embankment, behind which the enemy were posted in strong force, with line

after line of supports. The line in our front hesitated when it reached the fence, being received by a galling fire from the entrenched foe. General Hatch rode along the rear of our line, and shouted at the top of his voice, "forward," and directed the second line to advance. Forward it did advance, and became mingled with the first, which for a moment created some confusion. There was no hesitation, however, over the fence and into the open ground,

"Into the jaws of death,"
Rushed the Five Hundred.

Terrible indeed was the fire that greeted us. The musketry fire was incessant, while shot and shell from well posted batteries enfiladed the space over which we charged. About half way between the woods and the embankment was a ditch perhaps two feet deep, into which the men were directed to take shelter and engage the enemy. It proved a safe refuge for many of our brave boys, who here maintained their ground until directed to fall back. Many of them were killed and wounded while retiring. When the color bearer was shot down another would grasp it. One of them was wounded trying to reach the woods, when Lieutenant Wheeler of Company "B," seized them and brought them safely out, the men rallying around as he regained the wood. Soon after the order reached us to retire further to the rear. The day was lost. Far and wide over the immense field could be seen the flying fugitives, while here and there, retiring slowly, and in good order, came regiment after regiment. I am proud to say that our brigade was among the latter, frequently halting to support a battery that turned to give the advancing rebels a parting compliment. On every promontory would the batteries wheel and make a stand, contesting every foot of ground. I noticed one scene not often witnessed. One of our batteries posted on a commanding eminence was replying to one of the enemy's far to its left. On its right emerging from the woods, and advancing in beautiful order, appeared a brigade of rebel infantry. They marched steadily forward with the evident intention of capturing the battery; but the gunners did not appear to be aware of the proximity of their dangerous foe, but kept steadily at their work, firing off to the left. We were too far off to warn them of their danger. Breathless I stood; my very heart almost ceased to beat, and every fibre of my frame wrought to its utmost tension, as this magnificent tragedy was being enacted. Slowly and steadily the enemy was advancing, the distance was gradually lessening, and every moment I expected to see them take the double quick and charge upon the battery. Suddenly an officer rode up in rear of the battery, and pointed to the right. Quick as thought, the guns were turned upon the advancing foe. Grape and canister, and shell opened great gaps in their lines. They lay down upon the ground, but still the guns belched forth their destructive fire. Then suddenly rose up a line of infantry and poured volley after volley into the prostrate ranks. This was too much for them. They broke and fled in beautiful disorder to the cover of the woods, leaving a large number of dead and wounded upon the field.

The whole army was now falling back. Our brigade soon gained the road, and crossing Bull Run, marched through Centreville and bivouacked for the night outside the entrenchments.

The behavior of all the officers and men, who have participated in this disastrous battle, was all that could be desired. Major Thomas was wounded soon after we advanced over the fence towards the enemy, and was forced reluctantly to

leave the field. While going to the rear he did good service in rallying the fugitives. The Adjutant, too, was conspicuous for his gallantry.

*

To Lieutenant H. H. Halsey, of "K," I am indebted for the following description of the fight on our left, his being the flank company:

Arrived at the edge of the woods, a rail fence and an open field, but a few rods across, were all that separated us from the enemy, who lay at this point, concealed behind a railroad embankment directly in our front.

We halted but a moment to take a rapid view of the work before us, then, obedient to the command of General Hatch, who was urging us forward, we leaped across the road, over the heads of the line in front of us, and over the fence into the open field, where we were met with the most severe shock we had ever experienced. A continuous and murderous volley hurled into our ranks like a hurricane, sweeping a hundred brave men into eternity.

Men whose names shall be written on the brightest page of history, were dropping dead and wounded on all sides. Here fell Captain Washburne, never to rise again on earth. Here fell Lieutenant James S. Mulligan, mortally wounded. Here Johnny Hatch, (nephew of our division commander), the life and soul of Co. "B's" camp fires, finished life's campaign while it was yet full of hope and promise.

Many of them I supposed to be stooping or lying down to avoid that storm of bullets, but they failed to follow, and now sleep upon that consecrated field.

It was, I believe, the intention to charge the embankment and take it at the point of the bayonet, but it was now impossible, our ranks already broken, from pushing through the woods, through the first line and over the fence, "every man for himself," because so reduced by this first volley as to be but a scattered line of skirmishers, and a charge would be ineffectual.

About half way between the fence and the embankment was a small ditch running nearly parallel with our line, in which, with some skill and manœuvering, the selected few might conceal all but that unimportant part of the soldier's body, the head, from the enemy.

Into this those who reached it "piled promiscuously," and for a few seconds very deliberately blazed away at the heads which made the most distinct mark over the embankment, occasionally dodging the fire from our own line in the rear; until a cheer from behind the fence, sounding to our ears like the advance of our support, raised us from the ditch, and forward again; but giving one rapid glance backward, and no support being visible, we again drop; not into a ditch, it is not deep enough to be called that; but behind a slight rise in the ground, which we endeavor to believe affords a sort of "forlorn hope" protection, if nothing more.

Yet *all* did not stop here. A few, more daring, unmindful of their comrades, rushed on in advance of the line and reached the embankment.

One in particular I noticed, and all who saw him must have been struck with admiration. It was Jacob Schoenthal of "B," I think, who, pulling his cap tight on his head, fixed bayonet, seized his musket with a firm hand, and with teeth set, made a savage charge, which an old trooper might envy. And he I think was one of those killed by the stones thrown down the bank by the enemy.

Our line, as it entered the field, was not parallel to the railroad embankment, the right being nearest, the extreme right being on the embankment into the enemy's line engaged "hand to hand;" but that part of the line being partially covered by woods, and there being serious indications of business in our own vicinity, we did not find it convenient to make very extensive notes of its movements.

In advancing across the field the left had swayed toward the right, which, as we lay in our "last ditch," left us exposed to an enfilading fire from a battery on our left, which poured grape and cannister over our heads into the woods on the right with a terrific crash, that threatens the annihilation of that end of our line. An occasional grape reminding *us* that we were not forgotten, by walking through a haversack, ripping the seam of a coat, or taking a lock of hair "to remember you by."

It seemed scarcely ten minutes since we left the fence, yet the present state of things could not last much longer.

The rebs were getting impatient and more daring, exposing themselves more than was good for their health under the circumstances, one after another standing boldly upon the bank, saucily waving the rebel rag, then bounding up and backward with a Minnie ball through his heart as a reward for his foolish daring.

Here we lay in suspense, doing comparatively nothing, yet doing the best we could, and waiting for a turn in the affairs which we knew must come soon, though we had not much to hope for in our favor. There was no time to think of the past or future, the present was enough to occupy both mind and body, and the dusky heads raised to aim at us over the embankment, offered sufficient opportunity to display our marksmanship, and make use of our ammunition; which was not always lost, for the frequent exclamations from our boys, such as "I guess that settled your dinner," "I'll bet there's a hole in your 'bread basket,'" etc., meant that the bullet reached its mark, produced the desired effect, and lessened the number of our enemies just one each time; or as a lank six foot rebel shows himself above the bank with a huge stone raised above his head, with the intention of dashing out the brains of one of the few of our boys who were lying flat against the side of the bank, the discharge of a rifle near me is accompanied with the remark, "that's played out," which, being interpreted, meaneth such a barbarous, uncivilized mode of warfare is not countenanced by christians, and the use of the modern *invention* is much more polite and quite as conventional; which argument the reb feels the force of, for he deviates from his former plan, and as he makes a death leap backward the stone falls harmless to the ground.

While we were thus *pleasantly* occupying our few *leisure moments*, word came from the right that the order is "to fall back;" but it not being a very desirable movement to perform, with a heavy fire both in front and rear, our present position being comfortably warm, and there being some doubt as to the genuineness of the order, we hesitated.

At this moment a whiz, and a tick on my boot attracted my attention, and I discovered one of the 24th New York, who had been slightly wounded before, and had crawled behind me in such a manner as to leave his feet on mine, had them both taken off by a shot. While I was endeavoring to get a suspender loose to tie around his legs and stop the flow of blood, and he heaping bitter curses upon the enemy, particularly those who sent that shot, word came that our line had fallen back, and the enemy was preparing to charge.

It takes little time to think, decide and act under such circumstances, and while we were debating in our own minds whether it was a greater disgrace to fall back or remain with a certainty of being captured, the enemy was leaping with demon like yells over the bank.

This was the time we took to make our "masterly retreat." The rebs could not charge and fire very rapidly at the same time, yet our chances for life were not very favorable in facing our own fire and passing in range of the enemy's grape.

Our "squad," consisting of about a dozen men, urged by such a powerful motive, soon reached the ditch we crossed on first entering the field; into this we unanimously dropped, from what motive each man knew best; but perhaps to make another stand, supposing from the number of dead and wounded in the ditch there were enough to make quite a "show." But finding they were not likely to render us much assistance, we were no sooner in than out again, and over the fence where some of our own troops were still lying, endeavoring to check the enemy.

Here in the woods we found General Patrick, quite as calm in appearance, and collected as on parade, who directed us to our colors and the remaining portion of our regiment, which we found drawn up in line behind a piece of woods near the field.

The regiment, scarcely large enough to be called a company, was marched to the rear to form part of a guard to prevent panic stricken men from flying from the field, and no such men passed. Every one felt himself a veteran, and the regiment, but seventy-five officers and men, felt itself equal to a *full* "bounty" regiment.

The flag, but lately without a rent, was now sufficient evidence that we had done our duty and meant that others should do theirs. The shot and shell, though not for our "special benefit," tore through the trees, making sad havoc in all directions, but they did not have the effect they might have had two hours before. We felt more like soldiers now, yet we could not resist the deep melancholy feeling oppressing our hearts as we thought of the result of that day's battle, when we had hoped for so much.

It was our first real battle, and we had been defeated, and with this thought uppermost in our minds, we took up our line of march in the dark to the rear.

We now resume our extracts from the letters of Colonel Rogers.

We rested quietly at Centreville on the night of the battle of Bull Run. In the morning we moved about a mile toward Fairfax Court House, and bivouacked by the side of the road. About 5 o'clock P. M. General Patrick received orders to detail two regiments of his brigade to escort a train from Centreville to Fairfax, a distance of eight miles. The rebel cavalry had already commenced to trouble our flanks and rear. The Twenty-First and 23d regiments were selected to guard the train. The regiments were turned out quickly and moved off. Nothing occurred until we were within a mile or two of Fairfax, when the report of artillery was heard in our rear. The rebels had brought a light battery down the Warrenton pike, and commenced shelling the trains on the Centreville road. Some half a dozen rounds were fired. They had no doubt seen our train with its guard, and prudently allowed it to pass on a mile or two before making any demonstration, and, satisfied with the consternation produced among the teamsters and ambulance drivers, limbered up and moved off. Little damage was done aside from the fright, as it had the effect

of starting about six regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery, who passed us on the road, and I presume never halted until they reached Alexandria.

We reached Fairfax about 9 P. M., and as our orders required us to go no further, we bivouacked for the night. In the morning we started back to join the brigade, but met it coming toward us, after proceeding about a mile.

Joining it, we returned to Fairfax, where the brigade halted. In the afternoon orders were received directing us to join the division at Centreville, and we were soon in motion. After accomplishing about half the distance, we were turned back by General Hooker, and ordered to move over to Germantown, on the Warrenton pike.

The enemy had turned our right and was endeavoring to get in our rear to cut off our retreat. Germantown was the point menaced, and General Hooker was despatched to thwart his design. How well he accomplished it you already know.

Our brigade moved rapidly to the place assigned it, and occupied the rifle pits constructed by the rebels last fall, when they expected us to make an advance from Washington. We did not reach it a moment too soon, as we had scarcely occupied the pits and planted our battery when a rebel officer, mounted, accompanied by several infantry soldiers, made their appearance in the road through the woods. Seeing the position occupied, which was one of great strength, they disappeared. The attack, however, was made further down to our left, where they were repulsed and forced to retire. General Phil Kearney was killed here.

We remained in the rifle pits all night, and during a violent rain storm. The fight was continued long after night set in and during the storm. The roar of artillery was mingled with that of thunder, and the flash of our guns was answered by the lightnings of Heaven. The enemy was foiled in his attempt to gain our rear, and the army was saved. This was the battle of Chantilly.

We left the pits on the following day, and continuing our march without interruption, arrived on Upton Hill about 10 P. M., September 2.

During the afternoon of the next day, a force of the enemy appeared in front of Falls Church, and threw a number of shells into the village, creating a lively stampede on a small scale among some cavalry and teamsters lying in the vicinity. Our brigade, with a battery, was at once ordered out. We moved out beyond the village and laid on our arms all night without further molestation.

Returning to camp on the 4th, three days of rest were vouchsafed us.

With all the inspiriting confidence of success, the victorious enemy now pushed on for further advantage. McClellan had, immediately upon his arrival from the peninsula, been placed in command of the defences of Washington; while his forces were grouped in front and moved to our assistance. Our retreat from the disastrous field of Bull Run threw the entire army again upon Washington, and within his line of defence. Confidence in Pope as a commander, seemed to have deserted not only the entire army, but even the heads of the government, and Washington quaked to its shaken center, as the tidings of reverse and disaster swept down upon its streets with the first wave of our retreating force. One

only alternative seemed to remain. The man who possessed alone the almost entire confidence of the army, a confidence strong if not deserved, stood ready to resume the post from which he had been taken—at its head. No one who saw it can forget the revival of life and hope that stirred our broken ranks, when the fact of his re-instatement was announced. Even in the hospital, men who were fresh from the appalling scenes of those last days of confusion, seemed to take heart anew, and, as they listened day after day to the tidings that followed the news-boy through the wards, gathered fortitude and hope, as they mentally traced the steps of their victorious comrades.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, September 2d, McClellan crossed the Potomac and rode to the front. Ascertaining the direction in which the various corps were returning, he immediately arranged the troops, and designated the positions they were to occupy. The next morning saw everything in place, the issue of necessary supplies attended to, and every preparation made to repulse the expected attack. On the same day the enemy disappeared from our front, and it became evident that he intended to cross the Upper Potomac into Maryland. This, says McClellan, "materially changed the aspect of affairs, and enlarged the sphere of operations; for, in case of crossing in force, an active campaign would be necessary, to cover Baltimore, prevent the invasion of Pennsylvania, and clear Maryland."

The 2d and 12th corps, under Generals Sumner and Williams, were immediately ordered to Tenallytown, about twelve miles above Washington, on the Maryland side of the river, and the 9th corps, Reno's, to a point on the Seventh street road, near the Capitol. All the available cavalry were sent to watch and impede the enemy in any attempt to cross at the fords near Poolsville.

On September 5th, the 2d and 12th corps were moved to Rockville, and Couch's division (the only one of the 4th corps that had been brought from the peninsula) to Offut's Cross Roads.

McDowell had been superseded by General Hooker, in the command of the 1st corps. This corps, in which we still belonged, was, on the 6th, ordered with that of General Reno, to march on Leesburg; the 6th corps, Franklin's, and Sykes' division of the 5th, also moving on Tenallytown, relieving the 2d and 12th. General Banks having received his instructions from McClellan, was left in command at Washington.

It was, therefore, on the evening of September 6th, that our

regiment left its temporary resting place and resumed the march, which I will leave Colonel Rogers to describe.

On the evening of Saturday, September 6th, we received orders to move, and started at midnight, towards Washington. The road was blocked with trains, making our march a very tedious and disagreeable one. Crossing the Aqueduct bridge we marched through Georgetown and Washington about daylight on Sunday morning, and turning into Seventh street, took the road to Leesboro, Maryland, which place we reached the following day. This Sunday march was one of the most fatiguing and harrassing of the campaign.

Continuing our march from day to day we reached the bank of the Monocacy on Saturday evening, September 13th.

There was a marked contrast in this march through Maryland, with those of the campaign in Virginia. Everywhere we were greeted with cheers and words of welcome. The inhabitants of the village and the roadside had pails and tubs of fresh water in front of their dwellings, which the girls and boys dealt out to the thisty troops as they passed.

"It is a little thing to give a cup of water," but many a poor soldier was refreshed and invigorated as he quaffed the draught, and straightening himself up moved forward with quickened pace to take his place in the ranks. God bless the loyal women of Maryland.

At daylight on Sunday, September 14th, we crossed the stone bridge on the National road over the Monocacy river, and at an early hour marched through the city of Frederick, Maryland. How different from our march through Fredericksburg, Virginia. The stars and stripes were hung out from almost every house, and the joyful countenances of the citizens gave unmistakable evidence that they looked upon and welcomed us as deliverers.

On we marched, through the city, up the broad National road, until we reached the summit of the Blue Ridge. A halt for a short time enabled us to enjoy the grandeur of the scenery, spread out before us like a panorama. The evidences of conflict, too, presented themselves. A pool of blood on the middle of the road showed where a rebel battery had been planted to check our advancing column, but a well directed shell from one of our guns killed three horses and disabled a number of their gunners, which forced them to retire. Looking back towards the city, the long columns of infantry were seen winding up the road, their arms glistening in the bright morning sun. The sound of the "church going bell" came faintly up from the beautiful valley, and thoughts of home and the sanctuary brought the tears unbidden to the eye.

Resting a few minutes the column moved on, descending the mountain road. Before us lay the valley between the Blue Ridge and South Mountain—a picture that seemed to be even more beautiful than the one on the other side. It was a bright, beautiful day, God's blessed day of rest, to all but the soldier. The head of the column was approaching the foot of South Mountain, on which the enemy had taken his stand, with the determination of disputing our passage. On reaching the valley, the division turned off from the road into the field for rest and refreshments. Meanwhile an artillery skirmish had taken place on the mountain. It was evident that a battle must be fought—that while our wives and children were listening to the

words once uttered by the Prince of Peace, their husbands and fathers were to be engaged in deadly conflict.

From the letters of Colonel Rogers, and the various published reports, chiefly those of Major General McClellan, and Brigadier General Doubleday, commanding the division, and from the previously quoted work of Captain George F. Noyes, who earned honorable mention in this action, I compile the following history of the part taken by the Twenty-First in the battle of South Mountain, September 14th, 1862 :

Our division left the Monocacy, as previously stated, at six in the morning of that day, arriving about noon at Catoctin Creek, near the foot of the mountain. Here the column halted until about half-past two, when Brigadier General Hatch assumed command, in place of General King, who was assigned to other duty.

The enemy's position was on the summit of South Mountain. To avoid the fire of his batteries, which had already opened upon our advance, from the heights, and to which our own were responding from the left, the division was diverged from the main road, and struck off in a by-road to the right, which gradually approached the base of the mountain, and led to a stone church at its foot. Here we found General Hooker and his staff. The division at this time consisted of Doubleday's, Patrick's and Phelps' (late Hatch's) brigades, General Gibbon having been detached with his brigade on special service.

To General Hooker had been assigned the storming of the hill on the right of the pass. The general order of battle was for two regiments of Partick's brigade to precede the main body, deployed as skirmishers, and supported by his two remaining regiments.

The Twenty-First was now ordered forward and took the right of the advance. Knapsacks were unslung, and three companies from each flank thrown forward and deployed, followed by the remaining four as a reserve and support. On our left was the line of the 35th New York, under Colonel Lord, and away to our right stretched that of the Pennsylvania Reserves. The 23d New York, under Colonel Hoffman, supported the 35th, and the line of the Twenty-First was supported by that of the 20th New York, under Colonel Gates. Phelps' brigade followed in column of division at half distance, preserving the intervals of deployment; and next came that of General Doubleday, in the same order.

And now commences the ascent of the mountain. With almost breathless anxiety the progress of our long line of skirmishers is

watched by thousands of eager and anxious men, as slowly, slowly, now halting as if to listen, now crouching a while on the ground, with muskets ever ready for instant service, they push up toward the woods, every tree in which may conceal a rebel sharpshooter. A few hundred feet in their rear moves the long dark line of the reserve, upon whom the skirmishers will rally when they have unmasked the enemy.*

On reaching a road part way up the mountain, parallel to its summit, and just at the edge of the woods, the 20th moved up, by order of General Patrick, and forms upon our left. And now the warning rattle of musktry among the trees in front and a rush of bullets betoken our approach to the disputed ground. Steadily and cautiously our skirmishers advance, gradually gaining ground. The wounded begin to drop to the rear, and steadily and rapidly the firing increases. So steep is the ascent that it is with the utmost difficulty that our eager men are kept in line. So speedily have they advanced that the supporting forces are left far behind, so the line is halted and caused to lie down quietly behind a fence, until the other brigades arrive in supporting distance.

It is now near sunset; "the air is bland and delicious, and while the men rest we turn and look back at the valley through which we have been marching to-day. Frederick City is not visible, as a turn in the valley interposes a hilly elbow; but Middletown lies below us, while stretching off toward the North and East is a lovely swell, buttressed by hilly ranges, smiling with orchards, fields of ripening grain, and cheerful farm houses—truly a valley of content and beauty. There is little of the sublime about this view, but it is very soothing, and offers so strong a contrast to our present fearful business as to daguerreotype itself upon my imagination forever. Oh! how the thought of the Sunday evening calm now brooded over certain familiar streets and home circles, adds one feature more to this impressive contrast.

Upon the left, beyond the gorge, and upon the farther spur of the mountain, the other wing of our little army under the gallant Reno, whose valuable life is, alas, to be the crowning sacrifice of

*Colonel Rogers relates the following incident: While our skirmishers were moving up the mountain, they were met by an old lady who had been frightened from her home by the threatening appearance of things. In a state of great mental excitement she inquired where they were going. An officer replied that they were "only going up the hill. "Don't you go there," she exclaimed, waving them back with her hands. "There are hundreds of 'em up there. Don't you go. *Some of you will get hurt!*" This little scene amused the boys very much, and "Some of you will get hurt," became a standing jest.

this day, is pressing back the enemy with vigor, and the noise of conflict tells us how surely they are doing their work.

Upon our right is a deep gorge extending far into the woods. Through this we see advancing the deployed lines of the Pennsylvania Reserves; under Brigadier General Seymour. A rebel battery opens upon them from across an open field in front. Our skirmishers leap to their feet and open upon the gunners with a vigor and precision that makes their work extremely difficult. Several times the guns are drawn back into the wood, loaded, and then again pushed forward and fired. But our rapid and well directed volleys soon induced them to withdraw entirely. And now the Reserves reach a ledge just within the edge of the wood and lie down quietly behind it. Soon a regiment in gray are seen advancing across a field toward them. Up to the very edge, and we stand in momentary expectation of seeing them stagger back as that ledge breaks into a sheet of flame, but still all is silent. They push on into the wood; they have almost reached the spot where our men are lying, when with a yell that makes the mountain side ring again our boys are up and at them; there is a wild mixing of swarming figures among the trees, a few demoralized rebels emerge and break in panic stricken speed for the rear, and again all is quiet.*

One of General Patrick's aids now appeared with the welcome news that our supports were approaching, and orders for the skirmishers to advance and unmask the enemy's position. We cross the fence and advance, slow and steadily, up the mountain side, which becomes so broken and rocky that a halt becomes necessary every fifteen or twenty paces, to close up and dress the line. Arriving some thirty paces from the crest of the mountain, our Colonel pushes forward to reconnoitre the ground.

At the edge of the woods is a fence, and, beyond, a corn field on the left and a large open field on the right. The skirmishers of the enemy hold the cornfield and the fences which run at right angles from the wood, and across the open field a large force is rapidly approaching the fence in our front, an important position which we are just in time to secure.

Our skirmishers are already up to the fence, and our little reserve is also hurried up by the Colonel, and all lie down behind

*This was, at that time, as Colonel Rogers aptly names it, "one of the most brilliant little achievements of the war." General Seymour had allowed the enemy to approach within a few paces, and then ordering a charge he took three hundred prisoners without firing a gun.

it. Hatch's brigade, on the left, reaches it at about the same time, and in another moment a fierce volley welcomes our friends in gray, and they are driven back with terrible loss to the fence on the other side, where they rally and return the fire. Rapid and continuous is the fusilade that follows; the mountain top reeks with a sulphurous veil, out of which rises a horrid turmoil, and the echoes fly to hide in every nook and valley, so peacefully slumbering an hour ago, while beneath its deadly shadow a mortal struggle piles the earth with victims. Our insufficient force is hotly pressed, but the brave boys know what depends upon the position they are so fiercely maintaining, until the supporting brigades, already near, can come to their assistance.

Captain Noyes, who is with one of these brigades moving up to the rear of Hatch, thus describes what followed:

"As we pressed on, our brigade line wavers a little, the flanks pressing ahead of the centre, or one flank out-marching the other, yet preserving, on the whole, a good, strong, steady line of attack. The air is now full of shrieking lead, and we hear just ahead of us the cheers and yells of the opposing troops, the never ceasing rattle of musketry, and all the awful din of battle. Out of this carnival of noise and fire rushes the Adjutant of the first brigade, a noble specimen of American chivalry, exclaiming, 'Our brigade can not sustain itself much longer, as we are nearly out of ammunition. For God's sake, to the front!' At the word the brigade is moved up even more rapidly, restrained, however, by the field and staff officers, still riding in front. 'Steady, boys, steady!' is the word all along the line. Another minute, and the edge of the woods is gained, and there at the fence which skirts it at Hatch's brigade, standing, falling, desperately fighting at this bloodily contested boundary. Cheer upon cheer from our men goes up to Heaven, and now, in admirable order, they rush into their places, Hatch's brigade falling back to rest a while after their fierce encounter.

"Beyond this fence is an open space of about a hundred feet in depth between the fence and a corn field, and in this space a strong force of the enemy, partially protected by rocky ledges and inequalities of surface, forming natural rifle-pits, is pressing heavily upon our position, charging gallantly two or three times, to be as gallantly repulsed before they reach the fence, and sweeping it meanwhile with sheets of fire. Conscious of the weakness of our own line, with no reserves near us, unable to form any idea of the force opposed to us, the only thing to be done is to hold this fence

at all hazards lest the enemy, breaking through at this point, shall flank and put to rout the troops on both sides of us. It remains for the staff to watch closely the line, cheer and encourage the men, look out for a moment of panic, and so keep all to their duty.

"And hold it they do, inflexibly. For half an hour against this barrier of Northern patriotism dashes wave after wave of Southern treason, to be again and again hurled back, broken and discomfited. Individual instances of valor are not wanting; the color bearer of the 76th New York rashly leaps out to the front, waves his flag, exclaiming, 'There, boys, come up to that!' and falls on the instant, shot through the head. But why attempt to designate, where all did so well? At intervals a lull, a mere pattering of musketry, and then the rebel storm bursts forth afresh, and before it some of our men go down, or slowly fall back, wounded and bleeding, to the rear. The twilight gloom is descending, throwing the rebel den into shadow; the darkness adds new horror to the scene; and suddenly a portion of one of our regiments begins to crowd up together, the men pressing against each other, and firing into the air in a sort of frenzy. Terribly contagious is a panic like this. Unless it be instantly quelled, the men will be shooting each other, or rushing to the rear in sudden and disastrous rout. Somehow and swiftly, military authority must assert itself. The first thing to do is to order them to cease firing. To shout forth such an order at such a time would be like attempting to drown the thunder of Niargara. It must be driven in, as it were, individually, mouth and ear, and almost with the point of the sword. Somehow the effort succeeds; discipline asserts itself, the rank is re-formed, our brave boys are themselves again.

"Before the fight is half over an aid gallops up with the news that the gallant General Hatch, the division commander, is severely wounded, and our General is thus in command of the division. Our only Colonel has already been crippled by a wound, a Lieutenant-Colonel takes command of our brigade, while a Captain finds himself at the head of a regiment. Our first brigade is in the rear, having exhausted its ammunition; our third brigade holds the line on our right; our fourth is on duty perhaps a mile away on our left. Our General, therefore, remains with his own brigade as the most central position.

"And now there are intervals of comparative calm, and we begin to congratulate ourselves that the baffled enemy has departed. But the contest is not yet over; for suddenly out of the darkness in

front of us leaps another volley, wounding hardly a man, but so near as to seem in our very faces. Along the files of perhaps a single company, gradually growing louded and louder, rises a low murmur, not an exultant cheer, but rather a cry, excited and panic stricken, and suddenly half a dozen or more start off for the rear. One minute more, and probably the whole regiment will be on the wing. To meet them on the instant with the threat to run the first man through who moves a foot farther to the rear seems the best thing to do, and it proves entirely successful. A staff officer exclaims, 'Why, boys, what are you running for? we've beaten the enemy. Three cheers for victory.' A wild, irregular cheer bursts forth upon the evening air, and every man of them once more takes his position at the fence.

"It is indeed true that we have beaten the enemy; these impetuous attacks are only his last flurries; he is, though we do not know it, and cannot discover it in the darkness, at his last gasp. It is now so dark that our men can only aim at the flashing of the rebel muskets, and these rebel muskets have ceased firing. The General now orders our brigade also to cease firing; an andvance into the unknown locality in front would be sheer madness, and so our men stand silently and grimly at the fence, while for several minutes as it seemed, hardly a single report breaks the stillness of the night. Just as we are saying to each other with thankful hearts, 'This fight is over,' the enemy, thinking, perhaps, that we may have fallen back, or are unprepared for him, charges desperately up towards the fence, delivers a volley, too high, as usual, which shrieks through the air, followed by a continuous fire for a minute, or two minutes perhaps, though it seemed very much more. It is no use; they hurl themselves against this living barrier in vain, and are soon compelled to fall back before the terrific volleys of our men. To me this is the most impressive incident in the fight; the utter stillness of the night, broken in upon by the cheers and yells of the opposing troops; the rattle of musketry discharged, and the wailing of the bullets, followed by a stillness deep and intense, as if each party held its breath to listen for the next move of its enemy.

"The contest is nearly over; only a few scattering volleys after this, except on the left of our brigade, where a desperate effort is made to turn our left flank, to meet which the 7th Indiana and 76th New York swing a little to the left, and so repulse the attack successfully. Our division is now relieved by the division of

General Ricketts, which moves up and takes post at the fence, the officers dressing the ranks as if preparing for a review; it is evident that the position is in safe hands; but our General orders our brigade to lie down on their arms a hundred feet from the fence, as we have still some ammunition left, and a night attack seems probable. A few more scattering volleys, and at this particular point all is still.

"General Patrick's brigade* having done its work nobly, is now resting on our right, while on our left, but near the turnpike, the brigade of Gibbon is still fighting very desperately. Our own contest appears to be over for the present, but we listen to the unceasing rattle of the musketry on our left with great anxiety. At one moment it seems as if our troops must be falling back, at another the firing sounds farther off, as if they were gradually driving the enemy from the hill. The excitement of our own fight is over; the woods are now so dark that objects ten feet distant are undistinguishable, and the thought of a night attack upon our exhausted troops fills me with dread. A prisoner just brought in informs us that the troops in front are chiefly Virginians, under command of General Pickett, and that General Longstreet himself had been here, striving in every way to encourage the men, calling them his pets, and coaxing and imploring them to their work. Already we had some idea of the success of his efforts, but we were to see it more fearfully evidenced when daylight disclosed the battle field on the morrow."

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* Extract from Report of Brigadier General Doubleday.—While the main attack was going on at the fence referred to, Colonel Rogers, with his own and Lieutenant Colonel Gates' regiments—the Twentieth and Twenty-First New York Volunteers, of Patrick's brigade—rendered most essential service by advancing his right, and holding a fence bounding the Northeast side of the same corn field, anticipating the enemy, who made a furious rush to seize this fence, but were driven back. Colonel Rogers was then enabled to take the enemy in flank, and also pick off their cannoniers, and silence a battery which was on their right and behind their main battery. * *

I desire to mention, in terms of just commendation, General Patrick, whose long experience and cool bravery were never better attested; Colonel Phelps, commanding Hatch's brigade, and Colonel Wainwright and Lieutenant Colonel Hoffman, commanding in turn my own brigade. Their gallantry and good conduct did much toward winning the victory.

I desire to mention, also, Captain E. P. Halsted, A. A. G., and Lieutenant B. F. Martin, A. D. C., who carried my orders faithfully into the thickest of the fight, and who each spent several hours in the night in the difficult and dangerous task of verifying the enemy's position; also, Captain George F. Noyes, C. S., who stood upon the fence during the hottest of the fire cheering on the men, and otherwise rendering me valuable assistance. * * * * * * * * *

I am, Major, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. DOUBLEDAY,
Brigadier General Volunteers, Commanding Division.

Major Joseph Dickinson, A. A. G.

"All night," says Colonel Rogers, "we lay by the side of the fence, ready to renew the conflict should any demonstrations be made on our front. When morning broke it was discovered that the rebels had retreated during the night, and the army was put in motion to follow them up."

Our loss in this stubborn contest for the possession of Turner's Gap, was three hundred and twenty-eight killed, and one thousand four hundred and sixty-three wounded; a large proportion, considering the number of men engaged and strength of our opponents, yet small when we remember the severity of the assailing fire, and the storm of bullets that swept our line. Our own regiment had but a small number wounded, one mortally. This is accounted for in the fact that we stood mainly upon the defensive, with the advantage of a sheltered position.

CHAPTER XVI.

After the Battle.—the Corn Field.—On the move again.—The Battle of Antietam.—Our killed and wounded.—Burying the Dead.—Captain Noyes' description of the Field.

THE great battle of Antietam, fought near Sharpsburg, Md., September 16th and 17th, 1862, has been so often and ably described that I must content myself with giving but the general outline of a battle which involved so momentous a result to the country, so interesting in its every detail, and which, if time and space permitted, would so richly repay the labor of collecting all attainable details, in order to give the fullest possible record of the part taken by our own regiment in that day's trials and triumphs. To do this, it is necessary to resume the process of gleaning from sources named in the preceding chapter.

Captain Noyes, whose presence upon the same part of the field, identifies his admirably written story with our own, describes the scenes of the following morning in a manner that must bring them vividly to the minds of all who were so fortunate as to see them. After a description of the manner in which himself and staff companions had passed the night, how they were up in the first gray of the morning, to find our line still lying at the fence, no sign of the foe, and the little interval before the corn field untenanted save where the morning mists dimly shrouded the prostrate forms of the rebel dead, he thus proceeds:

"A soldier or two now ventured out over these rockly ledges. Suddenly, from behind a stump, a long, lank stripling of, perhaps, seventeen years, without weapon, and dressed in the usual gray uniform, leaped eagerly forward, exclaiming, 'Don't shoot! I'm your prisoner!' When brought before the General, he described, with a childlike simplicity very amusing, his late experience and sensations. The boy had evidently never before broken loose from the maternal apron string, and told us, with fearfuly emphasis, how he had been conscripted, drilled, and finally brought up this mountain to be shot at, winding up somewhat as follows: 'I told

'em I was a coward, and couldn't fight, but they drove me up here, where I came near being killed; so I dropped, and crawled behind a stump, and waited there all night.' But he didn't know whether the enemy was still in the corn field or not, so we learned little of any value, though his quaint remarks upon his own cowardice afforded some merriment.

"No one had yet explored the corn field, and a large body of men might easily be concealed there; but half a dozen of our men were now moving among the rebel dead, and I was convinced that it was safe enough to go out also, being thereunto moved by a desire to see some of our late antagonists. So closely had their desperate charges brought them to our line, that only ten paces distant from the fence lay some of the poor fellows—one resting with head on arm, as if asleep, others lying across each other, but most of them looking with calmly staring eyes up towards heaven. Among them, as also among our own dead, I was surprised to notice that the features bore usually a placid expression, with little trace of battle excitement or death agony.

"Among the foremost lay an officer, afterward identified as Colonel Strange, of Virginia, evidently killed just at the moment when, every nerve at its highest tension, every courageous impulse at fever heat, he was leading his men in a most desperate charge. Upon his stern determined face still lingers that look of battle, his right hand still grasping his sword. This man's death was evidently a great loss to the enemy.

"A few feet to his left I noticed another young officer, and still farther on a young lieutenant, whose very handsome face and placid expression greatly attracted me. As I stood and looked down earnestly, as if, perhaps, I might read in that countenance some fragments of his history, I felt that this was a man who probably illustrated some of the best features of the Southern character—a warm hearted, generous fellow, whom, while living, I could have loved. There is a sad gap somewhere caused by his death; perhaps, the plain gold ring on his finger might give us the key to his whole life story. How all feeling of enmity disappears in presence of these white faces, these eyes gazing upward so fixedly in the gray of the morning hour!

"More than thirty of the rebel dead were lying within fifty feet of the fence; I did not visit the corn field, but learned that here also the dead were very numerous. On our side the loss was much less; but here, also, the men were busily engaged in collecting the fallen,

and ranging them side by side, each regiment or brigade by itself that their own immediate comrades might lay them to rest with the scant ceremonial of a soldier's burial on the battle field. No little firing squad poured forth a farewell volley; no minister read over their graves the beautiful burial service; no coffin encased their limbs; just as they were, in their uniforms, crimsoned with patriotic blood, they were taken closely to the bosom of Earth the mother, and on the very summit of the mountain, in a spot consecrated by their heroic sacrifice, and glorious as the classic ground of victory, they slept well.

"It was now fairly sunrise, and it was made known that the enemy had retreated, and that we could claim an unmistakable victory. We were yet to learn how the rebel rout, flinging away their guns, had fled headlong down the mountain, or dispersed through its forests to give themselves up in scores as prisoners of war."

Orders now arrived for the division to move on across the mountain toward Boonsborough; infantry and artillery, and the parked wagon trains in the rear, were prepared for the march, the temporary field hospitals were abandoned, and our wounded were sent back to Frederick in the ambulances. The men took up the march in excellent spirits; the joy and satisfaction everywhere evident, the jokes at the expense of the enemy flung from file to file, the very marching of the men, indicated that this was not a retreat, but an actual pursuit of a flying enemy. Volunteer bayonets not only think, but they talk a good deal also, and this morning they were enjoying full license in this direction. * * * 'My Maryland' was now sung by our men, with an alteration of the words to suit each singer. The new regiments were especially enthusiastic, and I had not ridden long near the column before I found my own spirits rising into something like the old enthusiasm. There is no army ration, after all, so good for troops as an occasional touch of victory.

Our column reached Boonsborough some time during the forenoon, passing on to the neighborhood of Keadysville, some six miles beyond, where it bivouacked for the night. I leave Colonel Rogers to describe our part in the ensuing action, interpolating whatever else I can collect that may serve to complete and explain the description:

"On the morning of the 16th, the march was resumed, and in a few hours we reached the banks of the Antietam. The enemy were

posted on the other side and made a stand, and a battle seemed imminent. Our batteries were planted and troops placed in position. There was some firing during the day, the shells of the enemy frequently coming in uncomfortable proximity.

"During the day the enemy seemed to have changed its position. In the afternoon the whole army was put in motion, advancing in three columns. Our regiment was at the head of the second column, the heads marching in parallel lines. The battle was opened by the artillery about an hour before dark. Several of the shells passed directly over our regiment and injured soldiers immediately in our rear. But we had become accustomed to their music and they did not disturb us much.

"Night coming on we filed into the woods and lay upon our arms. There was frequent firing between the pickets during night, and before daybreak in the morning.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

"We were up with the dawn, and work commenced soon after. Orders were received for us to move forward and sustain Gibbon's brigade, which was already engaged. Marching through orchards and over fences, we reached a point in the woods through which we were to advance. We passed General Hooker, who was here directing the movements of the troops. He sent one of his aids to point out the position for us to occupy. The battle had fairly opened. The artillery and musketry fire was rapid and continuous. Forward we went through the woods, out into the open field, and we were face to face with the enemy on a fair field. With bayonets fixed, rapidly we charged forward. Two fences lined the turnpike road in our front, on the other side of which the enemy was posted. We reached the first fence, forced them back, and scaling that and the one on the other side, continued to pour deadly fire into their ranks. General Patrick at this time rode up and ordered us to fall back to the road, as our line was in advance of that on our left, and we were running into the line of fire of our own artillery. This was done in good order, and the men continued to load and fire with a coolness that was admirable.

"Here Captain Robert Gardner and Lieutenant Hickey were wounded, and many of the men were killed and wounded. All this time there was nothing in our rear to support us, while our right flank was entirely unprotected. Had the rebels known our weakness at this point, and pushed forward vigorously, they

could have pierced our lines and carried dismay into the whole army."

Lieutenant Halsey thus describes some of the incidents of the battle, which occurred at about this time:

"In leaping the fences all could not get over at once—some must be last—and in falling back a few, finding it difficult to get over in time to avoid the clutch of the enemy, quietly dropping to the ground among the dead and wounded, and remained motionless *a la possum*, until the enemy was again driven back, when they jumped to their feet and joined their comrades in the hot chase.

"Lieutenant Hickey, prevented by a ball through the right arm from getting over the fence in time, dropped to the ground and was taken prisoner; but the enemy had no time to attend to the particulars of a parole, for they were again driven back, and Hickey, liberated, made his way to the rear minus side arms, which a rebel officer had taken a fancy to and appropriated to his own use. This trick was also performed by some of the enemy, but, after the second charge, it being suspected, they were trotted out for examination and marched to the rear—some being suddenly accommodating even offered to carry the guns of the men who captured them, but they *were only allowed to carry the knapsacks*, which they appeared to do willingly.

"During one of these charges, or just after we had fallen back, a stray shot struck a large fat pig which had been grunting about in rear of our line, apparently indifferent as to the result of the fight. One of our boys taking in the situation at a glance, having, in all this excitement, presence of mind sufficient to feel the presence of an appetite, resolved that 'his porkship' should die a NATURAL death; dropping his musket he rushes to the spot with drawn sheath knife and with the practical hand of a professional butcher brings the lingering sickness of Mr. Pig to an abrupt termination. Rolling him into a ditch 'to await further developments,' he runs back and resumes his place in line."

A volume of such incidents might be collected, and would prove by no means the least interesting of our war record. But to proceed with Colonel Rogers' description:

"While the regiment was thus gallantly maintaining its position in the road, a rebel regiment was observed coming from the woods on our right and rear, and in a line at right angles to that of the road. They had completely outflanked us. The Colonel imme-

diately gave the order to 'disperse,' and rally on the colors in the woods from which we advanced. The boys were not slow in obeying the order, and make excellent time in executing it.

"Rallying in the woods we took position behind a fence facing the direction in which we expected the foe, but they did not advance. The musketry ceased, but the artillery fire continued as violent as ever. In our present position we were under the fire of both parties—their shells passing over our heads. Here, the boys taking advantage of the lull in the storm, built fires and made their coffee, having been thus far at work without breaking their fast.

"An officer of a battery in our rear noticed the proceedings of the men under these circumstances, and remarked that it was about the coolest thing he had seen during the war.

"In a short time the reserves began to arrive and file past us into the woods. Some of them were new troops, and when they had taken their position, our brigade was ordered up to support them. We advanced again over a portion of the same ground over which we had previously marched. The troops on our right became actively engaged, but in a short time were forced back in utter confusion. We endeavored in vain to rally them, and they all fell back closely followed by the enemy, whom we saluted with a scattering fire. The General, finding that it would be impossible to maintain his position against the overwhelming force that was approaching, and our ammunition being exhausted, ordered us to retire, which was done in excellent order.*

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* At our request, Mrs. Colonel Rogers has kindly put into our hands a brief letter written by her husband on the battle field of Antietam. We make an extract.

"We have had another severe, aye, terrible battle to-day—the third general engagement in which we have taken part. Our loss is severe again. The ground has been stubbornly contested, but from present appearances, I think we shall be victorious. It is now 3:20 P. M., and the battle has been raging furiously since daylight. As usual, we had to open it. We are now in the rear, resting and refreshing ourselves, as we *went in* before breakfast.

* * * "Give thanks to God for my preservation, for it does indeed seem providential. It is probable we shall follow them up and have another battle, or series of battles, until we drive the rebels out of Maryland.

"For a while matters looked very bad for us. Some of the new troops broke up badly and run from the field, and we were forced to retire until re-enforcements arrived and drove them back. We retired and advanced twice. The regiment behaved nobly, but our loss is severe."

Jimmy, the Post Boy of the Regiment, also writes a few lines at the same time. He says:

"General McClellan, with General Sumner and other officers, have just come through among the boys, who, on seeing him, rose up *en masse* and gave three rousing cheers for 'Little Mac.' He, in return, took off his cap and waived it, bowing also to the boys. Our boys then waived a rebel flag which they captured from a Texas Regiment. Our division captured fifteen rebel colors. As soon as the rebel flag was raised, the boys gave three groans for it. No sooner had the groans been given than the rebels opened on us again with grape, shell and solid shot. Our brigade then rallied around the battery which they were supporting, and there they were when I left them to come to the Hospital. The Chaplain is here attending to the wounded."—*Buffalo Courier, Sept. 24.*

"Smith's division afterwards came up, went in and covered the ground here lost. I learned that the 49th behaved gallantly under Lieut. Colonel Alberger, who, I regret to hear, was seriously wounded.

"The battle closed by common consent, after night fairly set it. It was a hard fought and stubbornly contested field. The enemy retiring during the next day and night left us masters of the dark and bloody ground. This only gave us the victory, although I have no doubt their loss in killed was thrice that of ours.

"On the march and on the battle field, the appearance of Gen. McClellan created the wildest enthusiasm among the troops. The more his defamers cry out against him, the more the troops respect and love him. They believe in him, and the simple fact that he is on the field during a battle is evidence that all is going on well.

"Our lines rested undisturbed until Friday morning, when marching over the battle field we bivouacked in our present position. God grant that I never may be permitted to witness another such a scene. I dare not attempt a description, and the very remembrance of it makes me shudder. A man may go into battle and deal death and destruction around him with all the coolness imaginable, but the terrible after-scene cannot fail to make an impression that can never be effaced from his memory."

The following list of the killed and wounded in the Battles of South Mountain and Antietam, is from a report made at that time by Adjutant C. W. Sternberg:

Battle of South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862.

Private Christian Ihda, Company "I," mortally wounded; Sergeant Alvin Boyd, Company "I," hip, severe; private Charles Carpenter, Company "H," right arm; Joseph Remick, Company "K," head, slight.

Battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Captain R. P. Gardner, left fore-arm, severe; Lieutenant Levi Vallier, head; Lieutenant Patrick Hickey, right arm, severe.

COMPANY "A."—Corporal Simeon King, killed; private Charles E. Sprague, killed; private Henry Zink, killed; private Charles K. Burdick, killed; private Frank Schweigle, severely wounded and missing, probably dead; Corporal James Crudden, right arm, afterward discharged; private Peter Bieber, right arm, disabled and discharged; private James Brown, right leg; private Henry F. Dupont, right shoulder; private John Heyes, breast; private John Lawrence, left hand; private John Pax, right leg; private Joseph Simm, left leg; private John Schmidt, left arm; private James C. Ten Broeck, left breast, disabled and discharged.

COMPANY "B."—Private Charles E. Johnson, hip, mortal; Sergeant Joshua

G. Towne, leg, severe; private Newman U. Goodrich, thigh; private Benjamin J. Parker, head.

COMPANY "C."—1st Sergeant George T. Cook, side, severe; Corporal George M. Basseett, forehead; private Francis A. Valentine, leg, severe; private William H. Boorman, breast; private Charles Peterson, neck; private Andrew Miller, right thigh; private John Raleigh, instep.

COMPANY "D."—Private Michael J. Coan, killed; private William Shoop, abdomen, mortal; private Henry C. Bronner, left knee, severe; private Ira J. Sheldon, hand and abdomen, mortal; private Benjamin Hemstreet, left arm; private Frank H. Pierce, left shoulder and leg, severe; private Alfred Spencer, left arm; private Edward Vickery, left shoulder.—leaving but nine sound men in the company.

COMPANY "E."—Corporal George W. Proctor, side, mortal; private Wilder Vantine, right side, mortal; private Charles Bertch, killed; private Edward Manning, right arm, amputated; private Charles F. Mercer, thigh; private Henry Miller, thigh, disabled and discharged; private William Wisser, head, disabled and discharged; private James Millham, lost right hand, discharged; private Christian Ziehm, body and leg, severe.

COMPANY "F."—Private John Wolk, killed; Sergeant William Rankin, right hand; private William H. Sprague, arm; private Horace Jones, leg; private Franklin Averill, shoulder; private Charles Gross, missing.

COMPANY "G."—Corporal James H. Blake, killed; Corporal Thomas A. Curran, killed; private Matthew Carson, killed; private Elois Bader, wounded in leg; private Joseph Beckerich, leg; private Henry H. Kinsky, leg; private William Crapo, thigh; private Henry Fick, leg; Sergeant John Williamson, side, severe.

COMPANY "H."—Private Charles Morgan, side; mortal; Sergeant James Bailey, neck; private Balsor Snyder, left shoulder; private Frank Huber, face, severe; private John Kock, lost left arm, discharged.

COMPANY "I."—Corporal Justin Lasson, thigh; private Charles Bohm, arm, disabled and discharged; private Charles Connolly, knee; private Jacob Junck, foot; private Frank Knopf, shoulder; private John Jepson, unknown.

COMPANY "K."—Sergeant John C. Pratt, left leg, severe.

Our regiment lay all night, drawn up with the brigade, behind a line of batteries, just in rear of the scene of our struggle. Small indeed, a mere handful of worn and bloody men, was the remnant of the once goodly line that now flanked the battle scarred flag. But one captain left, some of the companies under command of sergeants and corporals, well might they look forward anxiously to the expected renewal of conflict on the morrow, and fear annihilation for the remainder. Some of the companies were reduced to eight and ten men, and the average would not have exceeded twelve for duty. Back at bloody Bull Run, among the hospitals on both sides of the Potomac, upon the mountain top yonder, and lying in their yet warm blood upon this last field of sacrifice, we might look for them or for their graves.

Anxiously, and bringing little rest, passed the night. I warrant

me that many tears were shed in the solemn stillness of that night, for comrades who should march no more. Who could help feeling, even in sleep, the void left by the great gaps in our line, where once stood many a noble fellow, hardly known for one so dear until he dropped behind to his long rest.

Long before the dawn all but the wounded were stirring; each man made his coffee and prepared his simple morning meal, so that he might be ready for the expected call. The feeling seemed to possess every heart, that this day was to be crowned with victory; the whole tone of conversation, as we drank our coffee on the grass, was hopeful, nay, almost exultant; the hour for crushing the rebellion seemed to have struck; the opportunity had come to drive the rebels into the Potomac, or capture their entire army. The natural dread of battle seemed to be lost in the hopeful feeling that the result of this day's dangers might be the ending of the war and our return to our homes and families.

But those of us who indulged in such anticpations as these were doomed to disappointment. How near they might have approached realization, had all the good fortune our brave little army deserved fallen to its share, none can with certainty decide. There are many who could not and can not be made to see the possible limitation of circumstance and success, beyond the power of any man to foresee or overcome. At this distance of time the vague hopes of that period seem almost absurd, as fully if not so painfully so as those which agitated the people in those hopeful months preceding the first Battle of Bull Run, while they had not yet so much as an inkling of the magnitude of the undertaking upon which the loyal arm of the nation was rising.

The sun rose, hour after hour passed by, and still to our expectant ears came no order to advance. No grumbling of distant cannon, no rattle of musketry in front, no sudden bugle call to stir the scene into one of hurrying life. Upon the field moved only the burying parties of our own and the rebel armies, and we learned that a flag of truce had sought for them the privilege of sharing this duty with us. Their army must be near; why do we not move? Our own worn frames can give us answer, if the question relate only to our convenience; but there must be a better, since hard experience hath taught us that generals do not consult the comfort, and sometimes ignore even the necessities, of their men, when a great issue lies trembling in the balance.

Thus the day passed. Its principal event to us was the arrival

of some thousands of "Minute Men," and militia, from our sister State of Pennsylvania. Most of the burial parties were afterward detailed from these troops, and they must have seen enough of this most repulsive of the soldiers' duties, to sicken them of war forever.

Next morning, September 19th, our boys were astir again long before sunrise, again prepared for battle, and again were disappointed. During the morning they learned that the rebel army had disappeared from our front, and re-crossed the Potomac. The river, lately in their rear, and forming one side of the angle into which we had driven them, was now their best defence against us. Still, let us not say that the battles of South Mountain and Antietam were robbed of any decisive significance. The invader had been turned back and his departure hurried with fearful blows. When it is asked why we did not annihilate him, it is necessary to ask in return, was it possible to do so? Had we not bought with fearful cost the knowledge of these men's power and will to oppose us? Let us not look merely upon that which might have resulted from their possible destruction, but consider what defeat would have been to us.

Our division now moved forward about two miles across the field and encamped, our own chosen spot being a pleasant wood. The march across the field was through scenes that might have added a new horror to the inferno. Let Captain Noyes thus describe it: "Within a space of more than a mile square, this spot, once beautiful with handsome residences and well cultivated farms, isolated, hedged in with verdure, sacred to quiet, calm, content, the hottest fury of man's hottest wrath had expended itself, burning residences and well filled barns, plowing fields of ripened grain with artillery, scattering everywhere through corn field, wood and valley, the most awful illustrations of war. Not a building about us which was not deserted by its occupants, and rent and torn by shot and shell; not a field which had not witnessed the fierce and bloody encounter of armed and desperate men.

"Let us first turn off to the left of the Hagerstown turnpike; but we must ride very slowly and carefully, for lying all through this corn field are the victims of the hardest contest of our division. Can it be that these are the bodies of our late antagonists? Their faces are so absolutely black that I said to myself at first, this must have been a negro regiment. Their eyes are protruding from the sockets; their heads, hands, and limbs are swollen to twice their natural size. Ah! there is little left to awaken our sympathy, for

all those vestiges of our common humanity which touch the sympathetic chord are now quite blotted out. These defaced and broken caskets, emptied of all that made them manlike, human, are repulsive merely. Naught remains but to lay them away quietly, where what is now repulsive shall be resolved into its original elements, shall be for a time

> 'Brother to the insensate clod,
> Which the rude swain turns with his share,
> And treads upon,'

and shall appear in new forms of life hereafter.

"Passing through this corn field, with the dead lying all through its aisles, out into an uncultivated field beyond, I saw bodies, attired mainly in rebel gray, lying in ranks so regular, that Death the Reaper must have mowed them down in swaths. Our burying parties were already busily engaged, and had put away to rest many of our own men; still here as everywhere I saw them scattered over the fields. The ground was strewn with muskets, knapsacks, cartridge boxes, and articles of clothing, with the carcasses of horses, and with thousands of shot and shell. And so it was on the other side of the turnpike, nay, in the turnpike itself; ride where we may, through corn field, wood, or ravine, and our ride will be among the dead, until the heart grows sick and faint with horror. Here close to the road, were the hay stacks near which our general and staff paused for a while when the division was farthest advanced, and here, at the corner of the barn, lay one of our men, killed by a shell, which had well nigh proved fatal to them also.

"Just in front of these hay stacks was the only pleasing picture on this battle field—a fine horse struck with death at the instant when, cut down by his wound he was attempting to rise from the ground. His head was half lifted, his neck proudly arched, every muscle seemed replete with animal life. The wound which killed him was wholly concealed from view, so that I had to ride closely up before I could believe him dead. Hundreds of his kind lay upon the field, but all were repulsive save himself, and he was the admired of every passer by. Two weeks afterward I found myself stopping to gaze upon him, and always with the wish that some sculptor would immortalize in stone this magnificent animal in the exact pose of his death hour. One would like to see something from a battle field not wholly terrible.

"Over this grave yard of the unburied dead we reached a wood, every tree pierced with shot or cut with bullets, and came to the little brick church on the turnpike. This must have been a focal point in the battle, for a hundred round shot have pierced its walls, while bullets by thousands have scarred and battered it. A little crowd of soldiers were standing about it, and within, a few severely wounded rebels were stretched on the benches, one of whom was raving in his agony. Surgical aid and proper attendance had already been furnished, and we did not join the throng of curious visitors within. Out in the grove behind the little church the dead had already been collected in groups ready for burial, some of them wearing our own uniform, but the large majority dressed in gray. No matter in which direction we turned, it was all the same shocking picture, awakening awe rather than pity, benumbing the senses rather than touching the heart, glazing the eye with horror, rather than filling it with tears.

"I had, however, seen many a poor fellow during my ride, something in whose appearance or position had caused me to pause, and here lying side by side with three others, I saw a young rebel officer, his face less discolored than the rest, whose features and expression called forth my earnest sympathy, not so much for him as for those in his Southern home who shall see him no more forever. No one knew his name among the burying party, and before night he was laid in a trench with the rest, with no headstone to mark his resting place, one of the three thousand rebel dead who fill numberless graves upon the battle field. So ends the brief madness which sent him hither to fight against a government he knew only by its blessings—against his Northern brothers, who never desired to encroach upon a single right or institution of his—who were willing that he should hug to his breast forever the Nessus shirt of slavery, asking only that he did not insist upon forcing its poison folds over their shoulders also. So disappears the beloved of some sad hearts, another victim of that implacable Nemesis who thus avenges upon the white man the wrongs of the black, and smiles with horrid satisfaction as this fearful game of war goes on.

"Very slowly, as men move through the burial places of the dead, we rode through these woods back of the church, and reached the rocky citadel, behind which crouched the enemy to receive our charging battalions, sweeping their ranks with destruction, and compelling their retreat. I was astonished to see how cunningly nature had laid up this long series of ledges breast high for the

protection of the rebel lines. In front of this breast-work we found a majority of the dead dressed in blue. At this point commenced also the long barricade of fence rails, piled so closely to protect the rebel lines, and stretching off toward the North. Here is one more evidence of the use to which the rebel generals put every spare moment of time, and of their admirable choice of position.

"One more scene in this battle picture must be seen, and with a visit to this our ride may end. It is a narrow country lane, hollowed out somewhat between the fields, partially shaded, and now literally crowded with rebel corpses. Here they stood in line of battle, and here, in the length of five hundred feet, I counted more than two hundred of their dead. In every attitude conceivable—some piled in groups of five or six; some grasping their muskets as if in the act of discharging them; some, evidently officers, killed while encouraging their men; some lying in the position of calm repose, all black and swollen, and ghastly with wounds, this battalion of dead filled the lane with horror. As we rode beside it —we could not ride in it—I saw the field all about me black with corpses, and they told me that the corn field beyond was equally crowded. It was a place to see once, to glance at, and then ride hurriedly away, for, strong-hearted as was my then mood, I had gazed upon as much horror as I was able to bear.

"As we rode back, I noticed close by the lane several trenches already covered in, one with a strip of wood at its head marked with this inscription: 'Colonel Garland and eighty dead rebels.' Details of soldiers from the various regiments were collecting their comrades, bringing in the bodies on fence rails, identifying them, and laying each in his own separate grave, with a head piece inscribed with his name and regiment. Of course I cannot personally speak with positiveness as to the comparative numbers of the dead on each side, but from my own observation, and the opinion of old experienced officers, our late foes seemed to outnumber our own dead in the proportion of four to one. Two days of laborious sepulture will be necessary before they are hidden away in the bosom of our cherishing mother; during two days more of sunlight and darkness, of hot noon-tide and chilly midnight, must some of these poor mangled forms lie here untouched, untended, to be hurried by stranger hands at last into a common and nameless grave. Thank God that to the former occupants of these defaced bodies, now dwellers in far other mansions, the fate of these their former habitations is no longer of interest.

"Not for these poor shipwrecked forms, then, need we reserve our pity, but for the broken circles of which every man among these unburied thousands formed a part—for the homes through the South and the North made wretched this day with the first hints of their new sorrow—for the widow, the orphan, the lover! Oh war! war! war!"

CHAPTER XVII.

An interval of quiet.—Letter from Chaplain Robie.—Sabbath Services.—General Patrick.—The Hospitals of the Potomac.—The Sanitary Commission.—More Letters.—General Patrick assigned for duty at Headquarters, and succeeded by General Paul.—Preparations to advance.

THE regiment now passed a month in almost unbroken rest; from the nineteenth day of September until the twentieth of October, moving camp but once during that time, and then only for a mile toward the Potomac. This interval was passed by our men in recovering the physical outlay of the severe campaign through which they had passed, and preparing for another. The losses and wear of clothing and equipments too had to be made good, many were in rags, and nearly barefooted, and the hurry and hardship of the past month had left little time to devote to that cleanliness necessary to comfort. Still there was plenty of time for this delay to grow irksome to many; the question was often asked, "why do we not advance," and that element of critical discussion fostered by our free institutions in the mass composing our strength, found plentiful exercise upon the facts, probabilities, and issues of the "situation," and the hour. All were convinced that there was a "hitch" somewhere,—to use the expressive soldier parlance of the times,—and opinions as to the responsibility to which it might be traced were diverse.

The sifting and re-sifting of the events of that time have revealed enough to confirm the opinions of the people, however various, and I leave the question here, hoping that the time will speedily come when the truth, the unmistakable truth may stand revealed; and may Omnipotent vengeance fall speedily upon all or any who could trifle with lives that were God's, laid down for the good of man, and in His keeping now.

The following is a letter written by Chaplain Robie to a friend in Buffalo, under date of Sunday, September 21st:

DEAR O.—We still rest in quiet repose in a delightful wood which we entered two days since. You may be assured, too, that this meets with our perfect acquiescence to-day. The regiment needs the rest of weeks to recover its energies spent in the terrible conflicts through which it has passed.

Our hour of Divine Service this morning was peculiarly impressive. The whole brigade met by order of our general, and all of the chaplains participated. General Patrick, as usual, was the star of the occasion. His remarks were pointed, exceedingly forceful, and never did soldiers listen with more attention. We appointed another service for this afternoon.

Our regiment turned out *en massee*, and how impressive! Nowhere near two hundred were in attendance. Where were our braves? Why this decimation of one of the finest regiments in the army? Mind passes in rapid and mournful retrospection to the battle field! Our wounded and dead are many. Some have passed from us never to be effective again, while others will only be awakened by the last trump. This is war, the great breaker of hearts, the great disrupter of affections.

I have no particular news to communicate, only that wasted powers are returning, and the boys begin to feel ready for another fight.

Tell the young ladies of the Central School that the old flag is tattered and torn, being pierced with nearly fifty shots. It is still, however, our reminder of the beauty and patriotism of the Institution.

Lieutenant Beebee returned to us to-day, looking somewhat improved. Colonel Drew is expected to-morrow.

The weather is changing. One of the best prayer meetings of my life was enjoyed this afternoon. Affectionately, R.

The Sabbath services mentioned by the chaplain were indeed solemn, and left a lasting impression upon the minds of all who participated. Often have I heard the scene described by those who have returned, in recalling the experiences of those days, and even the most thoughtless and those least given to reflection upon such themes, those who seem to feel a sort of pride in their hardihood, recall and dwell with awe upon the solemnity of that hour. For the first time since that evening at Camp Rufus King, where our unbroken lines gathered at sunset around the oak to listen to the warning words of our good old general, his frosted head was again bare before them; his eye filled and lip quivered as he looked round on the little group spared him of all those whom he so loved. "Where are your comrades?" said he, and the tears trickled down his war-worn face. "Where are those who gathered with us at Camp Rufus King? What did I tell you then? How many of you deserve the mercy that has spared you to this day?" and in the silence that followed how many wakened consciences quailed before the awful earnestness of his voice and manner.

"I have seen your comrades go down in battle with curses on

their lips. I heard one man say 'G—d d—n my soul,' and with these words he was struck with death. *Can you tell me that God did not damn that man's soul?* And how many of you here can say that you have not deserved to die as he did?"

Thus he begun, and then urged as he had often done before, the necessity of sure preparation for that end which any hour might bring to each of his hearers. He had awakened their slumbering fears, but he did not harrow them without mercy; again he plead as only one whose heart bleeds for the lost, and for loved ones still in dread peril, could plead, and ere he ended few were the dry eyes, let us hope still fewer the untouched hearts among his hearers.

The days following have left but small record, except in things of general interest. Crowds of citizens were daily arriving to seek in the hospitals or among the thousands of graves, their own loved ones, worn and desparing, heart sick, with failure, or hopeful and exulting at their success. It was touching, the joy even with which they discovered the resting places of those they mourned, or the hospital cot that bore some mangled, shattered burden dear to them, and which they so hopefully undertook to nurse back to health and strength sufficient for the homeward journey. "Hither came the father or the brother from New England searching for his dead; here, also, the distracted wife sought out the grave of her devoted husband. The Hagerstown turnpike for weeks saw every afternoon almost one continuous funeral procession, bearing away to the North the bruised bodies of the North's bravest sons. More than a thousand, perhaps, were thus carried home to sleep among their kindred, to repose beneath commemorative stones, to which all of their name and family shall point hereafter with natural and patriotic pride.

"At first it had seemed to me better to permit our brave boys to rest undisturbed under the bullet scarred trees, in the little glens, or out in the fields, where they died for the good cause, and where they had been laid to rest by their comrades; but when I saw the gratification with which their graves were discovered by relatives who had come hundreds of miles to claim their own, and the affectionate tenderness, not unmixed with pride, with which they lifted the beloved forms, shrouded only in uniforms of blue, into their coffins, and the evident relief with which they commenced their journey home, I had reason to change my mind."

All the little towns were full of the wounded, Union soldiers

and rebels sharing alike the care of our surgeons and nurses, and the bountiful provision of necessaries and comforts made by our friends from the North. Dwellings, churches, barns and out houses were full of suffering men, and even the yards, gardens and fields were thickly strewn with the little groups of shelter tents where lay mingled the wounded braves of both armies.

Says Captain Noyes, "It is probable that never, in the whole history of warfare, were the wounded in any battle so expeditiously and comfortably cared for. The surgical department of the army is, in general, admirably organized and conducted; the Sanitary Commission greatly aided in the good work, while volunteer nurses and private donations lent valuable assistance. As speedily as they could bear transportation, our own wounded were carried to Frederick in ambulances, and so on to Washington or elsewhere, while the rebels were paroled and allowed to pass on their own way. Many of these came North, and were lost to the rebel cause forever.

"I have referred to the Sanitary Commission, and no one could visit these hospitals without becoming a firm believer in the importance and value of this institution, as supplementary to the regular surgical department. Think for a moment of the terrible exigency of the occasion! As the result of one day's fighting, more than ten thousand Union and rebel soldiers were thrown upon our hands at Antietam, needing beds instead of the blankets of their usual bivouac, food more delicate than the ordinary army ration, bed clothes and under clothes of every description, and the many other articles which a sick man requires. Take into consideration the deficiency of army transportation, except for the absolute necessaries of the battle field and the hospital, and the fact that for days after such a battle the surgical staff is busied incessantly in the primary operations and in the first dressing of wounds, and you will see how this commission, with its thorough organization, and lavish expenditure of its means for these extra supplies and their transportation, becomes to our poor wounded boys the source of incalculable comfort and solace. It follows hard upon the foot-steps of our advancing armies, so that within three days its forty agents had distributed food and clothing among eight thousand wounded men; and during this battle month of September it divided more than $400,000 worth of supplies among the various Eastern and Western armies. I regret to add that some of our hospitals at Antietam were indebted to this Commission for their

first supply of chloroform; the surgeon found without it should have been instantly sent home in disgrace.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"For one, I believe that this Commission is one of the first fruits of our most advanced Christian civilization, the first inroad into the domain of war of a practical Christianity which shall yet throttle and destroy this demon forever. When I seek to estimate its value and significance in its various supervisory, reformatory and scientific, as well as benevolent operations, to say nothing of those exceedingly valuable statistical collections which are to be the corner stones of future history, I confess that I know of no calculus by which correctly to compute them. Could the tens of thousands of blue uniformed sufferers it has relieved utter their testimony, we might reach some adequate expression.

"As to the Western department, says General Rosecrans, February 2d, 1863: 'While the General commanding highly appreciates and does not underrate the charities which have been lavished on this army, experience has demonstrated the importance of system and impartiality, as well as judgment and economy, in the forwarding and distribution of these supplies. In all these respects the United States Sanitary Commission stands unrivalled. Its organization, experience, and large facilities for the work are such that the General does not hesitate to recommend, in the most urgent manner, all those who desire to send sanitary supplies, to confide them to the care of this Commission.'

"As the result of the combined efforts of the surgical department and Sanitary Commission at Antietam, the men were soon made thoroughly comfortable, and the feeling was sown broadcast throughout the army that the soldier who perils his life in battle is sure of kind and humane treatment should he receive a wound. How much our foes appreciated this kindness was well illustrated by the remark of a rebel officer, who said to me, as he looked up laughingly from his bed on the floor of a barn, 'I declare I am almost sorry to quit; I haven't been so comfortable since I entered the army.'"

The following letters we clip from the *Courier* of October 7th:

BIVOUAC NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD.,
September 28th, 1862.

One year ago to-day we marched from Arlington Heights and stormed and captured Upton's Hill. The great Army of the Potomac "advanced" and secured

the ranges of hills in front of the fortifications which it was deemed important should be in our possession. I only mention this now, as the thought struck me as I dated this letter.

We have been living quietly in our present bivouac since the second day after the battle of Antietam. It has been a season of rest for a tired and almost worn out army. Yet we have been held in readiness to move at a moment's notice, which has prevented us from making arrangements for a stay of a week or ten days, which would have added much to our comfort.

A great change has come over this part of Maryland. A few weeks since it had a quiet, peaceful, frugal and industrious population. The tillers of the soil looked forward with hope to a bountiful harvest. The wheat was already gathered, and the ripening corn laughed on a thousand hills. All the fruits promised abundance. But the spoiler came, and now a barren waste presents itself as far as the eye can reach. Houses, once the abode of peaceful and happy families, are now occupied by the sick and wounded veterans of war. The women, driven from their homes, have gathered together at the houses of distant neighbors, and, with a devotion which will redound to their overlasting honor, turned their attention to providing for the wants of those who were stricken down by the bullet. They did not sit down and weep over their misfortunes, and wring their hands in an agony of fear as the shrieking shells tore through the air, but, like ministering angels on charitable deeds intent, went hither and thither to aid and succor those who lay bleeding and helpless in the houses and barns near the field of strife. Friend and foe alike received their attention, and many a feeble voice rose to call them blessed.

Devastation follows the track of the army on its march. Fences disappear, as if by magic, to feed the bivouac fires, while everything eatable is appropriated to feed the stomach. Even the commonest necessaries of life cannot be purchased at the farm houses, and we are forced to depend upon the Commissariat, and content ourselves with "marching rations," which comprises hard bread, coffee, sugar and fresh beef two or three times a week.

After our regular Sunday inspection to-day, the brigade attended divine service conducted by the several chaplains. General Patrick, by invitation, gave a lecture, contrasting the march of the Israelites of old, under Moses, and their passage through the Red Sea, to that of our present campaign, and the similarity that existed between the Jewish commonwealth and the Government of the United States. The General is an earnest, Christian soldier, and takes a deep and religious interest in the moral as well as physical well being of his brigade. A brave and prudent General, he has won the confidence and esteem of officers and men.

MONDAY, September 29th.

We moved our camp to-day, for sanitary reasons, from the woods to the open field, and somewhat nearer the Potomac, which is now in plain sight. The men can now have an opportunity to bathe, which has hitherto been denied them, the proximity of the foe on the opposite bank rendering it somewhat dangerous. It appears that they have fallen back, and our own pickets now occupy that bank of the river.

After being cut off from communication with the outer world for several weeks, we are once more enabled to hear what is going on outside of our lines. The Philadelphia and Baltimore papers reach us daily. We are often amused at the

flaming headings that precede the telegraphic news. How the rebels are being annihilated, and Stonewall Jackson and his whole army bagged. I have no doubt much of it is swallowed by the public, but we have learned to look with distrust on all newspaper announcements of great victories. Pope announced brilliant successes in Virginia, when, if he had told the plain truth, it would have been better for himself and for the country. It would have had the effect of hastening the new troops forward, perhaps saved the disaster at Harper's Ferry, and prevented Jackson from forming a junction with Lee.

Our people at home no doubt wonder why we have not bagged the rebel army, and get out of patience from day to day because the ragamuffins are not annihilated. It is just what we would like very much to do if we could. These rebels have a way of striking back, which makes us have some respect for their presence. If our people are so anxious to wipe out these fellows, why don't they come down here and try it on? One fight, such as we have been in, would take the conceit out of them some. They are as brave as we are, their army quite as large and better disciplined. As long as they can find enough to eat they will give blow for blow, even if they are forced to adopt the uniform of the Arkansas cavalry—a shirt collar and a pair of spurs.

TUESDAY, September 30th.

The whole corps seems to have changed its position, and now lies along the Potomac. How far the enemy is from us is unknown to your correspondent. A balloon reconnoissance was made from our lines this morning, but I have not learned the result.

Our wounded have all been sent away, and are now in the government hospitals, either at Frederick, Washington or Baltimore. A large number of wounded rebels remain, who receive the best attention, a fact, I trust, which will have its effect on their leaders, and influence them to treat our wounded, who fall into their hands, as well, and thus mitigate, in some degree, the horrors of this unnatural war.

We have received but one mail from home since the battle. We have been promised another for several days past, but it has not yet arrived. The appearance of the paymaster, too, is anxiously looked for. Five months' pay is now due the men and they ought to have it. Our march has been so rapid, however, that he could never reach us, although I understand he made the attempt.

The young ladies of the Central School will be interested to learn that the flag which they presented to the regiment is still in our keeping, more dearly prized than ever. Somewhat torn and faded, yet its appearance will tell more eloquently than words how it has

"Braved the battle and the breeze,"

and we are willing to confess that we look forward to the time with anxious solicitude when those who are left of us will return to our homes with it proudly floating over our heads. God grant the time may not be far distant.

WEDNESDAY, October 1st.

The usual routine of camp duties is again performed—guard mounting, drill and parade. Last night two companies were under charge of non-commissioned officers. One company presented a front of four files. To be sure the ranks were somewhat thinned by the details for guard, fatigue duty, etc., but our regiment is

short even when all who are capable of doing duty are present. The following officers are now present: Colonel Rogers, Adjutant Sternberg, Captain Adams, Lieutenants Wheeler, McLiesh, Remington, Schermerhorn, Beebee, Efner, Minnery and Halsey. Captain Washburne has not been heard of since the battle of Bull Run. All the others are either sick or wounded, and we hope will join us soon.

Lieutenant Colonel Drew has resigned on account of ill health. He left for home on Monday.

Another, of a later date, from Chaplain Robie:

NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., October 6th, 1862.

DEAR—Nothing here yet indicates an advance. "All is quiet on the lines of the Upper Potomac!" When Mac will suppose himself ready to make another demonstration is only known to himself. My idea is that he don't intend to cross the river here, but will find his way to Washington, and that as soon as the river rises. It is so strange, so remarkably mysterious to us pugnacious ones, that all this fine and dry weather is permitted to pass and we do nothing.

A number of our officers have been quite sick of late. Our Adjutant, hitherto hale and hearty, and strong and bony enough to do the duty of a dozen men, has had to succumb for a few days. He is now improving. Lieutenants Wheeler and Remington have been confined for some days, but are now convalescent. Several of the boys are sick, too unwell to remain in camp.

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A word on correspondence. Many friends of the boys may suppose that we are exceedingly dilatory in answering their inquiries. I have only to say that the mails reach us very irregularly. Sometimes eight or nine days will pass before we receive any. Then, as yesterday, my letters are old, some of them twelve and fifteen days back. I have answered twenty-one to-day, received in yesterday's mail; in most of the instances I have no doubt much earlier intelligence has been received by the anxious and afflicted ones. I shall send you, at once, all matters of interest.

It is now going on *five months* since the Government has paid our regiment. You need not be informed that we are in the midst of a money famine. The boys do actually need some in order to make soldiering at all comfortable.

The weather has been delightfully fine ever since the battle. Good bye,

ROBIE.

On Wednesday, October 8th, the boys were turned out to say good-bye to their old General, who, having been assigned to duty at headquarters as Provost Marshal General of the army, on that day relinquished his command to Colonel Rogers.

The following is his farewell order, listened to with mingled pride and regret by those who, in months of peril and hardship, had earned to place in him their confidence and love:

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 1ST ARMY CORPS,
CAMP BARNETT, October 7th, 1862.

General Orders No. 64.

The Brigadier General Commanding, having been assigned to duty at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, by General Orders No. 161, of the 6th instant, hereby relinquishes to Colonel Rogers, of the Twenty-First regiment, the command of this brigade, which was received from him seven months ago. Only seven months ago the General assumed command: Yet the ties that bind together those who, like ourselves, have shared each other's hardships and dangers, who have followed the same standard through so many battles, and gathered around it with ranks thinned, but unbroken, when the combat was over—*such* ties cannot be broken by the order that relieves your General from the command.

That he must continue to take the liveliest interest in the welfare of a brigade that has never failed in the hour of peril, whether in daylight or in darkness, to honor his every command, no one can doubt, and he trusts that both officers and men will touch lightly upon his faults, in the full conviction that as their Commander, he has endeavored to discharge his duties to them, to his country and his God.

He leaves you with fervent wishes for your prosperity, and the earnest hope that an honorable peace may soon be won, so that we may once more return to our own loved homes by the broad rivers and lakes of the Empire State. By order of

BRIGADIER GENERAL PATRICK.

J. P. KIMBALL, A. A. General.

His successor, General Paul, assumed command of the brigade on the 14th, and Colonel Rogers, whose health demands instant release from his duties, left for home on furlough, leaving the regiment in command of Major Sternberg. Orders had been issued on the 10th, for the command to hold itself in readiness to move at an hour's notice, and on the 13th one hundred rounds of cartridges had been dealt out to each man. The army had not been idle. Details of mechanics, the "mud-sills" of the North, busily plying their various crafts, were reconstructing the bridge across the Potomac; every day witnessed progress in the preparations to cross, and it was hoped that the storm of the equinox, which always swells the Potomac at about this season, would speedily send down the floods from the mountains, making the river impassible to the rebels, while we, already across at this point, could move against them with all our force.

Meanwhile our men were improving in health and spirits, but not yet up to their old standard, and gaining slowly in numbers by return from hospital of the less severely wounded and a few of the sick who had been sent there before the fighting. Chaplain Robie writes from Washington, to a friend in Buffalo, on the 17th inst.:

"I have been here for two days past; shall probably leave to-morrow, not for my home and friends in Buffalo, but to rejoin my regiment. I hear no news which will shed light on the dear missing ones connected with some of our city families."

About twelve or fifteen of the Twenty-First, would return with the Chaplain to the camp. The health of Captain Clinton was improving; Captain Layton was still ill; Sergeant Davock was much better; Lieutenant Vallier was anxious to return, but would not be able to do so for several weeks. The letter adds: "We shall be highly gratified if we can ever again muster three hundred men.

The *Christian Advocate* publishes a letter from "Jimmy," the Post Boy of the Twenty-First, from which we make the following extracts:

CAMP BARNETT, MD., October 18th, 1862.

* * * Our men are all much pleased with the promotions in the regiment; all of our field officers have proved themselves to be the right men in the right place. William Burt, of Company B, has been appointed Sergeant Major in place of W. H. Fargo, promoted. Burt has earned his position, and all are glad he has it.

The health of the regiment is fair, considering what it has gone through. We all miss Dr. Wilcox, but do not want him to return until he has entirely recovered his former strength, which he lost by keeping up three nights and days, constantly watching and attending to the wounded of the Twenty-First.

General Paul is our new Brigadier General. The War Department seems determined to furnish only "canonized" gentlemen to this brigade, and if he will prove as good as his predecessor, "St. Patrick," our men will have no cause to complain.

Lieutenant P. C. Doyle, is now acting Provost Marshal of the Army Corps. His company goes with him as Provost Guard. Lieutenant B. Schermerhorn takes his place as acting Quartermaster of the regiment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the March again.—"Pound Sterling."—The rigors of the Fall Campaign.—Crampton's Gap.—Bloomfield.—The Enemy just in advance.—We reach Warrenton.—General McClellan relieved of his command, and succeeded by General Burnside.—Consequent feeling in the Army.

At last, on Monday, October 20th, came the order to march—the division having been ordered to Bakersville, about six miles from the Potomac. This was supposed to be initiatory to a general movement of the army, and was hailed accordingly. At Bakersville another week was passed in "preparations" and picket duty. Meanwhile the weather, which had grown very cold, became cloudy and it rained almost daily. In the midst of a storm on Sunday the 26th, came the order to march for Crampton's Gap.

"This order," says "Pound Sterling," the genial historian of our Twenty-Third regiment, "turned us houseless into the cold northeaster which came down incessantly, drenching us to the skin. Hours elapsed before the long column which was to precede us had passed, and night, densely dark and gloomy, spread around. Cheered by the darkness the spirit of the storm grew wilder and fiercer, and laughed in apparent glee.

"The boys had made huge bonfires of the rubbish of deserted tents, and around each a group of soldiers looked in the vivid glare of the firelight like so many spectres. The passing column would come up out of the darkness into the light, blurt out some badinage at us, and plunge again into the gloom. At last the tail of the great serpent trailed itself past, and we plunged out into the blackness. The rain had made the knapsacks heavy, and the earth a slippery, slimy mass of mire. We staggered, braced, staggered again, and fell—fell sprawling into this muddy mixture. The passing of thousands of feet had made a sea of the road. It was from half shoe to ankle deep, and treacherous sloughs let the unsuspected soldier almost knee deep into the slush."

From a published leaf of Chaplain Robie's journal, I take the following description of the day's misery and night of suffering that accomplished the removal of two and a half miles from our camp of that morning:

"But what was our disappointment to-day, Sabbath, when orders came, about three o'clock, to strike tents and move! Could it be possible! and what was the demand for such an unheard of trial! But the command must be obeyed. So near dark our drenched tents were knotted up, the rain at the time descending in torrents, and we were preparing for the final leave. Such an uncomfortable time we had never before experienced, and to make our condition still more unpleasant, it grew suddenly and intensely cold.

"Were I possessed of the descriptive power adequate, I could picture a scene which would make the hearts of our friends at home chill with horror. They should first see our boys, almost in all respects, unprepared for a march of any kind. Still dressed in their summer clothing, not one-third of them having overcoats, and numbers of them with worn out and leaky shoes, and withal, poorly fed. In this sad plight amidst the rain and chilling winds, and after dark, they started on their weary march.

"As soon as we had left the light of our camp fires, the darkness became dense and hardly an object could be traced. The roads, too, had become about as bad as they could be made. The mud much of the way was over the shoes of the boys, while in many places the water was nearly knee deep.* The scene and suffering was deplorable and intense. Never were my feelings more touched. I could not and have not discovered the need of this sacrifice on the part of the soldiers. But on we went, stumbling over stones, and groping our way through dense woods, and delving in the mud and mire of recently ploughed fields. Could fathers and mothers have seen their boys in such a sad plight how would their hearts have been touched! They know but little what war compels their sons to endure!

"But this was not all of the disastrous night. Soon after nine o'clock our column was deployed in a field of low land, a little in the rear of the center line, which fought so valiantly in the

* "There was one good feature about this day's march. It was not one of those doubtful days when, by picking your way now here, now here, you can partially protect yourself, for the mud was deep and universal. There was no anxiety about it; your first plunge settled the matter, and you had wet feet and the entire freedom of the road for the rest of the day."—*Captain Noyes.*

memorable battle of Antietam. Here, in the midst of the cold and violent rain, we tried to make our state endurable. But imagine a regiment, with poor clothing, and what they had soaking in the wet, in a mud field, attempting to find rest! To be sure, we soon had lighted a multitude of camp fires, but nothing further could be provided, as we expected every moment to move further on. So, amid this state of uncertainty, with every element seemingly unfriendly to our peace, we lingered out one of the most miserable nights of our military life. As I passed around among the poor shivering boys, hoping to cheer them a little, I must confess to a good deal of sympathy. But this is only one of our war scenes. The Twenty-First has endured many such already. May its future be brighter!"

Next day we reached Crampton's Gap, and the day after arrived at Berlin, about four o'clock in the afternoon. Here the half clothed column was gladdened by the issue of overcoats, large and warm, and of the prescribed light army blue—but few of the old black ones, so long our distinguishing uniform, being now left in the regiment.

We lay at Berlin one day; that day being devoted to a brigade drill and the making out of pay rolls, a happy event, as it pointed to the eventual arrival of our paymaster and the liquidation of long arrears in our account with Uncle Sam.

On the 30th, we said good-bye to Maryland, put our worldly effects into transportable shape, and once more crossed the Potomac into Virginia, making a march by moonlight for about ten miles on the turnpike toward Leesburg, camping about nine o'clock near Lovettsville. Next day we marched a mile farther, turned off the main road and again encamped until 10 o'clock the following morning, when we moved on to the Leesburg and Snickersville turnpike, which we followed rapidly toward the latter town, halted again at Purcellsville, where the balance of the regiment bivouacked, while Co. "K" went forward and did picket duty until the next day, when they were relieved by "D." Our advancing column had here encountered a rebel force that morning, driving them toward Bloomfield where they were still fighting that day.

This was on Sunday, the first day of November, and "Pound Sterling" gives the following description of the brigade church service of that day:

"The primeval forest was our church, lighted up with all the splendor of a brilliant sun, and decked most gorgeously with the

rich and varied tinted foliage with which autumn so lavishly adorns the forests. The same breeze that wafted to us the deep toned thunder of the battle at the Gap, wafted a shower of seared leaves from the overhanging boughs, which fell upon our heads—a meet baptism and token of the presence of the great I AM, at our worship. The scene was a solemn one, and the clear, rich tones of our Chaplain, as in eloquent terms he expounded the great truths of God's plan of salvation, and reverently lifted the vail that we might gaze upon the glories of the hereafter, added a deeper solemnity, and in awe we felt that God was walking through the forest and in our midst. Hundreds of stout hearts, who had looked death calmly in the face in more than half a score of battles, were now awe stricken, and bowed in devout worship of His unseen presence."

Chaplain Robie, on the same day, writes as follows:

"The weather is very beautiful, the finest of the fall. The roads too, are in most excellent condition. This is much to say for old Virginia, for generally, roads are bad.

"The movement of a large army is a most magnificent sight, one which I wish you could see, as you would then be impressed with the vastness of the work in which we are engaged.

"Thus far our march in Virginia has been one of much interest, the better country and the nearness of the enemy, rendered it really exciting. To-day we may be brought in closer proximity than will be really relishable, though we came here to shoot and be shot at. Let the conflict rage if it will only bring about the grand result—the hoped for, prayed for consummation—peace and the complete establishment of the old blessed Union.

"But few of the regiment are now sick, less I judge, in proportion, than ever before. I am glad to record this fact, as it may be gratifying to friends who have dear ones with us.

"A grand affair came off among us yesterday, one which will cause more joy and produce more contentment among the boys than almost any other which occurred. I refer to the *Muster* and the making out of our *Pay Rolls*. The prospect now is that the boys will have some money before long, and be assured, when it comes, there will be a shout in the camps!

"The discipline and command of the regiment is favorable—the command, especially, having fallen into most competent hands. Captain Lee, acting Colonel, possesses many of the essentials of an

able and popular leader. Had another field officer to be appointed many of our minds would fall on him as one most competent to fill the position. This reference, I am sure, will be pleasing to our Colonel, who is sick and absent from us, but whose return will be welcomed by us all.

"I might also speak in the best terms of our new Adjutant, Lieutenant Samuel P. Gail. He takes to the position admirably and seems quite at home in meeting the responsibilities of one of the most difficult and active positions in the regiment.

"But I must close, as we move, with short reference this time to our new acting Quartermaster Schermerhorn and Surgeons Fry and Gibbs, all of whom are aiming to reflect honor on the positions which have only lately been assigned them.

"In my next, should I have an opportunity of again writing, I may give you items of more exciting character. But as we are off, I must bid you and my good friends in Buffalo good-bye."

On Monday we marched about eight miles toward Ashby's Gap, camping at night near Bloomfield. The smouldering fires here showed where the enemy's pickets had been the night before. The next day's march was a short one, and our tents were again pitched, that afternoon, in a forest a short distance beyond the village. On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, the march was resumed. "Gibbon's and Lieutenant Colonel Hoffman's brigade now took the road to the right, General Patrick's (now Paul's) and that of General Hatch taking that to the left, over the hills. The day was well advanced before this long and cumbersome column of infantry, artillery, ambulance and baggage trains had uncoiled itself and was fully under way; so we were constantly checked, would go a little way and stop for the column to move, then go a little farther and stop again. At last a certain steadiness was gained, and onward we pressed at a rapid pace. It was only occasionally checked by creeks and narrow defiles. Up and down the rocky sides of these mongrel mountains and across broad expanses of field and wood we hurry; now we dive into a deep dark forest—emerge, and taking a short turn sweep off to the right or left, constantly walled in by stone fences. We make all points of the compass, but press onward, still onward.

"Weakly men sink at last under their burden, unable to proceed—nature, but not themselves, is exhausted. 'Bully' men swear they will not go a step farther, and lie down to rest, regardless of consequences. Resolute men keep pace. Night at last made

progress more difficult, and the welcome fires of the advance gleamed out through the darkness, and we pitched our tents and sought rest and sleep. This bivouac lay about one mile east of Hectortown. We had carried our knapsacks about twenty-four miles that day, but had only made about sixteen miles in a direct line."

Next day we marched at 7 o'clock, through Salem and across the Manassas Gap Railroad to Warrenton. The march was, in difficulty, nearly a repetition of that of yesterday. We made eighteen miles, marching for most of the time by division and company front, through fields and woods and avoiding the easier roads, for we were constantly near the enemy, and the fighting in front was almost continual. Our cavalry took the advance with the Pennsylvania Reserves, and had no difficulty in driving the rebels out of Warrenton as we approached. We took many rebel prisoners here and found many of the enemy's wounded in charge of their surgeons, who sat, decked out in their best, at the doors of the finest houses, and amused themselves by a skirmish of comment and retort with our troops as they filed past.

We formed our camp near the "pike" half a mile west of the town, and here it remained until Tuesday, the 11th of November. Next day we had our first snow storm, an event for which we were hardly prepared. "A dog's kennel is more comfortable than the little shelter tent, and attempts at comfort are rather futile. But the dumb brutes suffer more than the men. In a few hours the weather had changed from a pleasant autumn day to all the rigor of mid winter. Snow fell to the depth of four inches on Friday, but it was very transient, lasting only two days."

On Saturday some of our officers visited Warrenton, where it had just begun to be whispered at headquarters that an order relieving General McClellan from the command had been received. In fact, General Burnside, who had been ordered to assume command, was at that time holding a consultation with the other generals upon the question of accepting, which he was not yet willing to do. It was not until Monday following that this order was officially announced, the troops being on that day called out to receive the farewell of their old commander. The feeling with which the army received this news was as deep as unmistakable; it is certain that, deserved or not, no man could hold a nearer place in their hearts than that held by the favorite commander whom they were now about to lose, and many agree in the opinion that if the army ever approached demoralization it was near that condition at this time.

They seemed to have lost all spirit, or were furious, mad with the thought of what they considered rank injustice and ingratitude to their idolized leader, whom they also looked upon as the one who had saved them and the country. This feeling even went so far as to cause every officer in one of the Wisconsin regiments to resign, and following the example was seriously contemplated by the entire field, staff and line of other organizations, who were checked by hearing that those resignation had been returned from headquarters with the query if this "were not a mutiny?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Our third March to Fredericksburg.—Death of Surgeon Wilcox.—The weather becomes cold, with Snow.—Rigors of the March.—Preparing for the Fight.—The Battle of Fredericksburg.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, November, 11th, the army was again in motion, *en route* for Fredericksburg. It was known to the army generally that such was its probable destination, but it was also possible, and by many considered probable that a battle would be fought before reaching that place. Firing was occasionally heard in the direction of the Rappahannock, and the enemy was always known to be within striking distance, only the fact that the river flowed between the two armies rendered it probable that he would await an attack upon his own side.

We marched that day to Fayetteville, a distance of only eight miles, and camped, some time after dark. Here our division lay with the great part of the army until the 17th, the interval being employed in drilling the men and replacing the horses, a great many of them having been disabled by hoof disease.

This camp was made memorable by one of the saddest events in our history as a regiment, for it was here that we received news of the death of our old much loved Surgeon, Doctor Wilcox. It was a blow as sudden as it was grievous, for though all knew that his devotion to his charge had jeopardized his health, few had imagined that that noble heart and ready hand, that ever active figure and the cheerful face all had learned to greet as belonging to one of our truest and bravest friends, had gone from us never to return; never to know perhaps the half of that we felt for him, or the void he left, never to be filled. To the truth of the facts set forth in the following obituary, published in the *Morning Express* of November 8th, we can most heartily subscribe.

Obituary.—Dr. Charles H. Wilcox, Surgeon of the Twenty-First Regiment, a necessarily brief notice of whose sad death we have already given, has been for many years a resident of this city, and was one of our most distinguished physicians

and respected citizens, and warmly esteemed by all who knew him. At the time the rebellion broke out he abandoned his lucrative practice, and actuated by the purest motives of patriotism and humanity alone, and at no small personal sacrifice, accepted the appointment of Surgeon in the Twenty-First Regiment. His death, the result of his noble devotion to his arduous duties, furnishes a mournful evidence of the untiring faithfulness with which he executed the great and serious responsibilities of his position. Forgetful of self, he thought only of the safety and comfort of those committed to his care. Night and day, in the camp, the hospital and amidst the roar of battle, he was with them, unceasing in his efforts to alleviate their sufferings, performing his duties with the patience and devotedness of a Christian, the courage of a soldier and gentleness of a woman.

The long exemption of his regiment from sickness is a high compliment to his ability, and the deep sorrow of its members at his death a rare tribute to his worth.

When he first joined the regiment, we are informed that he was not popular with the men, on account of the strictness with which he enforced all sanitary measures, but as time wore on, and they saw hundreds in other regiments stricken down by disease while they remained untouched, they began to appreciate and respect that unceasing vigilance and decision which had preserved them; and as they became better acquainted with his noble qualities, to their respect was added a strong and abiding affection. Those who knew him best and needed him most, will most miss him. Those for whom he gave his life as a sacrifice that they might be saved, can best appreciate what a costly sacrifice it was, and will remember it gratefully and tenderly as long as the memory of their glory and suffering remains. He died for the benefit of humanity—may his memory live and grow bright with the lapse of years for that of posterity.

We append the following resolutions adopted at a meeting of the officers of our regiment, held immediately after receiving news of his death:

CAMP OF THE 21ST REGIMENT N. Y. V., NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, VA.,
November 13th, 1862.

At a meeting of the officers of the Twenty-First Regiment, held upon the announcement of the death of Charles H. Wilcox, our recent Surgeon, the following proceedings were had:

Captain Edward L. Lee was appointed Chairman, and Lieutenant Samuel P. Gail Secretary.

On motion of Chaplain John E. Robie, the Chairman appointed the following officers a Committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting: Chaplain John E. Robie, Captain A. M. Adams, Captain H. P. Clinton, Assistant Surgeon Chas. B. Fry, Lieutenant Levi Vallier.

The Committee made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased our Great Captain to remove from us our late comrade and brother officer, Surgeon Charles H. Wilcox, we deem it proper that we should express, in some fitting manner, our deep grief at the dispensation, and tender our condolence to those connected to him by nearer ties than ourselves. Surgeon Wilcox has been with us since our organization as a regiment, and until he recently left us to

return no more, has been constantly with us. He had so endeared himself to us that we feel his loss almost irreparable. As a man he was genial, kind and universally esteemed. As a surgeon, skillful and accomplished, and as an officer, firm, faithful, and untiring in the performance of his duties.

To his untiring zeal and labor we attribute in a great degree the unexampled health which has blessed our regiment, and to his skill, and courage on the battle field, many a brave soldier owes his life. On the late bloody fields of Manassas, South Mountain and Antietam he signally distinguished himself. For days he scarcely bethought himself of food or rest, but was everywhere present contributing his personal efforts and professional skill to the aid of the wounded and dying. Many, many live to bless his memory!

He has died in his efforts to save the lives of others, another noble sacrifice on the altar of his country. We cherish his memory for the deeds he has done. None braver have fallen on the field; none more devoted to duty and their country live to mourn his loss. It is therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Surgeon Charles H. Wilcox, the profession has lost one of its brightest ornaments, society an accomplished gentleman, and our Regiment one who has guarded it with the most devoted care, and bound us to him by endearing ties.

Resolved, That we deeply deplore his loss, and tender our most heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and family—feeling, though we mourn, that a gracious God ordereth all things aright, and in this dispensation will work out a most benign Providence.

Resolved, That the officers of this regiment wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the daily journals of Buffalo, and a copy be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

EDWARD L. LEE, *Chairman*.

SAMUEL P. GAIL, *Secretary*.

Early morning of the 17th, ushered in a chilling, gloomy rain storm, in which we "broke camp" at ten and again took to the almost impassable road. We marched slowly and made but fifteen miles that day, halting at nine in the evening, about six miles beyond Townsville, where in soldier phrase, we "fooled around" for about an hour before a practicable camping spot could be found. After a night's sleep in the mud we pushed on at eight in the morning, crossing the Fredericksburg turnpike and taking the road to Stafford Court House, halting before dark upon a good camping ground, with wood and water, the latter especially, in abundance. The rain still continued, and the roads were so bad that a distance of but fourteen miles had, with much difficulty, been accomplished this day. The baggage trains were mired with the artillery miles behind, and our officers, who were thus without tents, were fain to accept the hospitalities of us "dromedaries" or pass the night

indifferently, or worse, with no shelter but their independence and no couch but the oozy earth and their dignity.

Next morning at ten, we again moved on, and still it rained. Our General had selected a camping ground a few miles farther, and there we halted, passed the night near a swamp in which our trains were stuck fast, while the rain still came down in torrents, and in the morning, once more planted our camp, this time upon a hill side where the ground presented at least an appearance of firmness, and erected our slight defensive works against the rain and cold; this time, as we expected to remain some days, adding a further protection in the shape of roughly improvised walls of logs, twigs and bark.

Next day, Friday, November 21st, it stopped raining, and we once more had the usual parade at evening. But our expectation of remaining at least a short time in comparative comfort, was rudely dispelled on the following morning, by a sudden order to move immediately for Brooks' Station, on the Acquia Creek Railroad, about six miles from Fredericksburg.

We lay at Brooks' Station a little more than two weeks, employing the time in making ourselves comfortable, for the weather had grown very cold and rainy—drilling, and awaiting developments at the front, where our picket lines confronted the enemy's at the Rappahannock. The roads were in a horrible condition, and a part of the time the troops in advance were on half rations, in consequence of the difficulty of getting supplies to them. Our own condition was bad enough, with no covering but the little shelter tents, eked out by such contrivances as our ingenuity enabled us to construct with very limited material. On the 27th, Thursday, General Patrick gave us a visit and was affectionately welcomed; even though the opportunity involved a lecture, which was listened to with exemplary attention by the assembled brigade. On the same day—happy event—the Paymaster arrived, and the first money we had received for nearly seven months, was dealt out to us by him on the next. It came most opportunely, for even the most provident had long since wholly exhausted their little reserve of "tobacco money."

The following extract is from a letter written two days before this event, by Chaplain Robie.

"A good deal of interest gathers around Fredericksburg just now. We are only six miles distant, and expect every moment to hear the terrible artillery open. A large rebel force is on the

opposite side of the river, in plain view of our columns, and soon a collision must take place. If we are to be engaged again, I am pleased that the conflict will be no farther off from the capital. But, Oh, the thought of another battle! I have seen and heard so much that even the thought is frightful. But if it comes, God be praised, that there will be some who will not shrink from any duty connected with it.

"Marshall Tryon met with a fearful accident a few days since. He fell from a wagon and both wheels passed over his body. It is a wonder he was not killed. He is now improving fast.

"A soldier by the name of Bettenger is quite sick in the hospital. I don't think he can live."

Our Chaplain went to Washington on the Monday following, for the purpose of forwarding the money the boys desired to send home.*

Our history now approaches the last of those sanguinary struggles on Virginia soil, which marked the year 1862, as one of the costliest in human life of the five, during which, forward and backward swayed the tide of battle, and the victor of to-day was the vanquished and the fugitive of to-morrow; the last, and which was to leave us with no offset of success for the reverses of summer and autumn, wiping off the bloody score of Antietam, and adding one more to the number of cruel reverses which our gallant little army had endured. What if its hard marched, hard fought, hard used and too often unworthily commanded ranks, fought often a hard fight with hope, against despair and the demoralizing elements which stood ever ready to prompt the weak and weary in their despondent hours.

But at the time of which I write, a period concerning which I have been able to gather but too little record, all other feeling was merged in hopeful preparation for a dubious encounter with a foe, whose well known valor gave no ground for vaunting expectation, much less for the easy self assured confidence of victory with which we had too often approached him.

On the morning of December 4th, orders were received to march, but before the hour arrived they were countermanded. However, this not unusual delay gave us plenty of time to prepare.

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*This extract from a Buffalo paper shows how our boys remembered their families:

"MONEY FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.—Wm. B. Peck, of the American Express Co., has received from the members of the Twenty-First Regiment, the sum of $12,481.75, to be paid to relatives here. This is indeed handsome, and shows that the men are not unmindful of the necessities of those dependent upon them at home."

Next day began in rain storm, which changed in the afternoon to snow, with a corresponding fall of temperature, and the boys recognized the fact that winter had indeed come, a fact more apparent still on the succeeding morning, when they woke to find everything covered with snow to a depth of several inches. Two of the half starved horses of our train, were stark and stiff, as is feelingly chronicled by a disconsolate, whose future hard-tack he knew must often depend upon the too uncertain ability of "them wagons" to keep their places.

On the 6th, Colonel Rogers returned, and all were delighted to see him again in improved health. His arrival was especially opportune, as whisperings and rumors were rife of a contemplated grand move shortly, to be followed by a grand battle; and who, of all who might lead worthily, and with honor to themselves and the regiment, could lead our column so well, and be so well followed as he who so oft had calmly eyed his line in the battle's front, seemingly a charmed life, and all consciousness of self lost in his solicitude for his regiment's honor and efficiency.

On Tuesday, December 9th, in weather miserably cold, mud deep, and a disheartening state of things generally, our boys again pulled up their tent stakes, and concentrating as much as possible their worldly effects, again "padded their hoofs." The direction and supposed destination of the march was Potomac Creek. Chaplain Robie has kindly loaned me his short-hand diary, a gem of its kind, with its terse laconic wording and compact hieroglyphics, albeit some of the good Doctor's "pot-hooks and hangers" are somewhat of a puzzle, and from it I shall hereafter glean extensively. Of this day's march, he says:

"We moved to-day about four miles. The weather is not pleasant, the ground is covered with snow, and it is somewhat cold. The snow and mud made it very unpleasant for the boys. Late in the afternoon we encamped in the open woods, as usual, nearly a mile from the road. I marched to-day on foot, 'Old Bones,' having died from mere starvation some three days since. Am now tired; and, seated under a little pine, I am ruminating upon this most unfortunately conducted war."

Here our good Chaplain's indignation must have reached high pressure, for not even short-hand seems to have been a rapid enough means of expression, so we will skip to—

Wednesday, December 10.—"Our night's sleep was somewhat peculiar, as the winter's snow is upon us. We are encamped on a

side hill in an open forest. Our staff tents not coming up, we were compelled to take to the ground, and as it was covered with snow we resorted to the expedient of strewing upon it the boughs of the pine and fir. Over these we spread our blankets, and making a fire, we tried to sleep. The Colonel, Adjutant and myself were together. The two found a little sleep, but, poor me, I was obliged to pass a wakeful night. It was cold, and I was nervous. It was also hard on the Colonel, for this morning he looks and feels unwell.

"The march to-day has been pleasant, may be about four miles (bringing us to the neighborhood of our old 'Camp Rufus King'), which I walked.

"It is said we are to have a fight soon, perhaps to-morrow. We shall see. Our camp for to-day is very pleasant, being laid out in a pine wood; it is clean and the sun shines softly in among the trees. We anticipate a delightful afternoon. But now an order comes for soldiers on detached service to-morrow *in crossing the river!*"

Tuesday, December 11th, 1862.—"Memorable day with us! The terrible preparations continued pretty much all night. The first cannon was fired at ten minutes of five o'clock, and was followed by another; then a silence till a quarter of six o'clock. Now the regiment is ready; we are awaiting orders; the boys are handing me their money.

"It is now half-past six-o'clock. For half an hour the cannonading has been terribly incessant. We are located about two miles from where the firing is going on, waiting for orders to move. The thunder of the artillery appears to silence the whole camp. Our Colonel sits, while I write, in a pensive and reflective state, meditating no doubt, the solemn responsibilities which await him. Around him are gathered many others silent and thoughtful."

And now, at a little after eight, while tremendous peals shock earth and sky as if to discourage their movement with threatening omen, our little regiment moves forward to the river, while the Chaplain, who as a non-combatant will not be permitted to cross with them, takes his way to the nearest possible point of view, from which to see the operations of both armies; and as his experiences for this day are, perhaps, of more interest and certainly more available than those of the little band quietly waiting at the river bank their opportunity to cross, we will go with him.

"I left camp with Private P——, at half-past eight, and we slowly wended our way towards the Phillips House, just opposite the

city. The fog and smoke were so intense that at first we could see nothing plainly, but as the sun comes forth warmly they seem momently to break and lift. On our way we passed vast bodies of cavalry drawn up in line, probably awaiting the opportunity to go over; also, immense numbers of infantry, and as for artillery, there is no computing the force. It is everywhere, and probably just where it should be. The reports of the artillery are awful. I can only compare it to the breaking of a terrific thunder storm, when one expects every moment the great drops of rain to follow."

But, alas! the shower that must follow this is such as the sky never weeps, and as for this snowy earth, to-morrow, there will not be rain enough in the heavens to wash it white again.

"Now a tremendous crash breaks forth, a little nearer than before; the fog has not yet lifted from the river, but the sun is brilliant and warm.

"At ten o'clock opens one of the most terrific cannonadings mortal ever heard. It is tremendous, and awfully incessant. It seems as though the fiery artillery of heaven were all opened upon the devoted city on the other side. Never was a scene of such grandeur opened to my mind and eyes.

"It is now twelve o'clock. For an hour and a half there has been quite a lull, with only an occasional shot now and then. No pontoons are yet up or over the river, but they will soon cross. Just where I now sit, on the railroad, a dozen men are busy making coffins, a pile of which are completed. Sad spectacle. Before night many a poor fellow will want a coffin.

"I have just had a complete view of the city from a hill. The fog and smoke have almost entirely disappeared. The city is on fire in six places; in two the fires seem extensive. I think the tower of the Episcopal Church has been shelled off. This is the first view I have had of the town since I returned. It must have been terribly shattered by the fire of this morning. I shall soon go over and see for myself.

"Now at three, the firing has ceased and no effect is yet apparent but the burning of the buildings. Now it begins again, but from what point I cannot tell, as there are no rebels in sight, and from all appearance, might not be five hundred within ten miles of this spot.

"Evening; and all is still but for the 'retreat' heard to reverberate among those sunset hills. But I hear a shout from the multitude. It is caused, I learn, from the fact that one of the bridges is completed, and a few of our men have crossed. If so, we may expect a move-

ment of interest to-morrow. God be praised that we have been preserved this day."

The chief object of the cannonading on this day seems to have been to protect the men working upon the pontoons. According to the published reports, this was found a task too difficult for our batteries, the rebel sharpshooters holding their ground defiantly among the buildings skirting the river, and even, at times, actually driving every man of the pontoniers from his work ; and it was not accomplished until the boats were filled with a force of volunteers who crossed in the face of the enemy's fire, and charging up into the town soon drove them back to the hills. It will be seen from the Chaplain's report, that the rebel force at this place was generally supposed to be small. Far from being the case was this, so far that at any time a force might easily have been spared from it sufficient to have made the crossing an impossibility. Little did our men, or their brave but unfortunate leader, dream of the snare their terrible enemy had set, and which they were so anxious to walk into.

Burnside's plan of operations on leaving Warrenton,—as detailed by himself before the "Committee on the Conduct of the War,"—was to move rapidly down the river to Fredericksburg, having induced the enemy to mass its forces in the vicinity of Gordonsville, and maintaining a threatening front on that quarter until the last moment. At Fredericksburg he expected to find pontoons and every requisite for immediate progress toward Richmond, having given timely notice to the Commander-in-Chief at Washington, and received the assurance that all necessary orders had been given for the accomplisment of these preparations. What then was his surprise on reaching that point to find no pontoons ; what his annoyance as golden hours and days passed and they did not come, and when finally, by devious routes and long, they did arrive, the certain basis of his plan was gone ; nothing remained but to blind the enemy if possible to his real point of attack, and strike him before his lines could form.

Of his forebodings at this time, Burnside himself speaks freely. Even his despatches to Halleck were plainly ominous of the hopelessness of the undertaking. Still, a council, and more than one council, of his Generals was in favor of crossing. The die was cast. How our army fought ; how they charged those hillsides as if to die there were the summit of earthly desire ; how again and again they faced those walls of stone, and built ghastly ones of their own bodies where the fire was too fierce for anything living to stand before, hath been

often told. Hooker said it was, at that time, the fiercest battle of the war.

Our Regiment lay, this night, just within musket range of the river, awaiting orders to cross. Nearly the whole of Franklin's grand division, destined to form the left wing of next day's line of battle, crossed at sunset. Reynolds' corps, of which our division, commanded by Doubleday, formed a part, belonging to the extreme left of the grand division. Colonel Rogers was in command of the brigade, leaving the regiment in command of the senior Captain, Layton. The night was uneventful.

On the 13th, Saturday, at about eight o'clock, having been in line since daylight, the regiment was ordered to take the lead in the morning's work, by moving directly to the left, parallel with the main position of the enemy, and toward the point where his line formed an angle connecting the main line with the river. At the same time a steadily increasing din from the right betokened the commencement of general hostilities. A ravine was passed on the left, and then the regiment paused at a fence which fronted the line, and waited until another force, Meredith's brigade, could pass our left and drive out the enemy from a good flanking position which he held in the woods along the river.

The artillery of the enemy was now playing upon us with terrific energy, and this exposed position gave us little choice of standing places. But the brigade on our left soon does its work, and does it nobly, and then we mount the fence, and, still in line of battle, again move forward. Half through the field and an order overtakes us to change front to the right and dislodge a force of the enemy from behind a fence upon the Bowling Green road. The order came just as our right had almost reached a shallow ravine which cut it diagonally, and in the shelter of this the movement was successfully made, without the loss of a man, and then upon the run our boys charged up the road, reaching it just in time to hasten the disappearance of the line of flying rebels by a well directed volley in their rear, which caused the final disappearance of a few of them and seriously demoralized sundry others.

This gained a position for our batteries, a line of which were immediately in position along the road. And here, with hardly a change of position, during the remainder of the day, while the batteries hurled either way their iron compliments above our heads, we lay, part of the time inactive but not uninterested spectators of a tragedy in which we were taking a much larger part than was at all

agreeable under the circumstances, seeing that part consisted chiefly in dodging the aforesaid compliments, without the privilege mentioned by the old jack tar who preferred the Church of England service to all others, because he could "jaw back."

Our regiment on this day was singularly fortunate, for although occupying as exposed a position as any in that part of the field, it lost but one man, who was struck in the back of the neck, while sitting in the ditch, by a fragment of shell, which passed through his body and dropped in his open hands, which were crossed with his musket upon his lap. He never moved. A force of the enemy's sharpshooters flanked the road upon the left, at long range, and were continually sweeping it with their rifles. Gayer Gardner, Sergeant of "B" (afterward Lieutenant), was severely wounded by these fellows, and several others were hit, with various degrees of damage to their under and upper integuments.

One fellow the boys will never forget He was perched up somewhere among the hills with a rifle of unheard of range. It was long before the boys could believe that the shots came from the neighborhood of the enemy's batteries. But it was certain that in that direction there was no other shelter for him. The fellow must have whittled down a small columbiad and mounted in with a telescope powerful enough to show the town lines on the moon, for no sooner did any of our officers give him the faintest show of a mark, then "ping" a little joker of a bullet would hum past him, like a June bug on a summer night, just as blindly heedless of any obstruction and careless of consequences. Not a General with his staff, not a group of field or line officers could for a long time enjoy a comfortable reconnoissance upon that part of the field. At last one of our "chippies" went out after him. Chippie disappeared like his namesake chipmunk along the fences and hollows, and Mr. Reb. was a marked man. By and by there was a sharp, quick report, and that was the last of our persecutor.

Meredith, who had done so well in the morning, had been directed to hold his position, parallel with ours and farther to the left, until dusk, then to draw back his main force and leave but a skirmish line to hold his present position. All day a rebel battery had lain *perdu* in a hollow before him, and just where the road on our left took a turn toward the river. A whole brigade of rebels lay beside the guns, but too low to be seen, and the guns were not worked, only we knew they were there. This ground was as yet unfelt; we did not know the strength of the supporting force, and

one of our officers, with perhaps more valor than discretion, actually proposed to take a couple of companies and bring in the pieces; thinking that force sufficient to quiet any objections the custodians of said pieces might naturally make. A detail of four companies was accordingly made, but happily, before they had gone too far on their perilous errand, it occurred to our commanding officer to ask Captain Reynolds* to pitch a few shells into the hollow, when lo! up rose a mass of men in gray, enough to have eaten the handful who proposed to "fetch in the pieces." Of course they "got back" much relieved, no doubt, at being repulsed with so small a loss.

From some unaccountable reason Meredith did not wait until dark, as ordered, but fell back at about six. This was a false move on the board and a bad one for us, for now, no longer in check, out trundled the howitzers, and in ten minutes their grape and cannister were rattling and pattering with fearful uncertainty all around.

Long after dark, for this road must be held at any cost, those awful flutterings in the air above, like myriad winged flocks of ominous flight, made our poor fellows hug the closer to their damp couches. Luckily, nearly every discharge was too high; the unevenness of the ground favored us somewhat, and nearly every man had erected his knapsack barricade against the dangerous point, planted his head close behind and carefully marking the line of fire, made his body and heels exactly correspond thereto. Here, as in most other situations, the long men were at a decided disadvantage, and doleful were the glances down unwieldy extensions of army blue and cowhide, so much in the way, yet not to be disposed of, and as yet entirely unavailable as a means of extrication from this embarrassing predicament.

But the fatigues of the day made sleep a necessity, and all but the pickets slept; slept the sleep of the tired soldier to whom danger is an accustomed bedfellow. Only once during the night were they disturbed, and that was by the arrival of our own Quartermaster with rations, and their consequent distribution.

Thus ended the first day's fight. For the dangers of the night, we had only Meredith to thank. He was, in consequence, placed under arrest, relieved from command and sent across the river.

Morning came at last, but only fitful and uncertain attempts were made to renew the battle. As if by mutual consent the day was one of rest, except for an occasional rattle of small arms along some

*Chief of Artillery, left grand Division.

skirmish line, or the roar of single discharges of cannon, followed by the rush, or screech, or flutter of the shell—according to the make of the missile—and its terminating explosion. The general opinion was that we were to advance. We knew that our army on the right and center had been badly used, and suffered terrible loss, but no one yet seemed willing to admit the failure.

The day was delightfully sunny and warm, although hazy. Several times a flag of truce came over from the enemy's lines, and while hostilities were thus ceremoniously suspended upon that part of the field, the men of the two armies met in neighborly intercourse between the lines, no advantage being taken on either side, but to exchange their sentiments relative to the war—all agreeing in wishing it were over—and by our boys in exchanging coffee and rations for whiskey and tobacco, a barter the rebs always proposed and eagerly consummated. Our boys asked after the man with the telescope rifle. "Oh! he's dead, some one of your fellows fetched *him* yesterday." So here was Chippie's shot accounted far, and probably he never expended one to better purpose.

So night came again. It was very dark, and after the quiet of the day the stillness and gloom of night were more impressive and melancholy. The chief duty of the day had been the interment of our dead, all over the field, those who had been instantly killed or had died under primary operations in the Surgeon's hands. The wounded had been sent in ambulances across the river as fast as they could be got to the rear. Again, during this night, our position was swept by the enemy's artillery, but our regiment lost no men, although all voted it a "hot place," and the grape shot did fall thick and fast.

Monday morning came, and again the skirmishers began their intermittent fusilade, again the artillery sent its deadly reports echoing along hill and hollow, and the rush and wail of deadly shot and shell proclaimed the renewal of this awful strife. This day, all along the line the dreadful carnage on the right and center, and their failure to carry any of the strongholds opposed to them, became fully known. Soldiers are quick at seeing and estimating the advantage or disadvantage of any position, and our veterans were not slow in comprehending this one. Fully alive to the danger of defeat, and the almost impossibility of recrossing the river with a victorious army in our rear, they waited patiently to know what their leaders would have. Meanwhile an unflinching front must be kept, and they kept it. It might be that our comparatively fresh troops on the left could

carry the less formidable positions in their front, and by flanking the enemy's stronghold, drive him from it.

Night came, and again our boys lay on their arms. The general impression was that the morning would see an advance. But at about nine o'clock word was passed quietly along the line to fall back, leaving a slight picket line, and prepare to recross the river.

Noiselessly as a troop of ghosts, so noiselessly that the enemy's pickets, only a few hundred yards away, never suspected that our shattered columns were silently filching the crown of their hard won triumph—grimly and sullenly but still wary and watchful, our decimated regiments recrossed the almost fatal river, the pickets were drawn in, the planking taken up, pontoons unmoored, and all that remained on the other side to confront the victor, were the new made graves where thousands slept their last long sleep under the bloody sod.

CHAPTER XX.

Our Army retires to the Potomac.—New Year's in Camp.—We move to Acquia Creek.—Are Transferred to the Command of General Patrick, Provost Marshal General.—Winter Quarters.—New Duties.—Preparing to Muster out.—*Homeward Bound.*

AND so at length our active part in the last campaign of sixty-two was ended, and the veterans of our much enduring little army were now to prepare for another winter before Washington, instead of quartering in Richmond as they had hoped. Discipline never relaxed its hold, nor did the soldiers manifest any ill feeling or disheartenment in any way or manner, except in the legitimate and perfectly safe one of grumbling. They grumbled in camp and on the march, when rations were served, and when they had to go hungry, at the frost and at the mud; in fact they grumbled much of the time, and but for this safety valve, the effects of the late disaster might have been serious to the *morale* of the whole army.

Even our patient Chaplain, slow to anger and infinitely trustful of the Providence over us, was tempted into divers and sundry expressions of dissatisfaction, if not of absolute impatience at the mismanagements, delays and waste of the country's means and men.

But this petulance did not manifest itself immediately after their return from the disastrous field of Fredericksburg. They were too grateful for the escape from annihilation they had so barely made. It was indeed wonderful, and at first nearly all other feeling was merged in one of thankfulness. The Chaplain's journal will better describe the days following, than any other record I can find.

Tuesday, December 16th.—"As I anticipated, a retreat had been forced upon us. Last night, in most complete order, the troops and trains recrossed the river. All this was done with the rebels expecting the move. Why they did not scathe us is a wonder. The morning is bright and clear, though the rain of the night was severe. Several whizzing balls passed my head just before I left the trains, a mile or more from the river. The rebels are shelling us with a good deal of spirit, and with an aim to scare us. I am in doubt as to what will be done to-day.

"The Twenty-First has returned to camp from one of the most awful exposures it has ever had, and has lost but one man,* and had three wounded. This is providential indeed. At present we lie in a pine wood. The evening is one of rest with us all. I write this in the Colonel's tent, in front of the fire; the Colonel, lying on his bed, is half asleep, and no doubt thinking of his home and friends. Now he speaks, and what says he? 'I could go into this battle with more choice if I were assured my wife and children were in a condition to live without me.'

"Now most of our veterans have turned in, and without doubt are thanking God that they have been spared from the fierce dangers to which they have been exposed.

Wednesday, December 17th.—"After the wear and danger of days, our boys slept well, and this morning appear as cheerful as ever. It is remarkable how soon the soldier recovers himself from the fatigue of days and weeks. Sleep and care are good restoratives.

"At ten o'clock we moved nearer to the banks of the river, within full view of the rebels on the other side. I am surprised that we are thrown in such an exposed situation. Had they a mind they could shell us from where we lie in thirty minutes. The morning is bright and clear, but attended with a bracing cold North wind. The view of the other side is here the finest I have seen. Every object appears as distinct as though it were only a few rods distant.

Thursday, 18th.—"No movements, and no news.

Saturday, 20th.—"At nine o'clock we moved from the Rappahannock, and marched for the Potomac; distant, ten miles. Our present location is about one mile from the river, near a place called Hanes' Landing. We are on the extreme left and our line of battle now extends more than twenty miles. The day has been very cold, more intensely so than on any march we have ever had. I never heard so much complaining; at times it seemed that I must freeze my face and ears. The march was well accomplished, with some delays, however. Having no horse I was compelled to walk.

"A severe night is before us officers, for the teams have not and will not come up, and being so cold, and not having the first thing to shelter me, I know not what to do. What a life for us all to lead. There is a good deal of complaining.

"We were amused a good deal during the evening, with a high cedar tree which we were burning. Its branches were entangled with

*Corporal Quinton, of Company "I."

trees around. I said it would not tumble over on us, while the Colonel contended that it might. It finally settled down straight.

Sunday, December 21st.—"I should be thankful, and will, that this present day finds me living and in health; and may the God of all grace grant me mercy and peace this day. The night was one of great wakefulness and uneasiness with me. The teams did not come up, so I had no blanket. It was very cold, and I stretched myself before a fire and sought slumber, but none came, for I could not save myself from shivering with the cold. Such a life is totally unfit for me. I now, more than ever, feel assured I can do these boys no spiritual good; a good example is all I can set. Situated as we are, expecting any minute to move, and the boys eager to make themselves comfortable, it is difficult to think of devotion. Our Sabbaths are much like other days; even, I have sometimes thought, more labor is meted out to the boys on that day than on any other.

"Since our defeat at Fredericksburg, my confidence in the present management of this war has been considerably shaken. Our Generals are not the right men. They are jealous of each other, and I verily believe some would rather see a battle lost than have another gain it. Such rascals ought to be put out of the service and disgraced forever before the American people. Hereafter, when most of them are known, I hope it will be only to disgrace them still more.

Tuesday, December 23d.—"Marched this day four miles, still farther up the Potomac, to near Pratt's Landing, and in full sight of the river. The day is very beautiful. Our camp is on a hill side, with a fine prospect. Now appearances indicate that we shall have winter quarters, or an approach to such a luxury.

Christmas, 1862.—"The day has been charming, conforming in this respect, most beautifully with the character of the scenery here.

"Christmas, the birthday of our Lord and Saviour, the world's Redeemer.

"With us, it has been attended with nothing unusual. The boys have worked in logging up their tents on the hill-side. I made my Christmas dinner of bean soup, with hard-tack crumbled into it, and a piece of quite home-made pie. This," says the good Chaplain, lest he should seem unreasonably dainty, "was good enough, and was partaken with a relish. Colonel Rogers and myself, after our repast, walked out and took a view of the rebel force not far from our camp, and the beautiful prospect of the landscape and river. Such a sight is seldom seen in our country.

"The evening was spent with the boys in their tents, and in

pleasant conversation with them. Thus ends another Christmas in the army."

The regiment lay at this place until the ninth of January, when it moved to Acquia Creek, in compliance with the following order:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.,
January 6th, 1863.

Special Orders No. 6.

At the mutual request of the Brigader Generals concerned, the 21st, 23d, 35th and 80th (20th Militia) Regiments, of New York State Volunteers, will be transferred from the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Corps, to the command of the Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, and the 22d, 29th, 30th and 31st New Jersey Volunteers, the 137th Pennsylvania and 147th New York Volunteers, now on duty with the Provost Marshal General, will be transferred to the 3d Brigade, 1st division, 1st Corps, Brigader General Paul commanding.

By command of Major General Burnside.

EDWARD McNEIL,
Captain and A. A. General.

Official:

H. P. TAYLOR,
Lieutenant and A. A. General.

The following is from a Buffalo paper of about this date:

FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.—The Twenty-First Regiment, as we learn from Chaplain Robie, is now, with the brigade attached, ordered on detached service and is acting, in fact, in the honorable capacity of Provost Guard of the Army of the Potomac. It is stationed at Acquia Creek. The brigade, consisting of six regiments, is in command of Colonel Rogers. We are indebted to Adjutant Gail of the Twenty-First for a copy of the following order, in which Brigader General Paul takes his farewell of the brigade:

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION 1ST A. C.
NEAR BELLE PLAIN, January 8th, 1863.

General Orders No. 4.

The order which separates the old and well tried regiments of this brigade from the command of the undersigned, was this morning received. And although scarcely three months have elapsed since he was assigned to the command, yet the ties which have been formed, will, he trusts, bind them together forever.

With fervent wishes for the prosperity and happiness of all the officers and soldiers of the old war-worn brigade, he bids them all an affectionate farewell.

G. R. PAUL,
Brig. Gen. Vols. Commanding.

We learn also that Captain P. C. Doyle, of the Twenty-First, has been appointed Colonel Rogers' Assistant Adjutant General. The following order which we are permitted to publish, pays this officer a deserved compliment:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST ARMY CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
January 9th, 1863.

Special Orders No. 7.

Captain Peter C. Doyle, with his company, is relieved from duty as Provost Marshal and Guard, and will at once report to the headquarters of his regiment.

The General commanding takes this opportunity to tender his thanks to Captain Doyle and his company for the very efficient manner in which they have performed their duties while at these headquarters.

By command of Major-General Reynolds.

C. KINGSLEY, JR.,
A. A. G.

The following letter is from the same source. The writer seems to have labored under a slight mistake as to the material exchanged.

THE TWENTY-FIRST.—In a letter from a member of the Twenty-First Regiment, dated Acquia Creek, Jan. 10th, and published in the Syracuse *Courier*, we find the following paragraph:

"I suppose you have heard of our brigade being taken from the field. The war-worn brigade is almost too small for any service, and we are doing provost duty at Acquia Creek; we are on guard every other day, and it is pretty tough on us, but it is better than to be in the field. We are back again with our old fighting General Patrick. He gave six full regiments for our four decimated ones, regarding the regulars as almost worthless compared with his old brigade. He placed the fullest confidence in his old command, and well he might, for they have fought seven battles under him, and came out of each with thinned but unbroken ranks."

The months following, and up to the time of their final release from service, were passed by the boys in multifarious employment, connected with the responsible and arduous duty to which they had been assigned. The time did not pass uneventfully, but only an eye witness could describe the thousand experiences of camp life, which are often among the pleasantest the soldier has to look back upon. So we will leave those to be the sole passport of their participants, and give place to the following extract from a description of a visit by some Buffalonian, whose name we have not, to the Army of the Potomac, which was published in the *Express* of March 9th, 1863:

THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.—Reaching Acquia Creek in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 24th ult., on board the government steamer John Brooks, we stepped ashore in the line of passengers, filed across the gang-plank between blue coated guards, and thrust our "pass" into the hands of a pleasant faced but peremptory

inspecting officer stationed in the path, too hurried to recognize the familiarity of the pleasant face until we found ourselves arrested with a friendly greeting, and welcomed by a voice that we remembered well, but could not for a moment identify with our old friend of the Twenty-First, Captain Byron Schermerhorn. Luxurant whiskers, and a robust military bronzing of the complexion, have so disguised the Captain's countenance that he might pass, we think, *incognito*, for a time at least, in almost any company of the friends who have not seen him within the year.

Stepping aside, after a hasty salutation, to permit our fellow passengers to satisfy Captain Schermerhorn as to the legitimate authorization of their visit to the sacred soil, we were confronted in the next instant by another inspecting officer in the person of Captain Robert Gardner, whom we found it easy to convince, by the demonstration of a cordial hand-shake, that our limited luggage contained nothing contraband of war or dangerous to the morale of the army. A few moments later, the scrutinizing duties of Captain Schermerhorn and Gardner having been completed, we were escorted by them to headquarters, and found ourselves in the midst of a whole host of old Buffalo friends, and fairly overwhelmed with hospitable greetings. How generously we were entertained, and how pleasantly we spent the evening in conversation with Colonel Rogers, Chaplain Robie, Chaplain Cook, of the 94th—who chanced to be a guest of the regiment—and most of the officers, who gathered into headquarters from various duties of the day, it would be quite impossible to describe.

The scene of this evening sociable was not, as may be imagined, a narrow apartment of canvas, but one among a considerable metropolis of rude but substantial edifices, which Uncle Samuel has called into existance at Acquia Landing since making it the base of supplies for his grand Army of the Potomac. Over this extemporized city Colonel Rogers presides with autocratic authority, as commander of the post, and of the brigade there stationed on provost guard and patrol duty. Most of the officers of the Twenty-First are detached from the regiment, and immediately associated with the Colonel Commandant in various provost capacities. Captain Gardner has the general superintendence of goods passing through the warehouses at the Landing, and exercises strict vigilance in detecting and confiscating everything of a contraband nature—especially whiskey. Captain Wheeler has the charge of all prisoners. Captain Schermerhorn, Lieutenant Beebee, and Lieutenant Gowans, have the inspection of passes. Captain Adams has the general charge of guard duty. Captain Clinton is Acting Commissary of Subsistence, and Acting Brigade Quartermaster. Captain Doyle is Acting Assistant Adjutant General to Colonel Rogers. Major Lee is detached as Inspector General of Robinson's Brigade. Captain Myers is detached on special police duty at Cooksville, nine miles up the river, looking after deserters, etc. Captain Vallier is in command of the police boat Osceola. Lieutenant Cook has command of a patrol guard. Lieutenant McMurray commands a guard attending the trains on the railroad to Falmouth, and Lieutenant McLeish is in charge of a prison ship anchored opposite the Landing in the Potomac.

All these duties, it will be remarked, are of a somewhat pleasanter nature than those of regimental officers in camp. The quarters enjoyed at the Landing, moreover, are superior in comfort to the tented lodgings of the army in front, while the facilities for obtaining extra supplies give our fortunate soldiers of the Twenty-First an enviable advantage over the majority of their companions in arms. Their good

fortune has been well earned by the hardest services and the sternest experiences of war, and we were rejoiced to find them so happily circumstanced. During the evening of our visit, we were invited to partake of a supper, with champagne and other vinous accompaniments, given by several of the officers on duty at the Landing to the officers of the government transport steamer Wilson Small, about to be withdrawn from the route between Acquia Creek and Washington. The occasion was a delightful one, and we enjoyed its festivities heartily; but our chief pleasure was in witnessing the amenity of a soldier's life that has heretofore been so full of hardship and peril and suffering.

The camp of the regiment is situated about a mile back from the landing, and we unfortunately had not time to visit it. We learned that its situation was a comfortable one, and that the health of the regiment was excellent, only ten being, at present, on the sick list in the camp hospital. Surgeon Johnson was highly spoken of for his assiduous devotion to the sanitary interests of the men under his care. The aggregate strength of the regiment, including officers, is now only 495, present and absent; reported for duty, 351; on extra or daily duty, 34. Lieutenant-Colonel Sternberg is in command.

There are few officers immediately with the regiment, a majority being detached on special duties, as related above. To this fact we must undoubtedly attribute the unfortunate show which, since our return, we have been surprised to see the Twenty-First make in the inspection report from General Hooker's headquarters. So many officers having been withdrawn from the care and supervision of the regiment for several weeks, we can believe that it may have deteriorated in appearance; but that it has really lost discipline or efficiency, to any extent, we do not credit. Our impression, from all that we saw and heard, was decidedly to the contrary.*

The main topic of conversation in the Twenty-First, is the expected return home next May. All are anticipating the expiration of the two years' term of service with an eargerness which counts the very hours. It is supposed that the term must measure from the date at which the regiment was sworn into the service of the State, and this, we believe, will bring its expiration about the tenth of May. Two months

*The Twenty-First Regiment.—We are gratified to learn by the following extract from a letter written by an officer in the Twenty-First Regiment and published in the *Courier*, that the opinion we expressed on Monday with reference to the charges against that gallant corps, contained in General Order No. 18, was well founded, and that the first, and as the stern trials of battles and privations have proved, noble contribution of our city to the army of the Union, will return home with its brilliant and heroically won fame undimmed by even a suspicion or rebuke:

"Nothing of importance is occurring here, and you owe this letter to the late General Order No. 18, which you have probably seen in the papers ere this, which takes from the Twenty-First, with several other regiments, the furlough privilege, and classes us among the undisciplined, and I suppose, demoralized regiments.

"The facts of the inspection I will briefly state as they occurred: Our whole regiment (with the exception of about one-third), who were off in different places, guarding vessels, steamers, catching deserters in Maryland, etc., etc., *had just come off guard*, having been up all night, and had gone up to camp in the rain, and also had just moved camp into a mud-puddle. We were without bunks, floors, or anything convenient, when the order came for inspection in an hour.

"It had been getting cold during the morning, and the ground was quite frozen when the inspection took place. The men having no stoves or fires in their tents, and no time or convenience for cleaning, went on inspection as they were—quite muddy. The muskets having been out the night previous, did not look extraordinary well. The Inspector, a lieutenant on General Hooker's staff, was told the circumstances, but it seems did not give us the proper benefit of them. The 23d,

hence, therefore, the citizens of Buffalo may prepare for the welcome and reception of its first-born regiment, and we trust they will not stint the honors due to men who bring the attestation of their valor and heroic deeds in a flag fifty-two times torn by shot and shell.

And now that their time of service had so nearly expired, when they were so soon to bid a final farewell to the scenes which had been their every-day life for so long, to lay aside the grim implements of war and return to their firesides, and for an interval, at least, enjoy the rest and security they had so bravely purchased, our battle worn fellows began to give way to that intense yearning they had repressed so long. They knew that their parents, their wives and their little ones, were counting the days that must pass from between them and their loved ones.

With all this feeling in his heart, and with the pardonable pride of a veteran who knows the deservings of himself and comrades, Chaplain Robie thus writes, under date of March 14th:

"On the first of May next, unless Government proves itself treacherous, which is improbable, we, officers and men of the glorious old Twenty-First, will march up Main street and wait the final order of our gallant Colonel—'*Parade is finally dismissed!*' The two years for which we enlisted in the State will then have expired, and should no more inroads be made in our ranks, be assured you will look upon happier faces than ever brightened in your eyes before. Not because we have lost interest in country, but because we have not forgotten the charms of home, the dear faces and hearts of our loved ones. Already the remaining days are counted by the boys. Some have gone so far as to calculate the hours and minutes which are to pass. In fact, a soldier met me yesterday, and said, 'Chaplain, only so many weeks, days, hours and minutes are to pass before we shall go

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a most excellent regiment, and the 35th N. Y. V., also of our brigade, were caught in the same way, and are included in the unjust and unmerited reproof. The 20th militia of our brigade, and the poorest regiment in our brigade or division, had a little more time to prepare, and were not mentioned.

"The officers and men feel terribly about it, and all who know us, and who are on duty here, know it is not deserved. We have always had a most excellent reputation for drill, discipline, cleanliness and neatness; and now, just on the eve of leaving the service, to have the public, undeserved and scorching criticism passed upon us, is mortifying. Those, however, who know us, know the injustice of the report, and General Patrick, Colonel Rogers, and other Colonels, have demanded another inspection to take place immediately. You may rest assured that although doing more work and duty than any brigade in the Army of the Potomac at the present time, and although upon guard every other day from 9 A. M. in the morning till 9 A. M. next morning, with but little time to prepare or to have inspection, we can still sustain the reputation always, and still possessed as 'Patrick's old and gallant veterans,' or as General Paul expressed it, the 'noble old war-worn brigade.'"

home.' Home, with men—soldiers who have been so long absent, who have endured and suffered so much, is dearer, more charming than you can imagine. But some—many—who left with us are not charmed with these delightful prospects. No sweet and joyous anticipations now thrill their bosoms. They started with us, hopeful, brave, patriotic. They were our companions in the march and in the fight. With firm and undaunted step and spirit, they met the terrible duty of the warrior. But now they are not with us! The bugle sounds, but they heed not its tones. Gone home—gone to their long, last homes! Peace to their ashes! Their memories will ever be precious to us who were their associates and comrades."

So the long days wore on and were gone; and the time came when our sadly thinned line formed for its last evening parade on the hither border of the land its blood had so freely flowed to save. It was like a dream, a blissful, unreal dream, from which one dreads, yet expects, to wake, when at last they found themslves once more *faced toward home!*

They are coming, they are coming,
Hear the fifing and the drumming;
They have fought their last battle and the end is here at hand:
And each day they're drawing nearer,
And each night their fires are clearer,
And the sound of their feet rings through all the happy land!
And the mother cannot sleep—
All the night her watch she'll keep,
For the day hath heard their tramping and the night wind brings it on;
She can hardly weep, for joy
That they're bringing home her boy;
Her brave, her noble boy, and his marching all is done!

CHAPTER XXI.

The Excitement in Buffalo.—Action of the Common Council.—A vote of Thanks.—The Journey Home.—Preparations for the Reception.—Order of the Procession.—Arrival of the Train.—The Tumult of Welcome.—Our Progress through the Streets.—Honors to Lieutenant Mulligan.—Mr. Beckwith's Speech.—Colonel Rogers's Reply.—Return of the Old Flag to the Central School by the Colonel.—Response by Miss Julia E. Paddock.—The Collation.

HAVING no words of my own in which to describe the events of this day, dearest to the memory of every soldier who received a part in its honors, I cut the following selections from the reports made by David Gray and Thomas Kean, of the *Courier*, and J. N. Larned and Charles Stow, of the *Express*.

RETURN AND RECEPTION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

The brightest and most notable day in all our local history, stands eclipsed by the glory that haloed the event of yesterday. It seemed as if the excitement which has stirred the Queen City not seldom of late, when she has sent her sons to danger or received them from death, had its reaction yesterday, in the tumultuous joy with which she welcomed back, from its two years of warfare, the noble remnant of the Twenty-First Regiment. We can remember no occasion in which the heart of the people so abandoned itself to the spirit of the time, and with such spontaneity, or so grandly gave vent to its emotion. And this for the simple reason, that never has the city been called upon to celebrate an event so truly impressive and moving.

A special meeting of the Common Council was called at ten and a half o'clock, at which the following preamble and resolutions, offered by Alderman Dubois, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Twenty-First Regiment of N. Y. S. Volunteers, recruited mainly in this city and county, has completed its term of service, and is this day to return to be mustered out; and

Whereas, The citizens of this city have reason to be proud of the regiment; therefore,

Resolved, That this Council hereby tender its thanks to the officers and men of the regiment, for their devotion to the cause of the Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws; for their brave and heroic conduct in the field; for their sacrifices on behalf of the cause of nationality, unity and national life.

Resolved, That while deploring the absence from the ranks of those who have lost their lives in battle, or have died in hospitals, we, as the representatives of the municipal government of the city, do cordially join in the joy of our citizens in the

cordial welcome to the surviving members of the regiment, emphasizing the assurance that, whether they resume their places as citizens of a State that has never faltered in the support of the Government, or again take up arms to aid in suppressing the rebellion and restoring the Union "as it was," they have earned the lasting respect and esteem of all patriotic men.

Resolved, That this Council, as a token of their regard to men who have periled their lives in defence of constitutional liberty, do now adjourn, for the purpose of taking part in the public exercises which a grateful people have improvised to show, in some degree, their appreciation of gallantry in the field and uniform soldier-like deportment.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

The Twenty-First, as is already known, started from Washington on Saturday, eleven days in advance of the expiration of its legal term of service. About noon on Saturday it reached Williamsport. Colonel Rogers had telegraphed in advance to have some refreshments provided. The telegraph was read in the several churches, and the people rose en masse to prepare for the arrival of the returning soldiers. A bountiful collation was set at the depot, and the Regiment, after receiving the most enthusiastic demonstrations at the hands of the kind-hearted and patriotic Williamsporters, came on its way rejoicing. About fifty of the discharged members of the Twenty-First, left here on Saturday night for Elmira, to extend a foretaste of welcome to their old brothers in arms, and these, with a number of other citizens, were duly on hand when the train came in at six o'clock, Sunday night. The reception there is described as having been most enthusiastic. The people turned out in such crowds that it was difficult for the Regiment to march to the Brainard House, where it had quarters for the night.* The ex-members of the Regiment, many of them still suffering from the effects of wounds received in the service, wore a badge, including a small ambrotype of Colonel Rogers, and bearing the motto, "Welcome Home, Old Comrades!"

In the morning the journey homeward was resumed, and all along the road, crowds were at the depots to welcome the veterans with cheers and other testimonials of their gratification. At Le Roy, especially, the country seemed to be on fire with excitement, and a salute of artillery was fired as our brave men came into the depot. The train was delayed somewhat, on account of a heated wheel, so that it was five o'clock, instead of three, P. M., before the expectant multitude at the New York & Erie depot, gave its initiative shout of welcome.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE RECEPTION.

With yesterday morning began the most active preparation for the event of the afternoon. Liberal contributions of eatables were sent in to the Arsenal; the committees of ladies and gentlemen were busily at work with their several duties; flags were soon floating over every other building in the city, as well as from the throng of shipping in the harbor, and the decoration of Main street began. The latter feature was one of the noticeable things of the day. Standing at any point on

*A mistake. The officers, some of them, quartered at this house but the Regiment was marched out to its old barracks, which were yet standing, and there passed the last night of its experience as a command, in reminiscence, upon the spot which saw it first.

Main street, the effect was singularly beautiful. Several of the largest blocks were tastefully ornamented with flags and bunting; the fronts of Hamlin & Mendsen's, Sherman & Barnes', and Howard & Whitcomb's establishments being especially ornate. The Weed Block was elegantly festooned, also, as were the stores of M. H. Birge & Co., Blodgett & Bradford, and many others. The mottoes, "Welcome Twenty-First!" "Welcome Home!" and similar expressions of the universal feeling, were also plenteously displayed. Besides these, there were flags of every size,—the red, white and blue in every form,—fluttering from nearly every window up and down the street, the whole, lighted up by the May sunshine, making a *coup d'aeil* we have never seen surpassed in the city.

THE PROCESSION.

In the afternoon the city put on its fullest holiday attire. Work was suspended; the stores closed, or kept open only for the accommodation of spectators; every available window along the route of the procession was filled, and the sidewalks were crowded from Main street to the Square. Between one and two o'clock, the various organizations began to form at their appointed stations in the vicinity of Niagara Square. At half-past two o'clock the line was formed, and started up Niagara to Main, down Main to Swan, along Swan to Chicago, down Chicago to Exchange, up Exchange, till the right had reached Main street, at which time the left or rear rested at the depot. From the depot to Main, accordingly, was the length of the cortege.†

AT HOME.

At five o'clock,—railroad time,—as the train appeared far down the tracks, the vast crowd cheered lustly. The artillerists began firing, and amid the long familiar booming of cannon, and the welcome cheers of old friends, the train came to a stop, and the veterans were once more at home. No words can convey an adequate impression of the tumult of joy that swept through the bosoms of both the welcomers and welcomed. It broke forth in shouts from ten thousand throats, and mingled the hoarse cheers of strong men, with the voices of women and children. The procession had drawn up on Exchange street, and was faced southward, awaiting the formation

† The column was composed in the following order:

Marshal of the day, Col. H. G. Thomas; assistants, Lieut. Col. Alberger and Capt. Canfield.

Miller's Band—18 instruments.

Union Continentals—commanded by Hon. Millard Fillmore.

The Tigers—Capt. W. T. Wardwell.

A squad of the Sprague Light Cavalry, on foot.

Fire Department—Chief Engineer, T. B. French, and assistants John T. Spaulding and Jacob Kimberly, Jr

Hook and Ladder No. 1—Walter Savits, Foreman, and 31 men.

Taylor Hose No. 1—J. B. Sage, Foreman, and 25 men.

Perkins' Band from Rochester—a very fine Band of 15 instruments—preceding Eagle Hose No. 2—H. H. Clapp, Foreman, with 38 men. The Hose Carriage bore the following inscription, "Our Band of Heroes is Unbroken!" This company sent 8 members with the Twenty-First, all of whom are living.

National Drum Corps.

Neptune Hose No. 5—W. S. Sage, Foreman, and 25 men. Their pretty blue Hose Cart was tastefully decorated with garlands of flowers, and a beautiful silk flag.

Niagara Hose No. 7—Andrew Cable, Foreman, and 29 men. The cart bore the inscription, "Welcome to the Twenty-First!"

of the Twenty-First, which Regiment formed in the depot, in a marvelously brief time, and directly the sound of martial music proclaimed to the expectant host that the veterans were in motion.

The bronzed heroes marched steadily out, and although, doubtless, yearning to clasp friends and loved ones to their hearts, no swerving or faltering in the regularity of the march was discernible, and as firmly as if going into battle the column moved up Exchange street, the military presenting arms and the civic societies and people cheering tumultuously. Such wild enthusiasm was never before witnessed in Buffalo. If anything could have added to the general gratification, it was the splendid appearance of the Twenty-First, from Colonel Rogers to the last man in the ranks. They looked bronzed and travel-stained, yet erect, and strong, and stern. The old battle flag was borne proudly, and all eyes looked gratitude and pride as they turned toward its tattered and bullet-torn folds. The eagle, that once adorned the staff, was gone—shot away at Bull Run. Many a one looked vainly for those "whose bodies lie buried in Virginian graves," yet a feeling of joy overtopped all other emotions, and it was the pride and pomp of war, as well as devout gratitude, that animated all hearts.

When the Twenty-First had reached the head of the column, it halted, and the procession faced to the right, and marched past the Twenty-First, again greeting it with every evidence of welcome. The Twenty-First then fell in at the rear, and the procession took up its line of march, proceeding up Main to Court, down Court to Delaware, up Delaware to Johnson Park, around the Park, up Delaware to Tupper, through Tupper to Main, down Main to Clinton, through Clinton to Washington, up Washington and down Batavia street to the Arsenal.

All along the route, every available space in the street, doors, windows and yards, was crowded with people endeavoring to express, in every conceivable manner, their joy at the return of the Regiment; cheers that had a taste of tears, and silent gestures of welcome, greeted the troops at every point. The eye met, everywhere, banners and flags and colored festoons, as the column proceed up Main street. Probably so large a concourse of people never before assembled upon any occasion

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Hydraulic Engine No. 9—John Broder, Foreman, and 48 men.

Columbia Hose No. 11, with Hose Cart—H. O. Dee, Foreman, and 40 men.

Steamer C. J. Wells, drawn by four white horses, and the machine decorated with evergreens and flags.

Steamers Niagara, Seneca, Huron and Perry, decorated with flags.

Eight carriages, containing the Mayor, Common Council and invited guests.

American Express Co.'s wagon, containing Teachers of Public Schools, and drawn by six horses.

Sangerbund Society—50 members—Ernest Besser, President.

Two vans, each drawn by four white horses, and containing 34 young ladies of the Central School, dressed in red, white and blue, representing the entire Union of States.

Sixty-Fifth Regimental Band.

Sixty-Fifth Regiment—Col. Jacob Krettner—500 men in platoons as follows: Cavalry Co—Capt. J. Kann; Co. "B"—Lieut. Graff commanding; Co. "F"—Capt. Irlbacker; Co. "D"—Capt. Geyer; Co. "A"—Capt. Sieber; Co. "E"—Capt. Becker; Co. "G"—Lieut. Retel commanding; Co. "R"—Capt. Scheaffer; Artillery—Capt. Philip Houck—with drawn sabers; Lansing Zouaves—Capt. W. H. Wells.

Seventy-Fourth Regiment—Col. W. A. Fox—300 men. Cavalry Co—Capt. A. Sloan; Drum Corps; Co. "C"—Capt. J. U. Wayland; Co. "B"—Lieut. G. A. Torrance; Co. "G"—Capt. Kester; Co. "E"—Capt. Clingen; Co. "A"—Lieut. J. C. Nagel; Co. "D"—Lieut. Baker; Co. "F"—Capt. H. Sloan.

in this city, nor was there ever such enthusiasm, patriotism and gratitude offered, or more worthily bestowed than yesterday.

The most affecting scene of all—the most touching we ever witnessed—was that when, as the head of the procession turned into Johnson Place to move around the Park, Lieutenant J. S. Mulligan was brought out upon the balcony of his residence to give his welcome to his old comrades, from whom he was separated after the second battle of Bull Run, by severe wounds. As the long cortege passed by, greeting the gallant young soldier with silent salutes and hearty cheers, his emotion was profound, but his eyes eagerly looked for the old flag and the familiar forms of his old associates. When the Twenty-First had passed, saluting as it went, his emotion overcame him, and his bowed head was the best evidence how the compliment had touched him.

There was no lack of incidents of a poetic and pathetic character. Many of the brave fellows received bouquets of flowers from fair women, whose eyes had shed a heavenly dew upon the blossoms: no doubt the aroma of those flowers was grateful to the weary veterans. Women marched hand in hand with their restored husbands and sons, and wept with overpowering joy, as they had scarcely wept with grief when they sent them forth to battle for the Union.

THE WELCOME AT THE ARSENAL.

The admirable order which characterized the whole difficult affair, was particularly observable in the management of the proceedings at the Arsenal. Notwithstanding the presence of an immense and impatient crowd, the entire square was kept perfectly cleared by the police and a detachment of cavalry, until the arrival of the procession, and no difficulty was experienced in deploying it for the ceremonies.

As the procession entered the square another salute was fired by the battery.

The 65th and 74th Regiments were formed on the left front; the Fire Department on the right; the Twenty-First moving up between in line of battle to the platform, erected against the north front of the Arsenal, with the Independent Military Companies in the rear. The officers of the Twenty-First then advanced from the line to the steps of the platform, when they were addressed by acting Mayor Beckwith, as follows:

MR. BECKWITH'S SPEECH.

Welcome Colonel! Welcome Officers! Soldiers of the brave, the steady, the inflexible and now all glorious Twenty-First, the heart of a grateful people, bids you welcome. The municipality of Buffalo hails your return with public thanks; a hundred thousand souls to-day exult together at your coming. The aged and the venerable amongst us approach with tearful pride to bless you. The young hasten with quickening joy to give greeting. The fair and the beautiful of the city are bearing garlands for the brave. The schools and public institutions come in bodies, to make their offerings of gratitude and honor. The busy hum of industry ceases; the votaries of gain forget their worship; labor, for a season, unbends its exacting task; even august justice bars her temple to-day, to join in the universal homage due to men who have perilled their lives in the service of their country.

Soldiers, no triumphal entry of the most renowned Conqueror of ancient Rome, ever equalled in moral grandeur that ovation of the heart which a grateful community renders you this day.

The remarkable exhibition of public pride and public respect which you here behold, honors you, not merely as brave men, but as men brave in a noble cause; not as the obedient followers of some conquering hero, but as the self prompted heroes of nine contested fields, where the fate of your country was sought to be decided; not as veterans of the battle field alone, but as men who, upon the perilous march, in the performance of the irksome duties of the camp, everywhere, upon all occasions have covered yourselves with imperishable glory and reflected lustre upon the name and character of the city of your origin. The cause in which you have been engaged is emphatically the cause of your country. When, two years ago, the tocsin tolled the alarm throughout the land, that the noble fabric of Constitutional liberty erected by your fathers was in danger, with an appreciate sense of the value of good and wise government, you were among the first to rush to arms and to face the perils of war, not for any emolument for yourselves, but in the noble endeavor to preserve for posterity those institutions which the wisdom of your ancestors provided for you. This was noble action, this was heroic action. This is patriotism, this is genuine patriotism. In my humble judgment, to the reflecting mind, conduct like this attains unto the sublime. It is exalted conduct moving upon a principle; conduct which in all times, in every age, throughout the world, must attract the admiration and secure the approving judgment of universal mankind.

One reflection only clouds this glorious occasion. Among this vast concourse of people who surround you, stand many with mourning hearts, who vainly glance along your lines in search of familiar faces and familiar forms. Let us hope that those of your number who have fallen, whether upon the field of battle, or overcome by the enemy's chief ally—that devouring python which lurks in concealing cloud and vapor, amid the malarious swamps, along the deadly water courses of the South—the once friendly, now implacable South—have not died in vain. Let us trust that in the mysterious economy of an inscrutable Providence, their deaths may be consecrated to the attainment of that grand conclusion in the affairs of our country, for which they braved the dangers of war, and surrendered, some of them, even in the charmed period of auspicious youth, their tenures upon life.

But soldiers, you have returned not only to the reception of public honors, but to seek the communion of those nearer and dearer to you. Even while I am addressing you, I know that hallowed voices are whispering to your hearts of home, wife, children, parents, kindred. I am admonished not to trespass by extended remarks upon the sacred demands of an hour like this.

Once more then, officers and soldiers of the noble Twenty-First, in the name of the people of Buffalo, whom you have honored, I bid you welcome. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome to the enviable rewards of public respect and lasting public gratitude.

The feelings of the assemblage broke out in cheers, at the conclusion of the address, and when these subsided, Colonel Rogers made reply in substantially the following language, the pressure and tumult rendering it difficult to report his heartfelt words:

COLONEL ROGERS' REPLY.

I have no words in which to express my gratitude for a reception so grand, so far exceeding my expectation as this. The magnitude of the demonstration has taken from me the power of speech. You have praised us for the service we have

performed. We have only done our duty—a duty which every citizen owes to a government whose blessings he enjoys. When that government is in danger it is but just that those whom it has protected should go forth in its defence; such was the position in which we placed ourselves two years ago. We have endeavored to do our duty, and now that it is ended we feel amply repaid for the toil of long marches, the hardships of the bivouac and the peril of the battle field, in the fact that at last we are at home and looking in the faces of those whom we love. It is sufficient for us that you have expressed, in so magnificent a manner, the joy you feel at our return, and that we are able to say to you that we have done our duty.

In the name of the regiment, I thank you all for this splendid reception.

Three rousing cheers were again given for the Twenty-First.

THE RETURN OF THE FLAG TO THE CENTRAL SCHOOL.

The gloriously dilapidated old flag of the Twenty-First, torn, tattered, scarred and blood stained, was now brought forward by Colonel Rogers, and returned to its original donors, the young ladies of the Central School, who occupied the platform. It was gracefully received, in behalf of the school, by Miss Julia E. Paddock, who responded to the brief but eloquent speech of the Colonel, as follows:

MISS PADDOCK'S ADDRESS.

Soldiers and Friends:—You need no public demonstration to assure you of your welcome. You know that we are happy to have you among us again. That we are proud of the honor you have achieved. Two years ago, in the beautiful spring time, when the trees were budding, the birds singing, the flowers bursting into bloom, you left us with the flag of our country in your hands,—the love of that flag in your hearts. How nobly you have sustained your principles—how bravely you have defended that flag—your war-scarred visages—your decimated ranks and many a kindly face and noble heart lying on the battle fields of Antietam and Bull Run, bear evidence. Soldiers of the Twenty-First Regiment, we are proud of you as a regiment, we honor and respect you as men. You have proved yourselves actors, not talkers, when your country and your duty called you. There are proud hearts and glad hearts in this assemblage to-day; but there are many sorrowful hearts also. Many of our young men went forth to the battle fields—but few have returned. We sincerely mourn the loss of our gallant dead, but there is consolation mingled with our sorrow. Voluntarily they laid their lives upon their country's altar; God accepted the sacrifice, and early and honorable their career has closed. Their names are recorded as lovers of our country. Their memory shall be sacredly preserved among us. Soldiers! The Queen of the Lakes is proud of her honored sons. God's own beautiful day smiles down upon us, and even old Erie ripples out gladness and welcomes on every wave. Better, far better, than all, you have within your own hearts the consciousness of a duty well performed, to your manhood, your country, and your God.

You have returned with the old flag. We feel assured that you will protect—revere it. It could remain in no worthier hands.

Miss Paddock performed her part in this beautiful ceremony with exquisite grace, and no incident of the reception was more happy in effect. She was appropriately attired to represent the Goddess of Liberty, and the company of young ladies surrounding her were all in white, with tri-colored scarfs upon their shoulders.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the responsive address, the fair choir, under the leadership of Mr. Everett L. Baker, broke into singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and the vast crowd hushed its murmurings to listen. Cheers followed, and the doors of the Arsenal were now thrown open to admit the tired heroes of the occasion, to the feast prepared for them by the good ladies of the city.

THE COLLATION.

Busy hands had been at work all day, making hasty preparations for refreshing the travel-wearied regiment, and long tables were burdened with every imaginable delicacy, in abundance enough to have sated a thousand men, while a host of fair attendants were in waiting to serve the bountiful repast. When the regiment had entered the room and formed at the tables it was briefly and appropriately welcomed by Dr. Lord, in behalf of the ladies. All ceremony then ceased, and the next half hour was delightfully spent in the enjoyment of the good things set forth upon the tables and in the exchanging of congratulations of friends. The warmth and earnestness of the greetings to be witnessed on every hand—the nervous hand clasping and the fervent "God bless you's"—were deeply affecting. The subject of it all were full to the brim with emotion; their bronzed faces shone with happy excitement, and their eyes glistened with a moisture which it seemed hard for them to keep from gathering into tears. Meanwhile a delightful accompaniment to the happy scene was furnished by the Continental Glee Club and the Union Cornet Band, alternately, singing and playing the national airs and patriotic songs. When justice had been done to the ladies' collation, Colonel Rogers dismissed the regiment with the welcome announcement to men and officers, that they were at entire liberty for three days, but were required to report at the Arsenal on Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock, when, we suppose, the formalities of mustering out will be gone through with.

So terminated the proceedings of an occasion more magnificent in its outward features, and grander in its moral aspect, than Buffalo ever saw in all her previous history. We have but feebly depicted it—the thousand incidents which contribute to its sublime effect, and wrought the intense emotion connected with it, could not be caught by the reporting pencil, and cannot be preserved, as we wish they might be, for history.

And, from morn till night, the street
Knows the sound of marching feet
Where they come, battle burnt, dusty footed, grim and brown,
And battered eagles born
On the tattered banners, torn
In many a fearful fight, sweep thro' all the town.

They have come, they have come,
Hush, the bugle and the drum,
There is peace in our borders and content in all the land,
And 'tis given, for a sign
That the sword shall prune the vine,
And the spear guide the ox, where our garnered sheaves shall stand.

MUSTER OUT ROLL

OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS.

EACH COMPANY SEPARATE, WITH REMARKS.

1861—1863.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN LEVI VALLIER'S COMPANY ("A") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF THE N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Gardner, Robert P.	Capt.		April 23, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61.	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Transf'd to Co. "I," per order Col. Rogers
Vallier, Levi	"		"	"	"	"	March, '63	Aq. Cr., V.	Capt. Ireland	Served as 1st Lieut. to Dec. 15, 1862. [Dec. 15, '62
Ransom, John E.	1st Lt.	20	"	"	"	"	April 2, '63	"	"	1st Sergt. till Aug. 9, 1862; then 2d Lieut. till Dec. 15, 1862.
McBean, Charles	2d Lt.		"	"	"	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Resigned Aug. 1, 1861.
Mitchell, Fred'k A.	"		Aug. 1, '61	"	Gov. Morgan	"				Promoted and transf'd Aug. 9, '62. Never serv'd with Co. but on staff of Gen. Mitch'l
Myers, Francis	"	25	Dec. 15, '62	Fred'ksb'g, Va.	Gov. Seymour	"	March 2, '63	Aq. Cr., V.	Capt. Ireland	*Vice* John E. Ransom, promoted Dec. 15, '62 2, 1863.]
Dove, James	1st Sgt.	21	April 23, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. H. Drew	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Corp'l till Aug. 9, 1862; then Sergt. till Feb.
Klein, Henry, Jr.	Sergt.	22	April 28, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	Corp'l till Oct. 20, 1861. Severely wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Taylor, Leander	"	20	April 23, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. till Jan. 10, '62; then Corp. till Aug. 30,
Cusack, Patrick	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Corp'l till June 25, '61. ['62. Prom'td on field
Olske, Herman	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private till Aug. 30, 1862; then Corporal till Feb. 2, 1863.
Hines, Thomas	Corp'l	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. to Aug. 21, '61. Deserted. Restored
Diebold, Stephen	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private till Oct. 31, '62. { to duty Mar. 10,
Wells, Marlborough	"	41	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private till Feb. 2, '63. { '62. Pardon'd by
Schmidt, John	"	32	Sept. 28, '61	"	H. G. Thomas	Unxpd tm.	Sept. 28, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Private till Feb. 2, '63. { Gen. McDowell,
Adams, Arthur W.	Private	19	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	{ after tri'l by gen.
Bamat, Justin	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	{ ct. mar.; served
Bell, James	"	22	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 19, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	{ to Aug. 9, 1862.
Bingemann, John	"	22	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20 '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Bingemann, Adam	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Breitweiser, Jacob	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Brown, James	"	38	March 29, '62	"	"	Unxpd tm	March 29, '62	Buffalo	C'pt. Flemming	Wounded in leg at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Buhler, Albert	"	20	April 23, '61	"	"	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Cauley, Michael	"	33	Sept. 21, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 21, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Straggled, from Aug. 28, '62, till Feb. 25, '63.
Colin, Andrew	"	19	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Returned from desertion, Jan. 7, 1863.
Donahoe, Edward	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Doney, John W.	"	19	Sept. 14, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unpd tm	Sept. 14, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Dupont, Henry F.	"	22	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	

Gilbert, Louis P.	Private	25	April 23, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Gray, Milton A.	"	37	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
*Heyes, John	"	21	Nov. 20, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Nov. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Jones, Joseph H.	"	20	Sept. 14, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 14, '61	"	"	
Kriffer, Michael	"	29	Sept. 19, '61	"	"	"	Sept. 19, '61	"	"	
Klein, Peter	"	22	Sept. 13, '61	"	"	"	Sept. 13, '61	"	"	
Langmyer, Jacob A.	"	18	Sept. 25, '61	"	"	"	Sept. 25, '61	"	"	
Mang, William	"	19	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
McBean, Charles, Jr.	"	19	May 20,	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Pax, John	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Penner, Louis	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Peterson, Charles B.	"	27	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Reichert, Louis J.	"	20	Feb. 12, '62	"	"	Unxpd tm	Feb. 12, '62	Buffalo	C'pt. Flemming	
Saraw, McKenzie	"	22	April 23, '61	"	"	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Shick, Jacob	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Simon, Joseph	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Spies, Peter	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Van Natter, Henry J.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Van Natter, Nelson H.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
DISCHARGED.										
										[N. Y. S. V., Aug. 9, 1862.
Ransom, John E.	1st Sgt.	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	By reason of appointment as 2d Lieut. 21st
Sommers, Fred	Sergt.	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	By reason of appointment as 2d Lieutenant 116th N. Y. S. V., Aug. 30, 1862.
Williams, Wm. H.	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	For disability, June 25, '61, at Wash'ton, D.C
Myers, Francis	1st Sgt.	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	For disability, occasioned by wounds rece'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Bieber, Peter	Private	36	Oct. 14, '61	"	Levi Vallier	Unxpd tm	Oct. 14, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	For disability, occasioned by wounds rece'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Callihan, John	"	19	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 26, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Surgeon's certificate of disability, by order Gen. Wadsworth, July 14, 1862.
Cline, John	"	27	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Surgeon's certificate of disability, by order Gen. Wadsworth, May 4, 1862.
Crudden, James	Corp'l	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	From gen. hosp., Nov. 13, '62, for disability occ. by w'nds rec'd at Ant'am, Sept. 17, '72
Dasher, Antony	Private	21	Sept. 11, '61	"	Geo. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 11, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	From gen. hosp., Nov. 24, '62, for disability
Fitzgerald, Robert	"	24	April 23, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Dishonorably, for stealing, by sentence of court martial, Aug. 22, 1861.
Fowler, Thaddeus M.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Boston, Feb. 7, '63, for disability, occ. by wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62
Gassman, Emil	"	44	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton's Hill, Feb., 1862, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

*This man's proper name is John Haas.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN LEVI VALLIER'S COMPANY ("A") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF THE N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment at time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Henry, Christian	Private	28	Sept. 28, '61	"	H. G. Thomas	Unxpd tm	Sept. 28, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	At Clifiburne, Hosp., Washington, Dec. 2, 1862, for wounds at Bull Run.
Lawrence, John	"	32	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Disabilty, Feb. 13, 1863, at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, by Lt. Col McKelvy.
Moore, Stoughton C.	"	20	Oct. 17, '61	"	Levi Vallier	Unxpd tm	Oct. 17, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Disability, Feb. 14, 1863, at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, by Lt. Col. McKelvy.
Nason, Edgar	"	18	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	For minority, Sept. 17, '61, at Arlington, by order of Adj. Gen. Thomas.
Newcomb, Harding	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	For disability, on Surg. cert., Sept. 11, '61.
Shaffer, Jean	"	43	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	For disability, on Surg. cert, Sept. 11, '61.
Steidtler, Theodore	"	38	May 8 '81	Elmira, N. Y.	"	"	"	"	"	For disability, on Surgeon's certificate, July 2, '62, at Upton's Hill, Va.
Tenbroeck, James	"	23	April 23, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 26, 1862, for disability, occasioned by wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62
TRANSFERRED.										
Estabrook, Joseph M.	Corp'l	23	"	"	"	"	"	"		[then transferred to band
Farley, John	Private	21	"	"	"	"	"	"		Private till July 26, '61; then Corp. till Oct. 1;
Munroe, William	"	18	Sept 18, '61	"	G. M. Baker	3 years	Sept. 10, '61	Buffalo		Transf'd in arrest per order Gen. McDow'l
										Transf'd to Co. "E" Sept. 10, '61 [Aug. 21'61
DIED, AND KILLED IN ACTION.										
Field, Myron H.	Sergt.	30	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	[of typhoid fever at Sm'k'wn, Oct. 31, '62
Fritcher, Adolph	Private	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private till July 26, '61; Corp till Oct. 20; died
Geisen, Reinhard	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died of disease at Upton's Hill, Va., Sept. 4, 62
										Died of disease at Stanton general hospital, Washington, Dec., Feb. 14, 1863.
King, Simeon	Corp'l	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. till Oct. 20, '61; killed in action at Ant'm
Burdick, Charles K.	Private	35	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	K'ld in ch'g at At'tm. Sep. 17, '62 [Sep. 17, 62
Morgan, George W.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Memphis, June 18, '62, on board gunboat Mound City.
Richardson, Jasper F.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died of wounds rec'd at B'l Run, Aug. 30, '62, at Fairfax hosp. Alex., Va, Sept. 16, '62.
Sprague, Charles E.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Antietam, September 17 1862.

COMPANY "A"—CONTINUED.

Schwegel, Frank	Private	19	April 23, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Wm. H. Drew	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott.	Missing since Antietam; known to have been severely wounded.
Zink, Henry	"	38	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
DESERTED.										
Bassett, Wm. R.	"	19	Nov. 1, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Nov. 1, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting.	June 26, '62, from camp near Falmouth, Va.
Begg, Alexander	"	20	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott.	Aug. 21, 1862, from Fort Runyon, Va.
Brounel, Ernest	"	35	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Feb. 19, '63, expiration of furlough granted him at Finley hosp., Washington, D. C.
Brown, Samuel	"	21	Feb. 12, '62	"	"	Unxpd tm	Feb. 12, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming.	Sept. 19, '62, from camp near Sharpsb'g, Md.
Canning, George B.	"	25	April 23, 61	"	"	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott.	Nov. 15, 1861, from Upton's Hill, Va.
Carter, Wm. C.	"	30	Sept. 16, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 16, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting.	Nov. 15, 1861, from Upton's Hill, Va.
Cheaney, Josephus	"	21	Sept. 14, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	Jan. 9, 1862, from Upton's Hill, Va.
Colin, Andrew	"	19	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott,	Aug. 23, '62, on march to Warrenton, Va. Capt'd and paroled. Ret'd to duty Jan. '63.
Donavan, Thomas	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 25, 1861, from Arlington, Va.
Fischer, Nicholas	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept, 10, '62, from camp near Sharpsb'g, Md.
Hamilton, Joseph	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	April 3, 1862, from Upton's Hill, Va.
Hetz, Constantine E.	"	34	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 15, 1861, from Upton's Hill, Va.
Hines, Thomas	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 21, '61. Ret'd to duty March. 10, 1862. Pard. by Gen. McDowell after gen.ct. mar.
Masterson, James	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 21, '61, from Ft. Runyon. Had served as Cor'l. till July 25, '61.
McCarran, Patrick	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 21, '61, from Ft. Runyon. Returned in arrest, and deserted Feb. 25, 1862.
McDonald, Wm. A.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 21, '61, from Ft. Runyon. Returned in arrest, and deserted Feb. 25, 1862.
McKay, William	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 15, 1861, from Upton's Hill, Va.
Morgan, George W.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 25, '61, from Arlington, Va. Pardoned and returned to duty.
Parizo, James	"	27	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 21, '61, from Ft. Runyon. Returned in arrest Jan. 10, 1862; deserted Feb. 28, and again June 27, 1862.
Randolph, Martin	"	21								
			"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 21, 1861, from Ft. Runyon.
Sliter, Wm. H.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 21, 1861, from Ft. Runyon. Returned Jan. 10, '62; deserted June 27, 1862.
Smith, George	"	19	Sept. 10, '61	"	G. M. Baker	3 years	Sept. 10, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Aug. 23, '62, on the march to Warrenton, Va.
Smith, John J.	"	21	Nov 1, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Nov. 1, '61	"	"	Aug. 28, '62, during engagement at Gaines-
Tucker, John	"	34	April 23, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	July 4, '61, at Washington, D.C. [ville, Va.
Lloyd, John	Fifer	40	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 15, 1861, at Upton's Hill, Va.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN ALGAR M. WHEELER'S COMPANY ("B") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES. Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Wheeler, Algar M.	Capt.	19	May 10, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	G. A. Scroggs	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	W. L. Elliott.	1st Lieut. from enrollment to Aug. 9, 1862; wounded at Bull Run.
McLeish James J.	1st Lt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	2d Lieut. from enrollment to Aug. 9, 1862; wounded at Antietam. [to Aug. 9, '62.
Davock, John W.	2d Lt.	21	May 8, '61	"	A. M Wheeler	"	"	"	"	Serg. from enrollment to——; then 1st Serg. [——; wounded at Bull Run.
Bishop, Thomas W.	1st Sgt	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Corp. from enrollment——; Col. Serg. to
Hengerer, William	Sergt.	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to;—then Corp. to—
Towne, Joshua G.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to——; then Corp. to——; wounded at Antietam.
Howard, John H.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to——; then Corp. to Feb. 8, '63. [to Feb. 14, '63.
Brand, George P.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to——; then Corp.
Parker, Benjamin	Corp.	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to Aug. 30, '62; w'nded in head at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Beyer, Louis P.	"	17	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. from enrollment to Aug. 30, '62; w'ded in both legs at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Hanes, Frederick	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to Dec. 13, '62.
Papey, Henry	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded August 30, 1863.
Gibson, John A.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to July 5, '62; then Corp. to Jan. 20, '63; then private to Feb. 14, 1863.
Schloegl, Francis	Fifer	32	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Anding, Adam	Private	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Bidwell, David B	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Bidwell, Theodore D.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[30; ret. to duty Apr. 5, '63.
Bodamer, John A.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Straggled Sept. 9, '62; rep. as deserter Sept.
Bommell, August	"	23	Sept. 22, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 23, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting.	Drummer from enr'ment to Feb. 27, '63, then
Brand, Edgar	"	21	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sent to hosp. from Sharpsb'g, Md. [private.
Broughton, Michael	"	21	April 3, '62	"	W. H. Drew	"	April 2, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Sturgeon	
Buchanan, Chas. A.	"	28	Nov. 4, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	"	Nov. 4, '61	"	Lt. Cutting	
Cole, John	"	20	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	[Y. V., August 21, 1861.
Devening, Wm. F.	"	21	"	"	W.C. Alberger	"	"	"	"	Joined by transfer from Co. "D" 21st N.
Donaldson, Hugh	"	19	Oct. 16, '61	"	Levi Vallier	"	Oct. 18, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Dyer, Charles H.	"	20	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	

Ells, Henry R.	Private	25	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	A. M. Wheeler	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Ernst, William	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Fenton, Elbridge G.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Gross, Henry	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Goodrich, Newman U.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Hall, Franklin	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Hayward, John A.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Joslyn, Hopkins	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded in action at Antietam.
Luke, Marvin	"	20	Sept. 13, '61	"	Levi Vallier	"	Sept. 13, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Mahar, James	"	22	Mar. 31, '62	"	W. H. Drew	"	April 2, '62	"	Lt. Sturgeon	
Marhover, John	"	21	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Mauer, George	"	18	Oct. 18, '61	"	Levi Vallier	"	Oct. 18, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Millington, Charles	"	29	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Morgenstern, Daniel	"	19	Sept. 12, 61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
O'Donell, John	"	21	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Wounded Aug. 30.
Prince Wm. D.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Missing July 5, '62; returned April 20, '63.
Reihl, Louis	"	21	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Robinson, Chauncey C	"	23	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Robinson, William S.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Stacy, Frank	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Stephan, Frank	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Stickney, Orrin	"	19	Nov. 4, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	"	Nov. 4, 61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Stone, Orson	"	27	Sept. 24, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 24, '61	"	Lt. Flemming	
Tryon, Marshall H., Jr.	"	20	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	to Co. " B," April 5, '63.
Vanderwater, John	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sergt Co. " I "; re-transferred as priv.
Watson, George H.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	made Corp.; transferred June 20, '62, as
Weissgerber, Pascal P.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private from enrollment to Dec. 1, '61; then
Zimmerman, Xavier	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
DISCHARGED.										
Gaylord, Henry M.	Capt.		May 10, '61	"		"	"	"	"	for dis. occ. by wounds rec'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Lutz, John M.	Sergt.	18	May 8, '61	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	"	"	"	'63, at David's Isl. hosp. N.Y. Harbor, Resigned Aug. 9, '62.
Saglethorst, Christ.	Corp.	20	May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	W. L. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	Priv. from enr. to—; then Corp. to Aug. 30, Disch. by order Gen. McClellan at Upton's Hill, Va., Nov. 30, '62; ex. term.
Andre, Charles M.	Private	21	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	A. M. Wheeler	2 years	"	"	"	Disc. Oct. 18, '62; disc. occasioned by w'ds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1863.
Case, Frank M.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged July 10, '61, by order Col. Rogers, R. C. M.
French, George W.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Disch. by order Brig. Gen. Mansfield, for disability, July 10, 61.
Grant, Charles	"	22	May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	W. L. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	Disch. at Upton's Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61, ex. 3 mo. term, by order Gen. McClellan.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN ALGAR M. WHEELER'S COMPANY ("B") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by them.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Husted, James A.	Private	21	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	A. M. Wheeler	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Discharged for disability Apr. 1, '62, by order of Gen. McDowell.
Ingraham, William G.	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, Aug. 29, '61, by order of Gen. McDowell.
Owens, George W.	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, June 30, '61, by order of Gen. Mansfield.
Schoeck, Frederick	"	22	"	Elmira, N. Y.	W. L. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	Disc. at Upton's Hill, Va., Nov. 28, '61. by order Gen. McClellan, ex. 3 mos. term.
Taggart, Robert	"	19	"	Buffalo, N. Y.	A. M. Wheeler	2 years	"	"	"	Disc. at Upton's Hill, Va., Dec. 12, '61, disability, "Melancholia."
Van Ornam, Edward	"	18	"	"	P. C. Doyle	"	Oct. 25, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Disc. Nov. 29, '62, at Phil., dis. occasioned by wd's rec'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Warriner, Fayette H.	"	21	"	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Disc. by order Col. Rogers, July, 23, '61, dis. from effects gun shot wound.
TRANSFERRED.										
Mulligan, James S.	1st Sgt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[Killed at Bull Run.
Bidwell, Charles H.	Sergt.	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Trans. as 2d Lt. to Co. "K" 21st N.Y.S.V.
Mulligan, Greig H.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred as 2d. Lieut. to 49th N. Y. S. V.
Halsey, Henry H.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred as 2d Lieut to 90th N. Y. S. V.
Gardner, Gayer	1st Sgt.	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom. to Sergt.; trans. as 2d Lt. to Co "K," 21st N. Y. S. V., April 29, '62.
Harris, Arnold	Private	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sergt. to Aug. 9, '62; 1st Sgt. to Feb. 8, '63; transf'd to Co. "I" 21st, 2d Lt. W'd Fdks'bg
Maynard, Henry A.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Trans. July 23, '61, by order Sec. of War, to join Pot. Flotilla as Mast. Mate.
Watson, George H.	Corp.	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Trans. May 25, '62, by order Sec. of War, to New York Marine Artillery.
Burt, William J.	Private	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. en. to Dec. 1, '61, Corp.; trans. as Sgt. to Co. "I"; re-trans. "B" Apr. 6, '63.
DIED.										Priv. from enr. to Sept. 10, '62; then made Sergt. Maj. in 21st N. Y. S. V.
Wallace, Egbert B.	Sergt.	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[typhoid fever.
Balcolm, John A.	Corp.	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Nov. 2, '61, at Upton's Hill, Va., of
										Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.

COMPANY B—Continued.

Dole, William	Private	20	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	A. M. Wheeler	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Hatch, John P.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Hill, Henry M.	"	43	"	"	P. C. Doyle	"				Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Johnson, Charles E.	"	23	"	"	A. M. Wheeler	"	"	"	"	Died Sept. 18, '62, of wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Krauskoff, George	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died at Washington, Sept. 12, '62, of w'nds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Lockwood, Garrett B.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died at Hosp. opposite Fredericksburg, of typhoid fever, May 8, 1862.
Lowry, Warren	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died at Hosp. at Fredericksburg, of typhoid fever, June 30, 1862.
Savage, John	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died at Hosp. at Annapolis, Md., July 19,
Schoenthal, Jacob F.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in ac. at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62. [61.
Swartz, Charles A.	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died in Hosp. at Alexandria, Va., Sept. 28, '62, wd's rec'd. Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
DESERTED.										
Bommell, Barnard H.	Private	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Tak. pris. while strag., Aug. 30, '62; paroled and ex., never reported for duty.
Tyler, Aden W.	"	33	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Jan. 17, '62, from Upton's Hill, Va
Wheeler, John N.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted September 13, 1861, from "Camp Buffalo," Arlington Heights.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN GEO. L. REMINGTON'S COMPANY ("C") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Remington, George L.	Capt.		May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers.	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Assumed com'd. vice Washburn killed in action Aug. 30, '62; promoted 2d Lt. from 1st Sgt. Aug. 7, '61; 1st Lt. Dec. 17, '61; Capt. Aug. 30, '62.
Adams, Allen M.	1st Lt.		May 15, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	Col. Rogers.	"	"	"	"	Promoted to Capt. and transf'd to Co. "E," 21st N. Y. S. V., Dec. 17, '61.
Hurst, George	"		May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers.	"	"	"	"	Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lt. May 20, 62; to 1st Lt. Aug. 30, 1862.
Canfield, John H.	2d Lt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transf'd to Co. "I," 21st N.Y.S.V. Aug. 7, '61
Alberger, Morris H.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promot'd 2d Lt. from Sgt. May or Dec. 17, '61
Cook, George T.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted 2d Lt. from 1st Sergt. Aug. 30, '62
Dobbins, Charles H.	1st Sgt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from 2d Sgt. Aug. 30, '62. Taken prisoner same day. Exch'd in time to take part in battle at Fredericksburg.
Hoy, John	2d Sgt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from Corp'l May 24, '62. W'nded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Wilcox, Robert S.	3d Sgt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from Corp'l May 24, '62. W'nded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Nagle, Theodore M.	4th Sgt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from private Nov. 1st, '62, for good conduct in every battle or skirmish in which the Regiment took part.
Oberist, Henry A.	5th Sgt		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from Corp'l Mar. 1st. [tle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Bassett, George M.	Corp.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Aug. 8, '61. Was w'nded in bat-
Langham, Edgar A.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Jan. 1, '62. Wounded severely at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Meech, Thomas K.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted July 1, '62. Wounded in battle at Fredericksburg (Dec. 13, 14, and 15, '62.)
Adams, Henry	Private		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Tried for desertion, returned to duty March 8, '63, under President's proc. ['ksbg.
Barker, Steven N.	"		Feb. 25, '61	"	Major Drew	Unxpd tm	Feb. 25, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting.	Present at the battles of Bull Run and Fred-
Benzino, Joseph H.	"		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Present at the battles of South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg.
Brandell, Louis	"		Mar. 18, '62	"	Major Drew	Unxpd tm	Mar. 18, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting.	Wounded in battle Bull Run, Aug. 29, '62.

COMPANY "C."—CONTINUED.

Britton, Wm. H.	Private	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Detached after battle of Antietam at Smoketown Hospital, Md.
Boorman, Wm. H.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Present at Battle Bull Run and S. Mount'n. Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Ceiss, John	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Commended for bravery at battles of South Mountain and Antietam.
Dickinson, Eugene	"	Sept. 12,' 61	"	Lt. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Commended for bravery in every battle or skirmish in which the Regiment took part.
Fero, Henry	"	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Commended for bravery in every battle or skirmish in which the Regiment took part.
Fox, William	"	Oct. 21, '61	"	Lt. Vallier	Unxpd tm	Oct. 21, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Present at battles of South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg.
Gary, Elbridge O.	"	Oct. 18, '61	"	"	"	Oct. 18, '61	"	"	Detached as guard at Brigade Headquarters from June 1, '62, to Jan 1, '63.
Guernsey, Thompson	"	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Detached as engineer on Western gunboat service, Feb. 14, '62.
Hull, Ezra C.	"	Nov. 14, '61	"	Lt. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Nov. 9, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	In battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, Taken sick and transferred to Hospital Department.
Hoffman, Samuel E.	"	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Musician, assisted the regimental w'nded in every battle in which they took part.
Henderson, Chas. C.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At battle of Fred'ksb'g Dec. 13, 14, & 15, '62.
Judson, John H.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Commend'd for brav. in every skirm'h or bat.
Lewis, Lucius R.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Detached in Regimental Hosp. Dept.
Mansfield, John H.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Detached in Regimental Hosp. Dept.
McDonald, William	"	Nov. 2, '61	"	Lt. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Nov. 2, '61.	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Detached as teamster.
McNally, Walter G.	"	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sick in Hosp. from Aug. 9, '62 to Mar. 8, 63.
McKay, William M.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Present at bat. Fred'ksbg. On detach'd duty.
Miller, Andrew	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Present in every engagement. Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Peterson, Charles	"	Oct. 18, '61	"	Lt. Vallier	Unxpd tm	Oct 18, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Joined Co. from Hosp. to go into ac at S. Mt
*Peters, Samuel G.									Sept. 14, '62. W'nded severely at Ant'm. Sept. 17, 62. [tion of term.
Panter, George, Jr.	"	Mar. 19, '62	"	Major Drew	"	Mar. 19, '62	"	"	Sick in Hosp. from July 1, '62, till expira-
Raleigh, John	"	Mar. 4, '62	"	"	"	Mar. 4, '62	"	"	W'nded in battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Remington, James G.	"	Oct. 18, '61	"	Lt. Vallier	"	Oct. 1, '61	"	"	Joined Co. from Hosp. Sept. 1, '62. In bat. South Mountain, Antietam and Fredks'bg. Afterward brigade mail agent.
Salisbury, Milford S.	"	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott.	In battle Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62. Taken sick at Lisbon, Md., and sent to hospital.
Seavey, Fayette G.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Detached for Regi'l Quartermaster's Dept.
Schwinn, John M.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	In Bat's South Mt'n, Antietam & Fred'ksbg.
Smith, John T.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	In every engagement which Reg. took part.
Scofield, Reuben A.	"	Oct. 9, '61	"	Lt. Cutting	Unxpd tm	Oct. 9, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	In every engagm't prior to Fred'ksbg. Sick in hospital at time of that battle.

*Samuel G. Peters served as Ralph P. Howe, trading places with Howe at Elmira. Howe returned to Buffalo. This addition to the muster-out roll as by order of the 21st Regt. Vet. Association resolution adopted May 3, 1887.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN GEO. L. REMINGTON'S COMPANY ("C") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Stabler, Conrad D.	Private		Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Lt. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	In skirmishes along the Rappahannock, and at So. Mountain, Antietam & Fred'ksbg.
Suor, John J.	"		Feb. 19, '62	"	Maj. Drew	"	Feb. 19, '62	"	"	In skirmishes along the Rappahannock, and at Bull Run and Fredericksburg.
Tallman, Charles H.	"		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	In all bats. & skirmishes prior to Fred'ksbg.
Taylor, John D.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	In skirmishes along the Rap. and Bull Run. Absent without leave from Dec. 1, '62, till Feb. 27, '63. [Ant'm. & Fredk'sbg.
Tremper, George	"		Jan. 3, '62	"	Lt. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Jan. 3, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Joined fr. hosp. Sept. 1, '62. In bat. S. Mt.,
Vaughn, Romulus B.	"		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sent to hosp. from Rap. Station, sick. Absent until March 1, 1863.
Vansicklen, Edward H	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	In skirmishes along the Rap., and Bull Run, South Mountain and Fredericksburg.
Valentine, Francis A.	"		Sept. 11, '61	"	Lt. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 11, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	In skirmishes along the Rap., Bull Run and South Mountain. Wounded at Antietam.
Widle, William E.	"		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sent to hosp. from Fredericksbg Aug. 9, '62. Det. from hosp. as Provost Guard.
Wright, William	"		July 1, '61	"	Cap Washburn	"	July 1, '61	Kalorama	Col. Rogers	With the Co. in all battles and skirmishes.
Williams, George	"		Sept. 23, '61	Arlington, Va.	Col. Rogers	Unxpd tm	Sept. 23, '61	Arlington	"	Det. from Co. as Ord'ly to Gen. Wadsworth
Vuncker, George	"		Mar. 10, '62	Buffalo, N. Y.	Maj. Drew	"	March 1, '62	Buffalo	Lt Cutting	In battle of Fred'ksburg, Dec. 13, 14 and 15, 62, and skirmishes on the Rappahannock.
DISCHARGED.										
Archer, William	Private		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	At Kalorama, D. C., July 1, '61. Disability,
Banta, William S.	Sergt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At "Camp Buffalo," Arlington Heights, Va., Sept. 6, 1862. Minority.
Colson, Frederick A.	Corp.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Jan. 1, '62. Disability.
Colt, Charles H.	Private		"	"	"	3 months	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Oct. 29, '62, by order Gen. Wadsworth. Expiration of term.
Carpenter, George W.	Musicn		May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	Capt. Elliott	"	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61, by order Gen. Wadsworth. Expiration of term.
Carpenter, Francis S.	Private		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61, by order Gen. Wadsworth. Expiration of term.
Dovey, Harry	"		May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	"	"	"	At Fort Runyon, Va., Aug. 14, '61. Disab.
Fullerton, Herschel K.	Sergt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Ft. McHenry, Md., Sept. 26, 62. Disab.
Fanning, Edwin	Private		May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	Capt. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	" Camp Rogers," Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61. Expiration of term.

Gary, Isaac L.	Private	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	At Aquia Creek, Va., Feb. 12, '63. Wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Getsinger, George J.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 7, '61. Disability.
Gundlach, Charles H.	Corp.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At hosp., Washington, Jan. 30, '63. W'nds rec'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Gibson, Walter J.	Private	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At hosp., Philadelphia, Mar. 7, '63. W'nds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Hoffman, James P.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Kalorama, D. C., July 1, '61. Deafness.
Howe, Ralph P.	"	May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	Capt. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61. Exp of tm.
Hale, Edwin H.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61. Exp to tm.
Locke, John M.	"	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	"	"	"	At Washington, May 12, '62. Disability.
Mills, James	"	May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	Capt. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Jan. 29, '62. Exp. of tm.
Miller, George W.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61. Exp. of tm.
Palmer, Edward	"	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	"	"	"	At Aquia Creek, Va., Feb. 12, '63. Disab.
Rose, Curtis W.	"	Oct. 22, '61	"	Lt. Vallier	Unepd tm	"	"	"	At Fairfax Sem'y Hosp., Va., Dec. 12, 62. Dis.
Standard, De Forest	"	May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	Capt. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61. Disab'y.
Sutcliffe, Robert	"	Mar 6, '62	Buffalo, N. Y.	Maj. Drew	2 years	"	"	"	At Alexandria Mar. 27, '63. Wounds rece'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Thompson, William J.	"	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	"	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 8, '61. Disab'y.
Venn, William T.	"	May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	Capt. Elliott	3 months	"	"	"	At Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 23, '61. Exp. of tm.
Woodward, Luther G.	"	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	"	"	"	At Kalorama, D. C., July 1, '61. Disability.
TRANSFERRED.									
Rogers, William F.	Capt.								[Y. S. V., May 13, 1861.
Dunlap, Horace	"	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	By promotion to the command of the 21st N. Promoted to Captain in the 50th Ill's. Vols.,
Lanagan, Charles	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 1, '61 [Sept. 1, '61.
Shepard, Charles O.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Co. "K," 21st N. Y. S. V.,
Wells, Harrison	Sergt.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	By promotion to 2d Lt. 82d N Y. S. V., Mar. 1, '62. Afterwards A. D. C. to Gen. Sully.
Pomeroy, Robert E.	Private	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	By pro. to 1st Lt 78th N Y.S.V. May 20, '62.
Weiss, Julius A.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	To Co. "E," 21st N. Y. S. V., July 1, '62. By promotion to 2d Lt. 49th Reg. N.Y.S.V.
DIED.									
Washburn, Jeremiah P	Capt.	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt, Elliott	[of Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Darling, Almond B.	Private	April 23, '61	"	Capt. Layton	"	"	"	"	Assumed com'd May 13, '61. Killed at battle In Hosp. at Wash'gton, Sept. 12, '62. W'ds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Jeudevine, William R.	"	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Peck, Charles R.	"	Nov. 19, '61	"	Lt. Doyle	"	Nov. 19, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Sept. 7, '62. Wounds received at battle Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Rice, William G.	"	Sept. 23, '61	"	Lt. Baker	"	Sept. 23, '61	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN GEO. I. REMINGTON'S COMPANY ("C") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES. Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Rose, Horace M.	Private		May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sept. 3, '62 Wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Stone, Charles B.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Swartz, Albert R.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30' '62.
Ransom, Giles T.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Detached as engineer in Western gunboat fleet. Died in service.
DESERTED.										
Edgerton, Charles W.	"		May 7, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	Brooke's Station, Va., Feb. 1, 1863.
Emerick, Charles J.	"		"							Falmouth, Va., Aug. 7, '62. [Va. Feb. 1, '63.
Fuller, Lova M.	"		Nov. 2, '61	"	Lt. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Mar. 2, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Ammunition train near Brooke's' Station,
Gibbs, Warren B.	"		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Hosp. in Wash'ton, D. C., about Feb. 1, '63.
Kingman, Charles	"		Sept. 14, '61	"	Lt. Baker	"	Sept. 14, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	In face of the enemy at Rappahannock Sta.,
Steele, Benjamin F.	"		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Rogers	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	From Arl'gton, Va., Sept. 23, '61. [Aug. 21, '62
Young, Andrew	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	From Upton Hill, Va., Jan. 3, 1862.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN BYRON SCHERMERHORN'S COMPANY ("D") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF N. Y. S VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES. Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Schermerhorn, Byron	Capt.	24	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	W.C. Alberger	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sergt. to July 1, '61; 1st Sergt. to Sept. 22. '61; 1st Lieut. to Sept. 1, '62.
Beebee, Henry C.	1st Lt.	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Serg. to Oct 1, '61; 2d Lieut. to Sept. 1, '62.
Gowans, James S.	2d Lt.	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[Sergt. to Ap'l 16. '62; 1st Sergt. to Sep. 1, '62 Private to Aug. 15, '61; Corp'l to Sept 17, 61: [Sergt. to Sept. 1, '62.
Cowing, Wm. K.	1st Sgt.	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to Feb. 1, '62; Corp. to May 1, '62;
Allman, Henry C.	2d Sgt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. to Sept. 23, '61; Corp'l till May 15, '62.
Dodsworth, Charles	3d Sgt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to May 1, '62; Corp'l to Sept. 1, '62.
Kemp, Willis S.	4th Sgt	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to May 1, '62; Corp'l to Sept. 1, '62.
Jenney, Daniel W.	1st Cor	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to May 1, 1862.
Hurley, Pierce	2d Cor.	2	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to Sept. 1, 1862.
Bronner, Henry	3d Cor.	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to Sept. 1, 1862.
Pierce, Frank H.	4th Cor	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to Nov. 1, 1862.
Brooks, Henry W.	Private	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Dec. 5, 1862; returned under President's Proclamation, April 5, 1863
Burr, Newell L.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Foster, Lawrence	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Foose, Sidney.	"	18	April 5, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	Unxpd tm	April 5, '62	Buffalo.	Major Drew	
Guild, Harrison W.	"	21	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Reported a deserter on former rolls, but returned with evidence to clear him from the charge.
Guild, Heman	"	18	Aug. 1, '61	"	"	Unxpd tm	Aug. 1, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Alberger	
Hemstreet, Ben. F.	"	24	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 12, '61	"	Capt. Baker	
Hill, James L	"	22	Sept. 28, '61	"	Levi Vallier	"	Sept. 28, '61	"	Capt. Vallier	
Homelius, Paul	"	24	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Severely wounded in foot, Aug. 30, '62, at Bull Run; unfit for duty during remainder of term.
Hubbard, Walter B.	"	38	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	
Kester, Emerson	"	19	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Langanhardir, John F.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Lewis, Fernando C.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Metcalf, John	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Morgan, George W.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Palmer, Cyrus O.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Prior, Edward W.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Rehm, John B.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Dec. 6, 1862. Arrested and returned Feb. 12, 1863.
Robinson, Frank	"	31	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN BYRON SCHERMERHORN'S COMPANY ("D") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Spencer, Alfred	Private	19	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Feb. 12, 1863.
Smith, Fernando	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Dec. 9, '62. Arrested and returned
Thorpe, William E.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Taylor, William B.	"	21	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	
Vickery, Edward	"	35	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Waldron, Cornelius A.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Woodworth, Burt	"	30	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	
DISCHARGED.										
Baker, George M.	Capt.	27	May 8, '61	"						1st Lieut. to Sept. 22, '61; Capt. to Sept. 1, '62. [charged Oct. 20, '62, for disability.
Aberdein, David L.	Private	20	"	"	Capt. Clinton	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott.	Transferred from Co. "F," July 1, '61. Dis-
Barnes, Edward S.	"	23	"	"	W.C. Alberger	3 months	"	"	"	Nov. 23, '61, by reason of expiration of term
Birsch, Michael J.	"	38	Oct. 30, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Oct. 30, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Doyle	March 1, '62, for disability. [of service.
Campbell, Ogden	"	23	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Corp'l to July 1, '61; Sergt. to May 15, '62;
Duer, George	"	41	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 1, '61, for disab. [disch'd for disab
Dunlap, A. Preston	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Lost his right arm in charge at Bull Run,
Deacon, William R.	"	26	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	Dec. 12, '61; disabled. { Aug. 30, '62. Dis-
Deacon, Robert W.	"	30	Sept. 9, '61	"	Levi Vallier	"	Oct. 9, '61	"	Lt. Vallier	April 1, '62; disabled. { ch'd Oct. 16, '62.
Freeman, Horace	"	23	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	July 1, 1861; disabled.
Foster, Peter	"	25	Nov. 8, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	Unxpd tm	Nov. 8, 61	Buffalo	Lt. Doyle	Sept. 17, 1862; disabled.
Fox, Charles M.	"	21	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Oct. 29, '62. Wounded severely at Bull Run,
Gillig, Charles	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Oct. 22, '62; disabled. [Aug. 30, '61.
Graves, John F.	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 12, 1861; disabled.
Holden, Reuben	"	25	April 11, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	Unxpd tm	April 11, '62	Buffalo	Major Drew	Oct. 1862; disabled.
Lamier, Napoleon B.	Drum'r	22	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	July 1, 1861; disabled.
Mayburn, Felix K.	Private	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 13, 1861; disabled.
Mills, John Harrison	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dec. 22, '62, total disab'y from w'nds rec'd in charge at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Morrison, David P.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 1, '61, for disability.
Merrill, George N.	"	34	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	Oct. 29, '62; disabled by wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Peabody, John N.	"	19	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Oct. 11, '62; disabled by wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.

Potts, David	Private	20	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	W.C. Alberger	3 months	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Nov. 23, '61, by reason of expiration of term.
Schick, Jacob	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 1, 1861, for disability.
Short, Charles	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 23, 1861, expiration of term.
Stow, John T.	"	21	"	"	"	2 years	"	"	"	Sept. 23, '61, by order War Dep't. Went into
Stevens, Henry C.	"	24	Sept. 16, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 16, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	Dec. 18, '61; disabled. [the Navy.
Thompson, Joseph P.	"	28	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	April 16, '62; disabled. Afterward Capt.
Tuttle, David W.	1st Sgt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	116th N. Y. S. V. Killed at Port Hudson.
Welch, Almond	Private	26	April 3, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	Unxpd tm	April 3, '62	Buffalo	Major Drew	Oct 10, 1862.
TRANSFERRED.										
Alberger, William C.	Capt.	23	May 8, '61	"						Sept. 16, '61; then transferred to 49th N. Y. S. V., as Lieut. Col.
Wheeler, William F.	2d Lt.	25	"	"						2d Lieut. to Oct. 1, '61; then transferred to 49th N. Y. S. V., as Capt.
Love, George M.	1st Sgt.									Transf'd to 44th N. Y. as Lieut. Afterwards Col. 116th N. Y., and Bvt. Brig. Gen'l.
Alberger, Morris H.	Sergt.	21	"	"	W. C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sergt. to Sept. 16, 1861; then promoted to Sergt. Major.
Barney, John A.	"	35	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. to Apr. 16, '62; then Sergt.; then promoted to 2d Lt. Co. "F," 21st N. Y. S. V.
Blatchford, Daniel H.	Private	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	1st Sgt. to July 1, 61. Transf'd May 1, '62, to Co. "K," 21st N. Y. S.V. Ent service. again as Capt 176th. Killed in Wilderness.
Brazil, John	"	26	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	
Colton, Henry R. S.	Sergt.	28	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Priv. to Oct. 2, '61; Corp. to May 1, '62; Sgt. to Sept. 1, '62; transferred to Q. M. Dept.
De Forrest, Charles L.	Private	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to 94th N. Y. V., Feb. 8, '63.
Devening, William F.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Co. "B," 21st N. Y. S. V.
Dewey, Orville S.	Sergt.	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Priv. to Sept. 17, '61; Corp'l to Nov. 1, '61; Sgt. to May 20, 62; transf. as Lt. 49th N.Y.V.
Houghton, Oliver C.	Private	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to 25th N. Y. S.V., Oct. 29, '61, by promotion to Lieutenant.
Lansing, Henry G.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Co. "K," 21st N Y.V., Aug. 3, '61, by promotion to Lieut.
Mackey, James E.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to 63d N. Y. V., Dec. 6, '61, by promotion to Lieut. Killed at Antietam.
Porter, Stanley	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Tranferred to Co. "I." March 1, '62, as Corp. Killed at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Porter, William	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to 49th N. Y. V., Nov. 1, '01.
Williams, Wm. B.	Corp.	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to Oct. 12, '61; Corp'l to Nov. 13, '62. Transferred to Quartermaster's Dep.
Fargo, Willet H.	Sergt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Corp'l to Oct. 1, '61; Sgt. to Feb. 1, '62. Promoted to Sgt. Maj.; then Quartermaster 116th N. Y. S. V.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN BYRON SCHERMERHORN'S COMPANY ("D") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
DIED AND KILLED IN ACTION.										
Brainard, John M.	Sergt.	23	May 8, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	[then Sgt. Killed at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Chase, Abner W.	Private	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Private to July 1, '61; Corp. to Feb. 16, '62;
Coan, Michael J.	"	24	Sept. 12, '61	"	G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 12, '61	Buffalo	Capt. Baker	Died in hosp. at Alexandria, Va., Apr. 2, '62.
Gasser, Tobias	"	33	May 8, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Killed in charge at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Montague, Marion O.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in first charge at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Sheldon, Daniel H.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in first charge at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Sheldon, Ira Jay	"			"						Killed while bearing the col's at B'l R'n, Aug.
Shoop, William	"			"						Killed in ch'g at Ant'm. Sep. 17, '62. [30, '62.
										Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
DESERTED.										
Bailey, Alonzo D.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[Bull Run and Chantilly.
Brooks, Henry W.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 9, '62, after batts. of the Rappahannock,
Glynn, William	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dec. 5, '62. Returned under Prest. Procla-
Howson, James	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 2, '61. [mation, April 5, 1863.
Kneeland, James	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dec. 9, 1862.
Kepler, Louis	"	29	"	"	Ed Lee	"	"	"	"	Nov. 24, 1861.
Prior, Edward	"	20	"	"	W. C. Alberger	"	"	"	"	April 1, 1862. [to duty.
Rice, Charles B.	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dec. 9, '62. Arrested Feb, 12, '63. Returned
Smith, Fernando.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 9, 1861. [to duty.
										Dec. 9, '62. Arrested Feb. 12, '63. Returned

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN ALLEN M. ADAMS' COMPANY ("E") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF THE N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Adams, Allen M.	Capt.	28	May 17, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Rogers	2 years	May 20, '61.	Elmira	W. L. Elliott	Promo'd Cap from 1st Lt. Co. "C" Dec. 19, '61 [May 15, 1861.
Efner, Charles E.	1st Lt.		May 8, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	"	"	"	Promoted 1st Lieut. from private, Co. "B,"
Bridges, Harman H.	2d Lt.	37	May 7, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted 2d Lieut. from Sergt. Sept. 1, '62.
Rehm, Adam	1st Sgt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from Sergt., May 13, 1862.
McCready, Caleb C.	Sergt.	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Caverly, Cornelius	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from Corp'l, May 13, 1862.
Coffee, John	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from Corp'l, Jan. 1, 1863. [at Fredericksburg, Va.
Shoemaker, Joseph	Corp'l	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted to Corp., Sept. 20, '62. Wounded
McGregor, Archibald	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted to Corp'l, Jan. 1, 1863.
Borst, Daniel	"	18	Dec 18, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	"	Dec. 18, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	Promoted to Corp'l, Jan. 1, 1863.
Moore, John	"	30	Nov. 9, '61	"	"	"	Nov. 9, '61	"	"	Promoted to Corp'l, Jan. 1, 1863.
Andrews, John	Private	35	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Absent at time mustering out. Wounded at
Andrews, Frank	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Adamy, Benjamin	"	43	Dec. 19, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	"	Dec. 19, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	Detached as hospital assistant at Frederick,
Bancroft, Lawton D.	"	29	April 10, '62	"	W. H. Drew	"	April 10, '62	"	"	Md.
Butler, Victory B.	"	48	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Conover, Daniel S.	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Choate, Homer M.	"	18	May 4, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	"	Nov. 4, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	
House, William H.	"	30	Sept. 13, '61	"	"	"	Sept. 13, '61	"	"	
Hollenbeck, Charles R.	"	40	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong.	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Krauthause, Fred.	"	18	Mar. 26, '62	"	W. H Drew	"	March 26, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	
Kaverlein, George	"	29	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Kirsch, Jacob	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Lanberger, Jacob	"	26	Mar. 29, '62	"	Maj. Drew	"	Mar. 26, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	
Lindley, Nathaniel	"	44	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Reduced to Ranks from Sergt. by his own
Lippe, Peter	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	request, Sept. 1, 1862.
McMerrick, Zabina B.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Mosier, George	"	37	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Muskoff, Jacob	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Mercer, Charles F.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Severely wounded at battle Antietam, Sept.
Mampel, Ernst	"	[illegible]	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	17, '62. Absent at time of mustering out.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN ALLEN M. ADAMS' COMPANY ("E") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF THE N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time. When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	MUSTERED INTO SERVICE. When.	Where.	By whom.	REMARKS.
Morgan, Michael	Private	22	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Strong	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Severely wounded at Bull Run.
Monroe, William G.	"	19	Sept. 10, '61	"	P. C. Doyle	"	Sept. 10, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	
Prine, Josiah	"	19	May 7, '61	"	J. C. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Pomeroy, Robert	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Joined by transfer from Co. "C," July 1, '62
Randall, Jacob	"	26	Dec. 4, '61	"	Lieut. Doyle	"	Dec. 4, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	
Sherry, Robert	"	32	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Sturme, Richard	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Tompkins, Gilbert	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Tiffany, Byron L.	"	33	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Ziehn, Christian	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Severely wounded at Antietam.
DIED.										
										[at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Whitney, William L.	2d Lt.	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. Nov. 1, '61. Killed
Burke, John	Private	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Craw, William.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died of w'nds rec'd bat. Bull Run, Aug. 30,62
Herman, John	Corp.	18	Dec. 18, '61	"	Lieut. Doyle	"	Dec. 18, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	Died of wn'ds rec'd bat. Bun Run, Aug. 30,62
Kline, Augustin	Private	19	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong.	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Killed at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Proctor, George W.	Corp.	31	Sept. 10, '61	"	Lieut. Doyle	"	Sept. 10, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	Killed at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Bertch, Charles	Private	25	April 10, '62	"	Major Drew	"	April 10, '62	"	"	Killed at battle of Antietam, Sept 17, '62.
Vantine, Wilder	"	25	Nov. 12, '61	"	Lieut. Doyle	"	Nov. 22, '61	"	"	Died of w'nds rec'd at Antietam, Sept. 17,'62.
Hamlin, George A.	"	18	Nov. 9, '61	"	"	"	Nov. 9, '61	"	"	Died Mch 13, 62, in hosp. at Falls Church, Va.
Steiver, Franklin	"	20	Nov. 6, '61	"	"	"	Nov. 6, '61	"	"	Died Apr. 17, '62, in hosp. at Alexandria, Va.
Hermann, Godfrey	"	32	Nov. 4, '61	"	"	"	Nov. 4, '61	"	"	Died July 22, '62, in branch hosp., Wash'ton.
Cook, Edward	"	24	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Died Aug. 5, '62, at "Camp Patrick," Fredericksburg, Va.
DESERTED.										
Chase, Charles W.	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	From camp at Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 13, '61.
Chambers, William	"	28	Sept. 17, '61	"	Lieut. Doyle	"	Sept. 17, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	From the Reg. at Alexan., Va., Mar. 16, '62.
Cook, John W.	"	24	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	From Fredericksburg, V., Aug. 5, '61.
Herbert, Myron W.	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	From hospital at Washington, July 1, 1861.
DISCHARGED.										
Beebee, Harvey	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	For disability, Feb. 24, 1863.

COMPANY ("E")—CONTINUED.

Ball, Charles	Private	28	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Strong	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	For disability, Nov. 11, 1861.
Crawford, Alfred	"	36	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	For disability.
Cook, William J.	"	43	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Accidentally wounded, July, '61. Disch'd.
Chaffee, Byron	"	26	Nov. 6, '61	"	Lieut. Doyle	"	Nov. 6, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	Wounded at Bull Run. Discharged.
Hicks, Richard	"	21	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Discharged for disability, Sept. 16, '62.
Hewitt, Nathaniel A.	"	21	Feb. 10, '62	"	Maj. Drew	"	Feb. 10, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	Discharged July 26, 1862. Disability.
Johnson, Archibald	"	19	May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Disch. for disab., Feb. 19,'63. W'ded B'l R'n.
Leonard, Charles	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, July 11, 1861.
Leggett, Peter	Sergt.	36	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, Nov. 11, 1861.
Lewis, William	Private	39	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, July 20, 1861.
Millham, James	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Oct. 29, 1861. [Sept. 17, '62.
Manning, Edward	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged —. Lost right arm at Antietam,
Miller, Henry	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, Nov. 3, 1861.
Standier, William	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, Aug. 21, 1861.
Sweeney, Thomas	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, Aug. 21, 1861.
Vetter, Charles	"	43	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, Dec. 9, 1861.
Van Hatten, Anthony	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged for disability, Jan. 15, 1862.
Wisser, William	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Jan. 15, '63, for disability, occasioned by wounds received at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
TRANSFERRED.										
Strong, James C.	Capt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred by appointment to the Lieut. Colonelcy 30th N. Y. S. V.
Clinton, Henry P.	Lieut.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Appointed Quarter Master, 21st N. Y. S. V.
Peterson, George	Corp.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Appointed 2d Lt. and transfer'd to the 116th
Craig, William H.	Private	34	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Enlisted in Regular Army. [N.Y.S.V.
Cook, George L.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Clock, Henry	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Dormer, John	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Eagle, Richard	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861
Gray, John	Corp.	24	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Strong	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 30, 1861.
Green, Henry	Private	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Gordon, Thomas	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
La Fever, John	"	35	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Limman, Henry J.	"	39	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN ALLEN M. ADAMS' COMPANY ("E") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
O'Brian, John	"	35	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Strait, Lewis	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Valleare, John F.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Venables, George	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Warner, Alfred	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 20, 1861.
Yeamans, Delavan M.	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred in arrest to Dry Tortugas, by order Gen. McDowell, Aug. 30, 1861.
Collingwood, Henry	"	22	Mar. 29, '62	"	Major Drew	"	Mar. 29, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Flemming	Tried by Gen. Court Martial April 1, 1862. Sentenced to six months confinement and loss of all dues.
RESIGNED.										
Sloan, Thomas	Lieut.		May 7, '61	"	Capt. Strong	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Resigned Nov. 1, 1861.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAP. GEO. DE WITT CLINTON'S COMPANY ("F") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF THE N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Clinton, George D. W.	Capt.	33	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.		2 years	May 20, '61.	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
McMurray, Samuel	1st Lt.	23	"	"	Geo. Clinton	"	"	"	"	wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62. 15, '62; 1st Lt. Dec. 15, '62. Slightly
Jewett, William B	2d Lt.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lieut., June
Buck, Robert R.	1st Sgt.	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd to 1st Sgt. July 1, '62; 2d Lt. Dec. 15, '62. Twice w'nded at B'l Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Rankin, William	Sergt.	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l May 20, '61; Sergt. Aug. 1, '62; 1st Sergt. Jan. 1, '63.
Lillibridge, Charles K.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l Aug. 1, '61; Sergt. Nov. 1, '62. Wounded at Antietam.
Dumoulin, Anthony	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l July 1, '62; Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; Wounded at Bull Run.
Foote, George W.	Corp'l	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l Dec. 1, '62, for meritorious behavior in all previous engag'mts of Reg.
Reidpath, Alexander	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp Nov. 1, '61. [in every eng.
Duggan, John	"	33	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd Corp'l Dec. 1, '62, for good behavior
Whalan, Michael	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l Jan. 1, 1863.
Williams, Turner K.	Fifer	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l Jan. 1, 1863. Wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Altenburg, George	Private	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Averill, Franklin	"	19	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Wounded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Doty, Edward F.	"	20	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	[Aug. 30, 1862. Paroled.
Dupont, George	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run,
Fowler, Charles H.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Taken prisoner at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862, while attending wounded comrades.
Greek, George	"	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Taken prisoner at Bull Run, Aug 30, 1862, [while attending wounded comrades.
Harper, David A.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Commended for good behav'r in every eng.
Hammer, Christian	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Commended for good behav'r in every eng.
Henry, John	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Commended for good behav'r in every eng.
Holden, Charles W.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62. Commended in every engagement.
Jones, Horace	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Krettner, Jacob, Jr.	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN GEORGE DE WITT CLINTON'S COMPANY ("F") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time. When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	MUSTERED INTO SERVICE. When.	Where.	By whom.	REMARKS.
La Montagne, W. E.	Private	23	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	G. M. Baker	2 years	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Commended for bravery in every engag'mt.
Lesser, Frederick K.	"	29	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	[Wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Lucas, Frank W.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	W'ded and taken pris. at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62. Again in action at Fredericksburg.
Lewis, James R.	"	18	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Sick in hosp. from July 20, '62, until disch'd.
Marvin, Edward L.	"	41	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	On detached service in Q. M. Department.
Mayer, John G.	"	26	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting.	Commended for efficient service; every eng.
McPherson, Aug. W.	"	21	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Sick in hosp. from Sep. 8, '62, until mus'd out.
Moll, Fred W.	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Commended for good behavior in every eng.
Moon, Milton D.	"	18	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	W'nded in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Olheiser, Joseph	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Taken prisoner at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Ritter, Julius C.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Detached as hospital assistant.
Rockwell, Richard W.	"	22	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Sprague, Wm. H.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sick in hosp. since Sept. 17, 1862.
Stevens, Charles L.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sick in hosp. since Sept. 13, 1862.
Sweetapple, Alfred	"	18	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Sick in hosp. since Sept. 8, 1862.
Upthigrove, Math. W.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[29, 1862.
Ward, John H.	"	21	May 4, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Taken prisoner at New Baltimore, Va., Aug.
Wilder, Jacob	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	On duty in Commissary Department.
DISCHARGED.										
Wright, Thomas B.	1st Lt.	21	"	"	Geo. Clinton	"	"	"	"	Resigned commission June, 15, 1862.
Barney, John A.	"	35	"	"	W. C. Alberger	"	"	"	"	Dec. 15, '62, from w'nds recd. in action at B'l
White, DeWitt C.	Sergt.	29	"	"	Geo. Clinton	"	"	"	"	Sept. 19, '61 for disab. [R'n, Aug. 30, '62.
Cobb, Lyman E.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Jan. 6, '63, for wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Billanger, Joseph, Jr.	Corp.	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 13, 1862, for wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Shell, Theron	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Oct. 8, '62, for loss of arm at Bull Run, Aug.
Waldron, Erastus C.	Drumr	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 1, '61, for disability. [30, 1862.
Bergen, James	Private	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 19, 1861, for disability.
Besor, Peter	"	27	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt Cutting	March 22, 1862, for disability. [1, 1862.)
Collis, William	"	34	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Feb. 9, '63, for disab'y. (In hosp. since June
Constantine, James W.	"	25	"	"	"	3 months	"	"	"	Aug. 20, 1861, expiration of term.

COMPANY "F"—CONTINUED.

Glennis, James H.	Private	39	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Geo. Clinton	3 months	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Oct. 30, 1861, expiration of term.
Heeb, Charles H.	"	19	"	"	"	2 years	"	"	"	April 1, 1862, for disability.
Holman, Charles E.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 1, 1861, for disability.
Holt, Dorman A.	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 8, 1862, for disability.
Heustis, James	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	June 1, 1862, for disability.
Kilhoffer, John	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Oct. 23, 1861, expiration of term.
Lucas, William D.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	Buffalo	"	July 1, 1861, for disability. [30, 1862.
McCarty, James	"		Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept 20, '61	"	Lt. Cutting	Nov. 8, '62, for w'nds rec'd at Bull Run, Aug.
Morris, Nicholas	"	20	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Oct. 13, 1862, for disability.
Pomeroy, Derrick L.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 19, 1862, for disability.
Russ, Langdon	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 1, 1861, for disability.
Ruth, Edward	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Oct. 15, 1862, for disability.
Snidwin, George	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 23, 1862, expiration of term.
Weber, James J	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 5, 1862, for disability.
Wilson, James	"	21	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	July 9, 1862, for disability.
Wurthner, Erhardt	"	35	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	June 10, '62, for disab'y. [in 92d N. Y. S. V.
Wilkins, Joseph E.	"	20	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott.	April 17, 1863, to accept com'n as 2d Lieut.
Jurke, Joseph	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 23, 1862, expiration of term.
Bartlett, Joseph	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 8, '61. Promoted to Capt. of Cleveland Light Artillery. Distinguished himself at battle of Pittsburg Landing, [as 1st Lieut.
TRANSFERRED.										
Gail, Samuel P.	2d Lt.	27	May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Co. "K," 21st N. Y. S. V.,
Ransom, Albert F.	Sergt.	29	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	"	"	"	"	"	Transf'd to Qr. Mas. Dep., as Qr. Mas. Sgt. Subsequently com. as Reg. Qr. Mas.
Dodge, Clark	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Qr. Mas. Dep. as Com. Sgt.
Aberdein, David L.	Private	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Co. "D," 21st N. Y. S. V.
Parke, Fred C.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Battery "G," 5th U. S. Art'y.
DIED, AND KILLED IN ACTION.										
Spicer, Henry	Sergt.	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	{ in charge at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862. { 1, '92. Killed while carrying the colors
Bellair, Jacob	Corp.	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted to Corp'l Nov. 1, '61; Sergt. July
Johnson, John	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Sept. 9, '62, of wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Nellis, Lafferty	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Sept. 16, 1862, of wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Burke, John	Private	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Sept. 18, 1862, of wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Bement, William W.	"	21	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Constantine, Wm. B.	"	25	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
DePuy, Herbert L.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
										Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1861.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAP. GEO. DE WITT CLINTON'S COMPANY ("F") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES. Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Dutton, Charles J.	Private	22	May 7, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Geo. Clinton	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Died at Fredericksburg, July 8, 1862, of tyhpoid fever.
Galligan, John H.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died April 28, 1862, of injuries received in the line of his duty.
Mahley, George	"	21	Sept. 20, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 20, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Moores, John W.	"	21	May 7, '61	"	Geo. Clinton	"	"	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Died Sept. 12, 1862, of wounds received at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Schyer, Peter	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Dec. 18, 1862, in field hosp., opposite Fredericksburg, Va.
Wolk, John,	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
DESERTED.										
Robinson, Wm. F.	Corp.	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 19, '62, on the march from Cedar Mt.
Bryant, A. L.	Private	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 12, '61, from camp. Has since joined
Gross, Charles	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sept. 17, '62, at Antietam. [Reg. Army.
Smith, Fred.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dec. 6, 1862, from camp.
Willard, William H.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	May 30, '62, on the march to Front Royal.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN DANIEL MYERS' COMPANY ("G") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Lee, Edward L.	Capt.	26	May 6, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	G. A. Scroggs	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Promoted Major 21st N. Y. V., Dec. 8, '62. Wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Myers, Daniel, Jr.	"	25	"	"	E. L. Lee	"	"	"	"	Promoted from 1st Lt. to Capt. Dec. 8, '62. Wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Bergtold, Jacob E.	1st Lt.	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promot'd from 2d Lt., Feb. 22, '63. Dis. Oct. 31, in accordance with gen order No. 100. Reinstat'd & recomp'nsd with rank fr. 31st.
Clark, Martin, R.	2d Lt.	32	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt., Feb. 22, '63. Dismissed March 2, 1863.
Bump, Job	1st Sgt	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd Sgt. Oct. 1, 61; 1st Sgt. Feb. 22, '63. W'nded at battle of F'dks'bg Dec. 13, '63.
Williamson, John	Sergt.	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded at battle of Antietan, Sept. 17, '62.
Bidwell, John S.	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Sergt. May 30, 1861.
McClure, Leonard	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Sergt., Jan. 17, 1863. ['63.
Smith, Peter	"	32	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd Corp., Sept. 17, '62; Sergt. Feb. 18,
Wirt, Peter	Corp.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l, Feb. 18, 1863.
Leonard, Valentine	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l, Feb. 18, 1863.
King, David H.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l, Feb. 18, 1863.
Spaulding, Newell	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l, April 1, 1863.
Bader, Alois	Private	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	W'nded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Beaton, James	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	W'nded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Beckerich, Joseph	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	W'nded at battle of Antietam, Sept 17, '62, (slightly).
Bercher, Andrew	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Bruner, John	"	41	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Crapo, William	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	W'nded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Cross, George E.	"	22	Feb. 8, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	Unxpd tm	Feb. 8, '62	Buffalo	Capt. Henning	W'nded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Daggell, Edward	"	22	May 6, '61	"	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Davoe, Amos	"	22	Feb. 7, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	Unxpd tm	Feb. 8, '62	Buffalo	Capt. Henning	
Fick, Henry,	"	34	May 6, '61	"	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	W'nded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Fitzpatrick, William	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	W'nded slightly at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Fox, Walter M.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Fritcher, John H.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"		W'nded and taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Gerger, Nicholas	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"		
Godfrey, Stafford J.	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"		W'nded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN DANIEL MYERS' COMPANY ("G") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment at time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Haines, Christian	Private	34	May 6, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira		
Hall, Sidney	"	19	Jan. 27, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	Unxpd tm	Jan. 27, '62	Buffalo	Capt. Henning	Wounded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Hessinger, William	"	22	May 6, '61	"	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Hessinger, Philip	"	19	Sept. 24, '61	"	Levi Vallier	Unxpd tm	Sept. 24, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Hickmott, James	"	22	Jan. 31, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	"	Jan. 31, '62	"	C'pt. Flemming	
Hirt, Charles	"	29	May 6, '61	"	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Kinsky, Henry H.	"	19	Oct. 15, '61	"	Levi Vallier	Unxpd tm	Oct. 15, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Wounded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Knowl, John	"	23	May 6, '61	"	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Wounded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Lucy, Henry	"	32	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Partridge, George	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Purcell, William	"	24	Feb. 4, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	Unxpd tm	Feb. 14, '62	Buffalo	Capt. Henning.	
Porter, Andrew	"	23	May 6, '61	"	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Reid, Robert H.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Taken prisoner at bat. Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Reinhardt, Casper	"	41	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Roberts, Frederick	"	32	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Sanders, Hermann	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Stangel, John N.	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Wright, Frederick	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Zurbrick, Michael	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Wounded at battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
DISCHARGED.										
Myers, Charles W.	Sergt.	29	Sept 10, '61	"	J. C. Strong	Unxpd tm	Sept. 18, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	[from wounds received in action. Promoted Sgt., Oct. 8, '61. Dis. Jan. 17, 63,
Wiedrich, George	Corp'l	32	May 6, '61	"	Ed. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Promoted Corp'l June 14, '61. Disch'd on account of wounds received in action.
Ryan, Michael	Dr'mr.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Jan. 10, '63, at Chicago, by Capt. Pomeroy, U. S. A., for disability.
Barrows, Daniel J.	Private	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	June, 14, '61, at Camp Kalorama, D.C.; disab.
Evartse, Paul	"	28	"	"	"	3 months	"	"	"	Nov. 30, '61, at Upton's Hill, Va., exp. of tm.
Aberle, Jacob	"	29	"	"	"	2 years	"	"	"	Nov. 30, '61, at Philadelphia, for disability.
Gies, Valentine	"	37	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	June 14, '61, at Camp Kalorama, for disab'y.
Hughes, John H.	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Dec. 5, '62, at Newark, N. J., for disability.
Landon, Thomas J.	"	34	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Jan. 9, '63, on account of wounds recd. in action at Bull Run, Aug, 30, '62,
Leonard, Jacob	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Sep. 17, '61, at C'mp Buff'o. Arl'gton Va.; dis

COMPANY ("G")—CONTINUED.

Marvel, Charles	Private	20	May 6, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	E. L. Lee	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	June 14, '61, at C'mp Kalorama, D.C.; disab.
Wade, Nelson W.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Harris, William H.	"	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	July 30, '61, dishon'ably. Drum'd out camp.
TRANSFERRED.										[for stealing, by order of Col. Rogers.
Navel, Charles	Fifer	42	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[N. Y. S. V., by order Col. Rogers.
Kepler Philip.	Private	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transf'd Sept. 1, '61, as Fife Major, to 49th
		20								Transferred, Oct. 9, '61, to Co. "D," 21st
Sherman, William H.	Private		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	N. Y. S. V., by order of Col. Rogers.
										Transf'd to 2d U. S. Cavalry, by enlistment.
DIED AND KILLED IN ACTION.										
Curran, Thomas A.	Corp'l	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Blake, James H.	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Beard, John	Private	34	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
										Died Sept. 19, '62, of wounds received at
Biesolt, Hermann	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
										Died Oct. 26, 1862, of typhoid fever, at
Bump, John	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Smoketown Hospital, Md.
										Died Aug. 2, '62, of typhoid fever, at Camp
Carson, Matthew	"	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Patrick, Fredericksburg.
Day, Orlando F.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Kurtz, George	"	33	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Dec. 5,'62, of typh'd fever, at Alex., Va.
Lavh, John	"	34	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
										Died Aug. 19. 1861, at Fort Runyon, Va., of
Matthews, William	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	hydrophobia.
										Died Aug. 11, 1861, at Washington, D. C., of
Shoemaker, John	"	41	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	hydrophobia.
Sheffel, Julius	"	33	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Wolff, John H.	"	43	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Apr. 30,at Aquia Cr'k, Va., of typh. fev.
Miller, William	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
										Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
DESERTED.										
								"		[Jan. 8, 1862.
Shuler, Thomas H.	Sergt.	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Sergt., July 8, 1861. Deserted
Diamond, James	Private	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Jan. 8, '62, from camp at Upton's Hill, Va.
Manny, John D.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Jan. 8, '62, from camp at Upton's Hill, Va.
Rohlmann, William	"	34	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 28, '61, from camp at Upton's Hill, Va.
Schroeder, Charles	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Feb. 13, '62, from camp at Upton's Hill, Va.
Taylor, John	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 19, '61, from camp at Upton's Hill, Va.
Weisgerter, Justus	"	34	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 24, '61, from camp at Upton's Hill, Va.
Zindel, Charles	"	33	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 17, '61, from camp at Upton's Hill, Va

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN PETER C. DOYLE'S COMPANY ("H") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Doyle, Peter C.	Capt.		May 20, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	W. L. Elliott	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Promoted from Q. M. Sgt. to 2d Lt., Oct. 1, '61; 1st Lt. May 6, '62; Capt. Sept. 9, '62.
Minery, Frederick	1st Lt.	21	May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	E L. Hayward	"	"	"	"	Promoted from 1st Sgt. to 2d Lieut., May 6, '62; 1st Lieut Sept. 9, '62.
McCabe, John	2d Lt.	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd 1st Sgt. May 6, '62; 2d Lt. Sept. 9, '62.
Clouse, Joseph	1st Sgt.	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[1st Sergt. Nov. 1, '62. Promoted Corp'l April 1, '62; Sgt. Sept. 1, '62;
Palmer, Andrew R.	Sergt.	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Elected Sergt., May 21, 1861.
Miller, Louis	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd Corp'l June 17, '62; Sgt. Apr. 1, '62.
Bailey, James	"	27	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd Corp'l April 1, '62; Sgt. July 1, '62.
Fenzle, Christopher	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Prom'd Corp'l Sept. 1, 62; Sgt. Nov. 1, '62.
Welch, John	Corp.	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l July 25, 1862.
Mills, John	"	40	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l Nov. 1, 1862.
Lickel, Joseph A.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l Jan. 1. 1863.
Mugridge, George	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp'l March 1, 1863.
Adams, George S.	Private	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Elected Sergt., May 21, '61. Reduced to the
Brackenlicker, Chr.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	ranks by his own request, May 20, '62.
Biller, Michael	"	19	Feb. 12, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	"	Feb. 12, '62	Buffalo	Capt. Flemming	
Bell, Thomas E.	"	22	May 1, '61	"	E.L. Hayward	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt Elliott	
Biggan, John	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Billbrick, Theodore	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Bowman, Adolphus	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Cook, Alexander	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Fraser, Thomas	"	36	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
French, Eugene J.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Freeman, Sanford	"	20	Sept. 10, '61	"	G. M. Baker	"	Sept. 10, '61	Buffalo	Lieut. Cutting	
Golland, William	"	21	May 1, '61	"	E.L. Hayward	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Haas, Louis F.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Hedges, John	"	36	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Heim, John	"	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Hewes, Edward A.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Hewitt, George	"	19	Mar. 11, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	"	Mar. 11, '62	Buffalo	Capt. Flemming	
Huber, Frank	"	24	May 1, '61	"	E. L. Hayward	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	

Johnson, Harvey L.	Private	30	May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	E.L. Hayward	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Johnson, Alexander	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
La Point, Moses	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Martin, Platt	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Miller, Martin	"	37	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Nesen, William C.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
O'Connor, John	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Ottenot, Francis	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Peate, Joseph E.	"	21	Feb. 28, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	"	Feb. 28, '62	Buffalo	Cap. Flemming	
Petrie, Alexander	"	20	May 1, '61	"	E.L. Hayward	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Rickert. George	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Seeley, Mortimer	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Senff, William	"	38	Mar. 11, '62	"	Wm. H. Drew	"	Mar. 11, '62	Buffalo	Cap. Flemming	
Spahn, John	"	20	May 1, '61	"	E.L. Hayward	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Strever, Charles	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Snyder, Balsar	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Shaffer, Louis	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[March 25, 1863.
Trigg, John	"	26	Oct. 17, '61	"	Levi Vallier	"	Oct. 17, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	Deserted Sept. 1, 1862. Restored to duty Tried by gen. court mar., April 16, '63, for stealing. Sent'd to forfeit 4 months pay.
Wasson, John E	"	20	May 1, '61	"	E.L. Hayward	"	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Tried by gen. court mar., April 14, '63, for forging descriptive list, and sentenced to forfeit 3 months pay.
Young, Matthew H.	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
DISCHARGED.										
Peck, Andrew J.	Corp'l	18	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Fort Runyon, Va., Aug. 26, '61, for disab.
Saxton, William W.	"	32	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton's Hill, Va., Jan. 7, '62, by order of Secretary of War.
Lingsweiler, Philip	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Near Belle Plains, Va., Dec. 31, '62; disab.
Berry, James	Private	35	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Kalorama, D. C., July 12, '61, for disab.
Carpenter, Charles	"	2	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Baltimore, Md., Jan. 19, '63, for w'nds rec. in action at So. Mountain, Sept. 14, '62.
Dumphrey, Ansel W.	"	32	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Ft. Runyon, Aug. 26, 1861, for disability.
Freeman, Isaac	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton's Hill, Nov. 12, '61, for disability.
Harlacher, John	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Washington, D. C., Mar. 6, '63, for disab.
Koch, John	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Wash'ton, D. C., Oct. 28, '62, for wounds rec'd in action at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Sent, Louis	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	At Upton's Hill, Jan. 17, '62; or. Sec. War.
Van Necker, Joshua	"	18	May 20, '61	"	"	3 months	"	"	"	At Upton's Hill, Nov. 26, '61, exp. of term.
Weatherwax, Samuel	"	23	Mar. 1, '61	"	Wm. H. Drew	2 years	Mar. 1, '62	Buffalo	Cap. Flemming	At Wash'ton, D. C., March 16, '63. Disabl'd by w'nds rec'd in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
TRANSFERRED.										
Wilkeson, Samuel	1st Lt.	24	May 1, '61	"	E.L. Hayward	"	"	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Transf'd to Van Allen's Cavalry Oct. 1, '61
Johnson, Hugh	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to 6th U. S. Infantry.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN PETER C. DOYLE'S COMPANY ("H") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
*Arnold, Ralph	Private	20	May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	E.L. Hayward	2 years	Mar. 1, '62	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Transf'd to Rip Raps, in arrest Aug. 20, '61.
*Arnold, Silas	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transf'd to Rip Raps, in arrest, Aug. 20, '61,
Coulton, Thomas	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transf'd to Rip Raps, in arrest, Aug. 20, '61.
Parr, Thomas	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Drum'd out camp, Ft. Runyon, Va., Aug. 24 '61
Sherman, Frank	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transerred to the Rip Raps, in arrest, Aug. 20, 1861.
DIED, AND KILLED IN ACTION.										
Hayward, Elisha L.	Capt.	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died of fever at Wash'ton, D. C., Sept. 9, '62.
Cunningham, James	Sergt.	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died of fever at Camp Rufus King, near Falmouth, Va., July 1, 1862.
Cole, James B.	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died in the 13th st. hosp., Wash., Sept. 1, '62, of wounds rec'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Bowman, Edward	Private	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died near Hunter's Chapel, Va., Dec. 26, '61.
Morgan, Charles	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Sept. 18, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Stoddard, Charles	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Schuchert, Frederick	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Dec. 4, 1862, at Alexandria, Va., of w'nds rec'd at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
MISSING IN ACTION.										[Supposed to be killed.
Rinckleben, Kurt	Corp'l	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Missing since battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62
Ewers, Charles A.	Private	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Missing since battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862. Supposed to be killed.
DESERTED.										[N. Y.
Beach, Moses	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	June 15, '61, from Barracks No. 4, Elmira
Couture, Elzeare	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 1, 1862, near Cedar Mt., Va.
Doyle. William H.	"	26	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	March 1, 1863. from Washington, D. C.
Englehardt, Frank	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	March 1, 1863, from Washington, D. C.
Francis, Henry	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	March 1, 1863, from Washington, D. C.
Hackett, Joseph	"	27	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Nov. 12, 1861, from Upton's Hill, Va.
Prescott, Charles L.	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Aug. 26, 1861, from Fort Runyon, Va. Supposed to be insane.

*Transferred to 2d N. Y. Volunteers, at Rip-Raps; both were killed in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN ROBERT P. GARDNER'S COMPANY ("I") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES. Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Gardner, Robert P.	Capt.		May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	G. A. Scroggs	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Became Capt. of this Co. by transfer from Co. "A," Dec. 15, 1862.
Mulligan, James S.	1st Lt.		May 5, '61	"	Lt. Wheeler	"	"	"	"	Died at Buffalo of wounds received in action at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862.
Gardner, Gayer	2d Lt.		May 8, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	Appointed 2d Lieut. from 1st Sergt. "B" Co., *vice* Hickey, resigned.
Voss, Augustus	1st Sgt.		May 1, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	"	"	"	"	Promoted 1st Sergt., March 10, 1863, *vice* Miller, reduced.
Boyd, Alvin	Sergt.		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Severely wounded in action at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862.
Cooper, Edwin J.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Kirchmyer, Lucas	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	⌜promoted.
Patterson, Robert J.	"		May 28, '61	"	"	"	May 28, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	Promoted Sergt. March 10, 1863, *vice* Voss,
Lasson, Joseph	Corp.		Oct. 2, '61	"	Lt. G. M. Baker	Unxpd tm	Oct. 2, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Will, Reinhardt	"		May 1, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Hoffman, Louis	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp., March 10, 1863.
Falb, Peter	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Promoted Corp., March 10, 1863.
Ahler, Christian	Private		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Beard, Richard J.	"		"	"	"		"	"	"	
Boyle, Frederick	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Brunnell, Peter	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Brunk, John	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Clark, James	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Connolly, Charles	"		May 13, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Ellsworth, John E.	"		May 1, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Fox, Henry J.	"		May 28, '61	"	"	"	May 28, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	
Holmes, Henry S.	"		May 1, '61	"	"	"	May 20, '61	"	Capt. Elliott	
Hagerty, Charles	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Healy, Walter F.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Hilgar, Henry	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Hart, Jacob	"		Jan. 15, '62	"	Maj. Drew	Unxpd tm	Jan. 15, '62	Buffalo.	Cp. Flemming	
Jepson, John	"		May 1, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Wounded in action at ——. In hosp. at Baltimore, Md. remainder of term.
Jones, William	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPTAIN ROBERT P. GARDNER'S COMPANY ("I") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
Junck, Jacob	Private		May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Thomas	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira.	Capt. Elliott	Wounded in action at ——. In hosp. at Frederick, Md., remainder of term.
Knoph, Frank	"		Jan. 8, '62	"	Major Drew	Unxpd tm	Jan. 8, '62	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Keil, Adam	"		Sept. 13, '61	"	Lt. Baker	"	Sept. 13, '61	"	"	
Kubler, Albert	"		May 1, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Lavalla, Alonzo	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Lockwood, Chas. E	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Myer, John, Jr.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
McDonnell, Duncan	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
McMillan, John	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Micken, Michael	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Muncie, Henry	"		Sept. 9, '61	"	Lt. Baker	Unxpd tm	Sept. 9, '61	Buffalo	Lt. Cutting	
Miller, Peter	"		May 1, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	2 years	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	
Murphy, Patrick	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Riegle, John	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Schultz, John	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Schwanakie, Charles	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Steicke, Ludwig	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
Shiels, Charles T.	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[in New York City.
Trauth, Charles	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	[Aug. 30, 1862. Discharged from hosp-
Weimer, George	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Severely wounded in action at Bull Run,
DISCHARGED.										[ceived at Bull Run, Aug. 30, '62.
Thomas, Horace G.	Capt.		May 1, '61	"	G. A. Scroggs	"	"	"	"	[Dec. 15, '62, on account of wounds re-
Canfield, John H.	"		May 8, '61	"	Cpt. Washburn	"	"	"	"	[Dec. 14, 1861. Capt. May 5, '62. Dis.
Brown, William O.	2d Lt.		May 1, '61	"	Capt. Thomas	"	"	"	"	Promoted Major May 5, 1862. App. 1st Lt.
										Transf'd from "C" as 2d Lt. Aug. 7, '61.
Calkins, Abbott C.	1st Lt.		"	"	Capt. Layton	"	"	"	"	Resigned Aug. 7, 1861.
Hickey, Patrick	2d Lt.		"	"	Capt. Thomas	"	"	"	"	[signed.
										Transferred to "K" June 1, 1862. Re-
Aikins, John	Private	39	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged and final statement given. App. 2d Lt. Resigned Feb. 8, 1863.
										Discharged at Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, 1862. Disability.
Bohm, Charles	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged at Harrisburg Jan., '63, on acc't w'nds rec'd in act'n at Ant. Sept. 17, '62.

COMPANY ("I")—CONTINUED.

Cook, Arthur	Private	19	May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Thomas	2 years.	May 20, '61	Elmira	Capt. Elliott	Discharged March 9, 1862, by order of Gen. Wadsworth.
Dougherty, Charles	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged at Washington, D. C., Oct. 6, 1862. Disability.
Ernst, Louis	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Aug. 26, 1861, by order of Gen. Wadsworth.
Eddy, Nathan	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Nov. 23, 1861, by order of Gen. Wadsworth.
Gielsdorf, Gustavus	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Dec. 26, 1862, for disability.
Hodick, Jacob	"	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Nov. 15, 1862. Disability. Wounded at Bull Run Aug. 30, 1862.
Irwin, Edward	"	28	Jan. 6, '61	Elmira, N. Y.	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Nov. 5, 1861, by order of Gen. Wadsworth.
Muirhead, John	"	18	May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged ——, by order of War Dep't.
Schautems, Louis	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Aug. 21, 1861. Disability.
Sloan, John	"	44	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Aug. 26, 1861. Disability.
Suor, Joseph	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Nov. 23, 1861, by order of Gen. Wadsworth.
Traus, John	"	43	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Discharged Aug. 15, 1861. Disability.
Wirth, Julius	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	
TRANSFERRED,										
Comstock, John W.	"	39	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Co. "K" Jan. 21, 1862.
Bohart, Peter	"	29	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to regular service Dec. 22, 1862.
Watson, George H.	"	23	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Transferred to Co. "B" April 7, 1863.
DIED.										
Aigne, Frank	"	42	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Drowned June 2, 1861, at Elmira, N. Y.
Benzino, Charles	"	40	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run Aug. 30, 1862.
Dauhauser, George	"	21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Sept. 30, 1862, at "Old Capitol" Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Diegle, John	"	40	May 20, '61	"	"	"	May 28, '61	"	"	Killed in action at Bull Run Aug. 30, 1862.
Hoffman, Christian	"	37	May 1, '61	"	"	"	May 20, '61	"	"	Died Aug. 14, 1862, "Douglas" Hospital.
Ihda, Christian	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Mortally wounded at battle South Mountain Sept. 14, 1862. Died Sept. 17.
Lasson, Justin	"	25	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Died Nov. 2, 1862, at Alex., Va., of w'nds rec'd in act'n at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
McKay, John W.	"	19	May 8, '61	"	"	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at bat. Bull Run Aug. 30, '62.
Porter, Stanley	"	18	May 1, '61	"	W.C. Alberger	"	"	"	"	Killed in action at bat. Bull Run Aug. 30, '62.
Singer, Charles	"	21	"	"	Capt. Thomas	"	"	"	"	Died July 31, 1862, at Washington, D. C.

MUSTER OUT ROLL.

CAPT. ROBERT P. GARDNER'S COMPANY ("I") IN THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLUNTEERS.

NAMES, Present and absent.	Rank.	Age.	Joined for service and enrolled at general rendezvous. Commencement of first payment by time.				MUSTERED INTO SERVICE.			REMARKS.
			When.	Where.	By whom.	Period.	When.	Where.	By whom.	
DESERTED.										
Faymiller, John	Private	19	May 1, '61	Buffalo, N. Y.	Capt. Thomas	2 years	May 20, '61	Elm...	Capt. Elliott	Deserted June 30, 1861, from hospital at Elmira, N. Y.
Harris, Charles	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Nov. 24, 1861, while on leave of absence.
Hess, Zachariah	"	30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Nov. 24, 1861, while on pass.
Kiusman, William	"	28	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted in September, 1861, from camp at Arlington, Va.
Loughrey, David	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted March 19, '63, from Camp Parole.
McGowan, Edward	"	31	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted June 18, 1861, from camp at Kalorama, D. C.
McMahon, Joseph	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted March 19, 1863, from camp of paroled prisoners.
Myer, John	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted June 20, 1861, from Elmira, N. Y.
Novac, John	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Nov. 10, 1861, from camp at Upton Hill, Va.
Silver, George	"	20	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Nov. 10, 1861, from camp at Upton Hill, Va.
Snell, Norman	"	32	May 8, '61	"	W. C. Alberger	"	"	"	"	Deserted Jan. 16, 1861, while out on pass.
Tyman, George	"	22	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Deserted Nov. 12, 1861, while on furlough.

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